

# THE LEATHERNECK



FEBRUARY, 1928

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A DISTINGUISHED MARKSMAN.



# TEN DOLLAR PRIZE CONTEST

## NUMBER THREE

### What Did the Old Timer Say?

Weil, Leathernecks, here is the third of our OLD TIMER contests. Everyone knows that no matter what kind of a yarn you tell and no matter how far you stretch the truth from its narrow channels, the OLD TIMER in the service will go you one better and tell one about the "Old Marine Corps" that will knock your story into a cocked hat. So here we are giving you what a NEW Marine has to say and we want you to tell us what the OLD TIMER would tell him happened in the "Old Marine Corps."

Now get your imagination working and let us know what you think the OLD TIMER answered. This contest is open to old ones, young ones, police sergeants, M. C. I. students, musics, and company clerks. The biggest liar gets the ten dollars.

Use the blank at the bottom of this page, or write your answer out on a

sheet of paper. You may send in any number of answers. Address them to the Contest Editor, The Leatherneck, Washington, D. C. Contest closes March 20, 1928. The winner will be announced in the April issue.



Boot: "Ogosh, ogosh, ogosh; on watch agin and I just come off day before yestiddy."

Old Timer: (Aside to ancient photo on starboard quarter) "Great balls of smoke! 'member back in th' Old M'rine Corps when . . . ."

#### Important Notice:

In order to show appreciation to our regular readers for their loyal support we are offering the ten dollars for answers submitted on the following blank. If the winning answer is sent in on a separate sheet of paper, the contestant will receive five dollars only.

This is the third of a series of 12 OLD TIMER contests. If you are not a subscriber to The Leatherneck or a purchaser of a copy, turn to the inside back cover and send your subscription today or reserve a copy from our agent. This may be worth \$5.00 to you.

## WINNERS OF CONTEST No. 1

Mr. C. H. Tugwood of Volcano, Calif., wins the first of this series of contests with:

"Go 'way Boy, that's nuthin'! Why, in the OLD M'rine Corps they usta put th' plum duffs at 1000 yards and shoot holes in 'em so's th' cook could install th' raisins; and, believe me, Boy, them duffs was all raisins."

Sgt. E. W. Tobin of the Fifth Regiment ran second with:

"Go 'way, Boy, that's nuthin'! Why, in the OLD M'rine Corps we usta hafta start a beer keg arollin' down a hill; an' to make sharpshooter we hadta hit the bunghole every time it ud turn over."

Mr. H. G. Frew, Marine Corps Reservist of Los Angeles, Calif., came third with:

"Go 'way, Boy, that's nuthin'! Why, in the OLD M'rine Corps if a sap couldn't make a possible at 600 yards standing on the deck of the "Helena" during a typhoon, we would use him for a heaving lead."

### No. 3

OLD TIMER: "Great balls of smoke! 'Member back in the OLD M'rine Corps. . . ."

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

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NUMBER 2

# THE MAGIC SPELL OF TATAI KULI

By HAPSBURG LIEBE

Author of "THE CLAN CALL," etc.

**S**ANTA FE—there are hundreds of Filipino towns that bear that anything but fitting name, but the Santa Fe of Bulobulo Island is unlike all the others. Its foundations were built some forty years ago by Spaniards, who sought to make Bulobulo one of the garden spots of the Philippines. The Visayans who now inhabit the island will tell you that every one of the conquistadores went insane and died deaths of violence because of a certain magic spell that was cast upon them; and old and wrinkled and ornamentally-scarred Tatai Kuli, who never got over having his authority as high and more or less mighty ruler of Bulobulo set at naught, swore by all the saints that the spell was his.

And it was.

Santa Fe lies on low ground, between the bay shore and an encircling line of hills that are covered with guava bushes and seraya trees. The town consists chiefly of native huts of bamboo and nipa, which resemble nothing so much as they resemble haystacks. However, the buildings of the ill-fated Spaniards still stand, though they bear heavy marks of the passing years; they are of wood and stone, and of two stories, and each has its inner court and its outside upstairs balcony.

Company L of the —th made the big, old and four-square Tribunal Building its quarters. The first floor was used as storehouse and guardhouse, kitchen and dining room; they slept upstairs. Company L was worn out from a long and hard campaign against the forces of General del Pilar in the Laguna country, and it had been bundled off to Bulobulo to do garrison duty and rest, with rations for a month.

Private Jim Arnold, lanky and sun-burned Kentuckian, who might have been a noncommissioned officer had it not been that that would have rather sharply curtailed his liberties, hailed Sante Fe with delight. The story of the insane Spaniards lent an air of deepest mystery to the place, and happy-go-lucky Jim Arnold was an adventurer born.

"We'll have a big time here," he told the Visayan boy whom the company called its mascot. "We'll begin exploring right off, Pepe."

Little Pepe Malano frowned and shook his brown head.

"This place much bad," he declared. "You wait, you see, Don Jaime."

He saluted with the precision of a disciplinarian. He was forever thus saluting Jim Arnold, whom he insisted upon calling, almost reverently, "Don Jaime."

Pepe Malano was a sea rat. He had been born on the sea of a Visayan mother. All but one of his thirteen years he had spent on copra and abaca trading schooners, and it was this varied association with various skippers and crews that had taught him to speak most of the tribal dialects of the Philippines, Spanish and Chino; company L had taught him a fair smattering of English. A drunken Tagal sailor had thrown him overboard in the bay at San Fernando de la Union, Luzon; Jim Arnold had rescued him from the very teeth of a tiger shark—and for that he loved Jim Arnold with a love that was to last as long as his life lasted. He really cared nothing for the other members of the company; but he tried hard to like them because they were the countrymen and comrades of his Don Jaime.

"You're not afraid here, are you, kid?" smiled the Kentuckian.

Pepe shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands, tricks of manner that he had doubtless learned from the Spanish. One never could even guess what it meant. Arnold snatched him up, threw him into the air and caught him, laughed and put him down. He liked the boy almost as well as the boy liked him.

When retreat of the company's second evening in Santa Fe de la Bulobulo was over Arnold found his bed neatly made down, his canteen hanging dripping full on the wall, his extra shoes polished and his extra clothing as clean as water and native soap could make it. This was the work of Pepe; he always did this when opportunity afforded.

The boy stood near by, his brown eyes filled with the soft light of that dog-like affection of his, and waited for Arnold's usual protest. To Pepe those protests were always wholly complimentary.

"Look here, son," the American growled, "don't do this any more. I'm able to do my own washing, make down my own bed and fill my own canteen. Do you sabe?"

Pepe saluted.

"Me, I go saca grub, Don Jaime," said he. "Saca banana; saca coconut; saca rice and feesh—bud-bud."

"Saca nothing!" objected Arnold. "We got plenty grub, Pepe. I saw you talking with that old sharp-toothed Tatai Kuli this afternoon, kid," he went on; "what did he have to say about us?"

The Visayan boy's brows tightened. Then he spoke:

Continued on page 53



# THE ODYSSEY OF A LITTLE DOG

By CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, Jr., U. S. M. C.



HE cruiser's yearly overhaul in New York Yard was finished, and she cast off her lines. The deck trembled to the beat of the main engines and a tug nosed alongside to take hold. Up forward, a bugle went, one strong high note. The ensign at the stern came down and steaming colors ran up to the main gaff. Pier 8 slid from her, and the cruiser was under way.

The port quarter, where the Marines muster, was cluttered with wet Manila lines, and pools of water froze on the planking. Also, there was miscellaneous gear, last-minute matters pertaining to the harassed paymaster, boxes and bales and crates; and bluejackets scuttled to and fro among them on various small jobs. Further, the saluting-battery crew on the boat-deck just above was whipping the canvas covers from their little guns; so the captain of Marines led his tall fellows across the quarter-deck and formed the guard to starboard, facing the dock; they stood at ease, a hundred men in long grey-green overcoats. On the pier, there were no sweethearts or wives or such, for it's bad luck to watch your man's ship sail, but a few yard workmen waved, as somebody always waves to men who go down to the sea.

The Marine captain said to his junior by the life-line: "Look—ain't that our former gunnery-sergeant retirin' up the deck yonder? The soundrel shoved off without sayin' bon voyage or anything. See him?"

"Yes, sir; I was talking to him below. Said he had a week-end liberty from Quantico; said he just stood by to see us off. I didn't see him go over the side, though—oh, forward gangway, of course."

"Well, he was a good man. Wish him joy. Still, we'll get along with this new bird they sent us. Seems to know his profession. You know, I kinder thought old Murph would get off with Mike, havin' him up with his folks to live since that last blizzard. Told me his mother was crazy about him—Mike, I mean. But a couple of the young men went up an' got him last night. They knew Mike's routine—watched for him on his little run-around before taps an' shanghaied him in a taxi right under the nose of Murph's old man, who was convoyin' him. Reported him aboard just now, an' accounted for expense money I advanced."

"Yes, sir. Murph did say, when he was transferred, that Mike would go with him—bet he was wild this morning! Murph always claimed Mike was his dog—but the guard wouldn't be the guard without Mike."

A bugle blew "Attention!" They rounded into the stream, and the saluting guns rendered the prescribed honors to the Commandant's flag. Manhattan Bridge and Brooklyn Bridge loomed over the cruiser's housed topmasts. On the starboard hand the fabulous towers of New York, whitened a little by last night's snow, receded under a pale winter sun that had no heat or color in it. The guard, standing easy and shuffling their feet in the bitter wind, looked briefly on the Statue of Liberty that was silhouetted in the harbor haze, and turned their faces toward the bow and the sea in waiting outside the Narrows.

"Dam' foolishness, standin' top-side in this breeze," grumbled the captain of Marines.

"Old man's all for dog, regardless. Rest!" and the guard relaxed and talked among themselves.

"Fourteen thousand miles last cruise—wonder what we log, this."

"Well—be back next year."

"Yeh, an' it's time to shove off now—money's all spent; girls all kissed—an' there's better likker in Panama!"

"An' she says to me, she says, 'My beautiful blue-eyed bozo, you goin' off for a year on that fool ship, an' if you think this baby will wait that long on any guy, you're all wet—I'll say you are.'"

"Naw—it don't cost any more down there than it does up here, an' you know what you're gettin'."

"Tell you about this broad I fell in wit' last night? It was right by—"

"Belay! there's retreat."

The line stiffened.

"Guard—tention! First sergeant—dismiss the guard."

Returning the salute, the captain ran a practical eye down the line. "Hi—Bogert! where's Mike?"

"Sir, he was right here jus' before quarters went."

Presently there was dismay on the gun-deck where the Marines live. The captain and the lieutenant stood by Gun 7, and they were angry men. The non-coms and the second-cruise fellows raged all together. And a pimply-faced recruit who had toted his seabag aboard an hour before sailing said helpfully:

"If you-all's lookin' for that little black dawg, I saw a gunn'ry-sergeant stick him in his overcoat just when we-all went up-stairs."

"So you did, hey, you—"

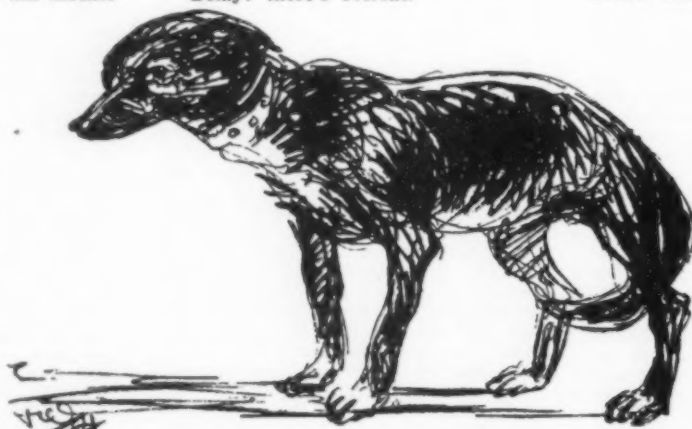
"Well, seh, I never knowed—he said it was all right when he seen me lookin' at him, an' he told me to go fall in; besides, he was a gunn'ry-sergeant—for the recruit was just from Parris Island, where a gunnery-sergeant is the peer of kings . . .

"And," concluded the captain of Marines, when he could think of no more words, "old Murph put it over. The lousy scalawag! An' I make you my compliments, you bladder-headed animals, you, that let one man come aboard in the daytime an' get what he wants and walk off with it—thank the Lord he didn't happen to want one of my five-inch guns or something, besides Mike. Police sergeant—take this—this critter here"—indicating the distressed recruit—"an' instruct him about ladders an' hatches an' so forth. Up-stairs, good Lawd! Have I got a flag-ship guard or a bad dream?" And the cruiser went out into winter weather on the western ocean at its worst.

The destroyer people, whose little tin boats run up and down continually on all the seas, say that the Atlantic, between Bar Harbor and Crooked Island Channel, is the worst water you'll find. This day there were hurricane signals up from Barnegat to Palm Beach, and the cruiser bucketed south through all of it. Her new drafts were a moan-tangle of misery on gun-



Alfred Tupper



Mike was transformed into a wretched, cringing little brute



deck and berth-deck and every place a man might lie, and not until she raised Cat Island Light and saw a great golden dawn break over the white beaches of San Salvador did things abate enough to open the gun-shutters. She anchored in Guantanamo Bay with salt crusted to her stacks, and her bluejackets swarmed at once over the side and all about to scrub her clean again, and the Marines went off as soon as her boats were in the water, to make a camp for rifle practice.

Guantanamo is where the ships do their annual small-arms training. It is a hot and windy dent on the south coast of Cuba, toward the eastern end, where barren hills come down to water incredibly blue, and mirages flicker and dance across the rifle ranges so that your target, at five hundred yards, appears to be doing a shimmy over your sights. The Marines are always delighted, in their wrong-headed way, to get ashore on their own; besides, rifles are their mission in life, and a man gets five dollars a month extra for expert rifleman qualification and three dollars for sharpshooter. The bluejackets fire also, and have inducements to excel, but they hate stretching their duck-legs on the beach, and they abhor standing in ranks with leggings on, and they despise rifles.

"Damn!" said the files in the first motor launch, shoving off. "Member how proud Mike was to get ashore las' cruise? Up in the bow wit' the automatic rifles, he was."

The croakers of the guard harped on the theme. They were frank: Mike was the luck of the outfit; look at the weather we've had. An' how slow the new replacements are, snappin' into it—every one of them wit' two left feet. Not like last cruise. Gonna be some cruise, this is!

"Aw—knock it off!" growled the hard-headed lieutenant of Marines. "Murph and some of you crooks stole Mike year before last from Fish Point yonder—go steal his brother. And you will pipe down that croaking, or—"

But the guard was in no mood for dog-stealing. Another dog in Mike's place would be worse than no dog at all. Mike had come aboard a small and impudent puppy. He had taken amazingly to seagoing—more apt in learning, said his messmates, than the smartest Marine the Norfolk Sea School ever sent to salt-water. Knew all the drills, had his station, billet number, and rating. After that affair at Puerto Dios his proper seniors elevated him to the rank of sergeant, and he patrolled the streets of South American capitol in a tailored overcoat of fine blue cloth, adorned with brass buttons and collar ornaments and

bearing sergeant's chevrons of golden silk. All this was set forth in his service record.

No other dog would live in Spartan simplicity on the gun-deck, scorning ward-room comforts and snubbing all officers save his own. No other dog would ever learn to present arms with the guard.

Even the captain said, when the first sergeant brought Mike's staff returns to be closed out for desertion: "No—we'll just carry him as a straggler. He'll join up again, maybe." And they missed him in the evenings, after chow, when the men sang in front of their tents, and the quick West Indian dark gathered, and the stars blazed blue-white in a vel-

drafty temperatures of Quantico Barracks. For Mike was a warm-weather critter, born close under the line, and his friends feared pneumonia or something. Living so, he grew fat to a disgusting degree. Spoiled like a grandchild by two elderly people who had nobody else to play with, his figure lost its lean, efficient lines, and he came in from his turn around the block with his red tongue slaving out and his wind quite gone.

This was the only exercise he took. He had been accustomed to twenty-mile hikes over tropic trails, finishing strong on his own legs, unlike that fox-terrier of U. S. S. "Austin's" guard, who had to be toted after the third hour ashore.

He had been wont to carry out all evolutions aboard ship at the double, as regulations provide; now he always waited at the foot of the stairs—it being a walk-up place—for transportation. Like many seafaring people who come ashore, he at once became soft and extremely lazy.

Such a life was pleasant in the winter-time. Snow was not in Mike's previous experience, and he hated it. His blanket-coat barely kept him warm, and his toes, spread by habit to grip a smooth deck, had a way of picking up slush that distressed him. It was infinitely more comfortable to doze in front of the fire, and partake languidly of elegant rations, brought him on a plate. It is doubtful that, through cold February and March and the raw, wet April of the Bronx, he gave a thought to his shipmates of the flag-ship guard.

May, after a brutal winter, was lovely in the North that year. To Mike, drowsing grossly over a terrific breakfast of pork-chops, before a dead fireplace one morning, came a breath of perfumed air, a hint of growing things. Something forgotten stirred in him; his nostrils twitched. He remembered the green that follows the

first of the rains, and seas of turquoise-blue, and the white decks and the bright work in the tropic sun, and all the color and ardor of the southern seas. He remembered the guard, drawn up in starched khaki at the quarter for ceremonies, with parade polish on belts and rifles; and he saw himself, groomed until he was shining ebony, by the left guide.

He remembered runs ashore, over trails cool in the dawn, with the guard swinging at adventure behind him, and something interesting ahead. He remembered the fascinating alleys you poked into, and the odd folks you met, ashore with the beach-patrol. And he raised his head and felt again salt spray on a little dog's tongue, and the steady heave of the fo'c's'le when you put to



He looked briefly at the gray ships and swore at Mike, who for some reason was all worked up

vet sky, brighter than the harbor-lights.

For the appointed time the cruiser's people toiled, burning to saddle color in the fierce West Indian sun, and firing prodigious amounts of .30-caliber ammunition. And the cruiser ran southwest across the Caribbean, coaled at Cristobal, visited briefly her base port on the Pacific side, and departed on affairs of state up the south coast of Central America, over a sea where a sleepy wind moves and the decks are wet always with warm rain, and water-spouts run restlessly to and fro between squalls.

Meantime, Mike lived in a flat up beyond the Bronx with the parents of the gunnery-sergeant, until that merry fellow should consider the winter sufficiently spent for Mike to stand the

sea; and he saw the rainbow that runs in the spray off the bow, when the wind is on the quarter and the bow wave breaks in foam. And he remembered his Marines, and he thought he would go and look for them.

Mike rose and yawned and stretched himself. The door was open, and he went below. On the street, he twisted his nose into the moist air and turned downtown, for spring comes up from the South. He had tremendous adventures at street crossings, and some brutal treatment at the hands of an elderly gentlewoman who was walking out with a little lady-dog of high degree; she—the elderly gentlewoman—smote him with an umbrella. In the afternoon, he found salt-water. He was all in when he found it, and his tail was dragging, for he was appallingly out of condition from his winter of soft living. He limped up the first gangway he came to and looked around hopefully. Remembered things had driven him all day; he noted sadly that there were no navy uniforms on deck, and he further observed that this was not, by navy standards, a clean ship. But he was very tired, and it was a ship, and that was what he wanted.

It was a busy ship; winches were squealing and cargo hoists clattering, and nobody paid him any attention. His stomach sounded a persistent mess-call, and his instincts took him to the crew's galley, forward. He entered this place with confidence—there was, in his experience, no unkindness; when a little dog was hungry between meals, they always found something for you in the galley. In a dark place full of smells he came upon a greasy cook, cutting up dubious meats and casting them into a pot. Mike loved meat. The man did not look; Mike nuzzled his calf. Then he stood on his hind legs and barked once, politely, deferentially: "I say, Jack, how's it for a piece of chow?" And Alfred Tupper, fo'c's'le cook on S. S. "Benlothian," whirled with a twitter, for the condition of his nerves was deplorable—that Yankee gin he'd been so incautious as to drink last evening, with certain American chaps.

He was not an attractive person, this Alfred Tupper. He was bottle-shouldered, with a pendulous stomach and a pasty face, and his long nose overhung a mean little mouth. For the rest, he was smothered in hair; an unpleasant mass of it grew to his eyes, and bristled in his ears, and showed startlingly black against the fish-belly white of his fore-

arms. He was the sort of fellow who always has a woman or a dog attached somewhere for mistreatment—a woman usually, for dogs have a surer instinct about such things. Mike would have cut him dead anywhere else, not caring much for the run of sailors and civilians under the happiest circumstances; but just now he was hungry, and he was a dog of practical mind. He barked again, with a note of impatience. Manners are manners, but this egg had no call to stare at him so pop-eyed, like.

"Cripes," said Alfred Tupper, and worse than that. "Strike me blind if it ain't a tike. Now, wot the bloody—"

His first idea was to kick the tike through the bulkhead; Mike was a small



Others jammed in on the pair, catching up chairs, bottles, steins, anything

dog, and it looked safe. Then he noted that the tike stood on his hind legs with an air, a certainty, that denoted education. Alfred Tupper was a chap always on the make; he had known good things to come out of dogs before this. He gave Mike a piece of meat, and he took advantage of Mike's interest in this victual to make him fast to a stanchion. Then he appraised his capture.

No visible marks of ownership—Mike's neck had grown too fat ashore for the ornamental collar, suitably engraved with his name, rate, and ship, that the black gang had made for him, and a new one had not been supplied. Smart-lookin' tike, with a bright eye to him. Belonged to somebody, surely. Question was, would they come lookin' for him? In view of the fact that S. S. "Benlothian" was a mean ship, on the back side of an obscure dock, Alfred Tupper didn't think so. Sailing in an hour, anyhow. Just take him along; Alfred Tupper was for the moment without a pet. They presently dropped down East River with Mike still fast to the stanchion.

S. S. "Benlothian" was a ship of no special character. She carried the flag

of a little house, on leisurely runs between Liverpool, New York, Havana, Panama, and Valparaiso, with intermediate stops. One degree above a tramp, she took freight and such passengers as were not particular. What happened on her fo'c's'le was no concern of any person's, and being reasonably fond of dogs, I will not dwell upon it. Alfred Tupper, in the course of a mis-spent life, had served with an American dog and pony show, and he knew the mysteries of that trade.

He started out with the lavishing of a new collar on Mike, which was very fine to see, if you didn't know what the inside of the collar was like. Mike, even after he joined up with his own folks again, never carried his head quite the same. For Alfred Tupper took up his education in a serious way. There was nothing gentle about his methods, but they were effective. The first officer, who was a hard man, with no sweetness in him, observed them one afternoon on the well-deck forward, and kicked Alfred into the runways by way of showing how he felt about it.

From a sleek, arrogant fellow, looking every man in the eye, Mike was transformed into a wretched, cringing little brute. All the curl went out of his tail, and the look of him was pitiful. But he knew what he must do when Alfred Tupper played "God Save the King" on a mouth-organ, and he knew how to sit up and ask for a drink, and jump through arms, held so, and balance Alfred's cap on his nose, and to die for his country, and a lot of other pretty capers. By the time S. S. "Benlothian" made Port Limon, Mike was a success in every cantina Alfred Tupper visited. A man may pick up a flock of free gin from the slightly boiled if he can inject some small entertainment, like a performing tike, into an evening, and Alfred considered that Mike was worth all the trouble he caused him.

S. S. "Benlothian" transited the Canal and ran down the Rainless Coast, following her occasions in and out of roadsteads like Mollendo and Arica and Iquique and Antofagasta, all the way to Valpo; and came back North again. She had much business, including coal, at Balboa, and she tied up to Pier 16, just inshore of the American squadron anchorage by the canal mouth. This day the flag-ship and a gunboat were riding to their buoys there, and S. S. "Benlothian" swung across them, dipping her red ensign to the Stars and Stripes.

Alfred Tupper, on the fo'c's'le, was

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giving Mike a bath preparatory to a run ashore. He looked briefly at the gray ships and swore at Mike, who for some reason was all worked up. A bugle sounded on the flag-ship, and Mike barked furiously. This was insubordinate, and Alfred wrung his slim muzzle. Mike, with a flash of his old spirit, slashed savagely at his hand, and Alfred, inexpressibly shocked at such baseness, took steps. The bout ended with Mike properly subdued and half drowned. "Tike the bloody starch out uv any uv 'em if y' hold they heads under water a bit," observed Alfred genially, and he presently went ashore with Mike under his arm and laid a course for the flesh-pots of Panama.

He noted incuriously that Mike was restless and contrary beyond his wont, but he was not the sort of trainer who tries to figure what a dog is thinking about; he had never given a thought to Mike's background. As they passed, in a jitney, the landing at Pier 18, two motor launches full of sailors and Marines on liberty were standing in.

For the flag-ship's guard was going to have a party, with a month's pay in their pockets. It was a sort of an occasion; they had done a good job of work up the south coast of Central America, and they felt high. All hands except the guard of the day, from the top-sergeant down, were present. Even the junior music, miraculously unrestricted for misdemeanor, was along, and they all assembled at Billie Bean's place. Each man had chipped in according to his rank, and Billie Bean was furnishing sandwiches and the use of the arbor back of his dance-hall, for he esteemed the guard. There was any amount of beer, and the ship's band had been invited, so that music would not lack; and the guard's favorite hospital corps man and the big ship's cook, who always went ashore with the Marines, were present.

In this squadron, they take the liquor question calmly. It is always available, and astonishingly little drinking is done, considering. Lots of files, these days, honestly prefer ice-cream. For the rest, they make it a point of honor to carry their drinks; a man who came back from the beach out of control would be effectively dealt with by his messmates, even if his officers failed to observe and take steps. And it was the pleasant custom of the guard to throw parties as a unit when suitable occasion offered.

Unofficially, and in cits, their officers might drop in during the evening, to hear a song and wish them well and see how things were going. Patrol officers were tranquil on party nights, because they knew where all the Marines were, and they knew that any possible disorder would be suppressed by particularly heavy-handed sergeants who were zealous not to abuse privileges. And the arbor behind Billie Bean's was, this night, a happy place.

It would be between nine and ten, with two hours of liberty yet to go, when Alfred Tupper and the melancholy Mike got down that far; they had started at the other end of town. Mike had been ugly all evening, and both he and Alfred showed wear. Alfred had found it necessary to carry him; he wouldn't lead at all, in spite of his collar. But this far, luck had been mighty kind to Alfred;

in Panama, where Mike was known for two cruises, no person had recognized him. They raised the lights of Billie Bean's and paraded to the bar.

It was a good night at Billie Bean's. Besides the regular customers, a big English boat was in, carrying some hundreds of Irishry out to Australia, on a settlement scheme. The fo'c's'le of a Norwegian was present in a body, large, crop-headed fellows drinking aquavit. Most of the "Benlothians" were there, and other merchant chaps were represented. The front bar was rather crowded, and the dance-hall behind was paying for itself.



"Gang—it's ole Mike!"

Alfred Tupper set Mike upon the bar and did something secret, and Mike got on his hindquarters and barked. "Hi, mite," said Alfred to the gentleman in the white jacket, heartily, "me little friend 'ere, 'e says 'e'll 'ave a spot o' Old Tom. An' a spot fer meself, eh? No fears bout tiltin' the bottle—right-o!" Alfred flung small coins on the bar and shot his slug down. "Ow, ye don't fancy yours, wot? No fear, I'll tike it—never waste good 'Ollands, wot?" And he wiped his mouth and began a long account of his little friend. "Mite, hit would bloody well houstound you, the store I set by that there tike. Like brothers, we are—like brothers. There's few tikes like him—"

"Where'd you get the mut?" cut in the bartender, with a narrowed eye; he was a busy man, but he stopped to listen.

"Mite, I'll tell you. Last run, there was a lidy—bleedin' lidy of quality, she

was—Alfred Tupper nimes no nimes," began Alfred with a smirk, "on our little packet, an' she—"

"Huh!" said the bartender, and served a customer.

Mike, still erect, kept an uneasy eye on Alfred. From the arbor came a gust of song—a hundred men yearning thunderously for "Sweet Adeline." Mike rolled his eye that way and shivered violently. . . . And a fellow lounged alongside and said:

"Man, it's a grand tike ye have, that same. Meself, I'm all for the beasts. Sittin' on his hunkers like that, would he be knowin' any tricks, now?"

Later Mike sat in the centre of a table, among beer-mugs, and wretchedly made sport. And two petty officers drinking near by said:

"Amusin' mut, that. Kinder like the mut the Marines uster have, aboard—they lost him sommers. What was that mut's name, now?"

Private Jones was not one of the big men of the guard; when the guard formed for ceremonies, his squad was more than half-way down from the right, where the first squad ran six-feet-three or so. But what there was of him was very compactly put together. He had been out for air; the property-sergeant had said to him, like a father:

"Now, listen, Jones—you're gettin' tight. Now you just get out here an' run around the block a couple times."

He was returning with his head cleared. He passed the group at Mike's table—Mike had muffed one, and was being corrected—and he came to a halt.

"Say, guy, where'd you get that dawg? I said, where'd you get 'em?"

Mike had been standing stiffly with Alfred's cap on his nose; now he whirled around. Alfred caught him a cuff and cursed. He told this sunburnt bloke in khaki where he could go, him an' his tight pants an' his tin-pot Vivvy, too—blowin' in on a hartistic ak like this here.

"Lissen," repeated Private Jones earnestly, overlooking personal insults, "that's our dawg. That's Mike. Of the Marine Guard, U. S. S.—"

Mike whined very pitifully and quivered; Alfred Tupper snatched at his collar and Jones saw.

The closest way to Alfred was across the table, and Jones took it. The table overturned, with other matters; Mike barked, one of the dance-girls screamed, and Alfred said nothing whatever, because Private Jones himself was using his windpipe. The jolly merchant seamen at the table picked up chairs and danced around the pair on the floor, watching for an opening; they didn't care about Alfred Tupper, but they resented militarism. Others jammed in, catching up chairs, bottles, steins, anything; especially the Irishry. They didn't know what it was all about, but they had hopes.

It was the narrow-eyed bartender who whispered to the bar-boy; that volatile Jamaican scuttled back to the arbor, and immediately thereafter a wave of Marines rolled silently through the door at the flank of the long bar, and waded in. The fo'c's'le of the Norwegian finished their aquavit and rose to a man, baring huge freckled arms. People crowded in from the dance-hall; odds and ends from

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# SERGEANT BRIGGS' LESSON

By CECIL F. HILLEARY

**I**F THERE was ever a man in the A. E. F. who represented the ideal soldier to the Nth degree, that man was Sergeant Jim Briggs of the — Engineers. At forty, his hair was shot with gray but he was still as snappy and military as ever and harder than a bride's first biscuits. The war to him was but another campaign, like the Philippines and China, which would eventually mean another strip of color on his broad and well-decorated chest. He had been offered a commission on more than one occasion but he preferred the life of a sergeant to that of even a general. Why, no one knew; unless it offered a greater opportunity for bawling out the men, an art in which he was past-master. Whenever he opened his mouth, Company D always felt like it was facing a liquid-fire attack—that is, every man in the company except The Untamed.

The Untamed could scarcely be expected to let a few caustic remarks from Sergeant Briggs affect his composure. To that extent his was a case of "where there's no sense there's no feeling!" It seemed to him that he had been bawled out and knocked around ever since he was knee-high to a duck, so the army was no new experience.

Briggs had done everything in his power to make a soldier of this very raw material even to speaking to him as a human being, but The Untamed was as impervious to kindly suggestions as he was to K. P. duty.

It wasn't that this wild man from the swamps of New Jersey was dumb and could not learn; it was just that he was careless and head-strong and didn't give a damn whether he became a soldier or a casualty. His buddies had laughingly labeled him The Untamed, partly due to his physical appearance, which was not unlike that of a gorilla, especially as to hair, and partly because he could take a wallop without the slightest signs of being conquered; in fact it was well known that he had been beaten four times by the same man and would probably have taken a few more lickings had not his adversary grown discouraged and ignored him entirely.

But Sergeant Briggs was made of sterner stuff and was not so easily discouraged. His job was not to conquer The Untamed physically, but mentally, which, naturally, was a greater undertaking. Day after day he continued the futile task which a twenty-year course at West Point could never accomplish.

Though Briggs could make no impression on him, there was one thing—

speaking absolutely collectively — in France that could and did, and that was a small parasitic insect which sucks the blood of mammals, commonly known as the cootie to members of the A. E. F. This little arthropod (Ain't that a nicer name?) by chance came in contact with The Untamed and, discovering that his surroundings were ideal for raising hell and a family, he called in his harem and all his mothers, brothers and sisters-in-law, besides a few boon companions, and went right to housekeeping.

At first The Untamed was not aware that he had tenants but he suddenly discovered them in a forcible manner and at a most inopportune time. Sergeant Briggs was inspecting arms and had just snatched the rifle from his hand when one of the tiny invertebrates balanced itself delicately upon the edge of his collar and began a tour of inspection. It started from a point beneath the left ear and its goal was a point beneath the right ear, traveling by way of the back of the neck.

Briggs glanced at the rifle and grunted his disgust.

"Ain't you ever goin' to learn how to clean your rifle?" he snapped.

The Untamed shook his head vigorously in a negative manner.

"You're not, eh? Well, we'll see about that—After drill you're goin' to report to me and I'll show you how to take care of a rifle if I have to use the whole damned armory to practice on!"

"I ain't said nothin' yet," muttered The Untamed sullenly.

"You shook your head!" barked Briggs. "If that don't mean 'no'—"

"Somethin' was on—" began The Untamed and then stopped. He couldn't very well tell this to any one, especially Sergeant Briggs. It was not that he felt any delicacy in the matter but he'd "had 'em" once when he was a kid and he remembered how he had been ostracized by even his best friends, and that was what hurt. Case-hardened as he was, he didn't want to be different from his buddies in that respect again. If some of the rest of the men had them it wouldn't be so bad, but apparently he was the only one in the outfit who was nursing the little fellows.

The Untamed realized that as a cootie garage, he was ideally adapted, having by nature a hide like an Airdale's, but even so, it made him wonder how the emigrants had first discovered him and no one else. Then it dawned on him that the blouse he had won in that crap game with an Infantryman who had been in the trenches for several weeks, wasn't any too clean in appearance or odor,

although he, at the time, had not been fastidious. Well he had learned a lesson.

"If I ever git my hands on that lousy trench rat, I'll make him wish he had kept his damned trained fleas to himself! I thought he acted sort of joyful for a man who was losin' his clothes—but hell!"—and he gave his shoulders a spasmodic twitch as a particularly voracious insect began to count off his spinal column, blazing its trail as it went along—"This ain't gittin' rid of them!"

Delousing was an institution in France but he stoically decided he would wait until his private disease became an epidemic before he would present himself for treatment. And he waited!—And his pets multiplied!—And still none of the men seemed affected. You can't fool a horse-fly and evidently the cootie is in the same class. Why should they change their location and slip and slide on the surface of some "Mexican hairless dog" when The Untamed allowed them such sure footing.

It was on the rifle range that Sergeant Jim Briggs noticed signs of nervousness in The Untamed. Hitherto a 75 could have been shot over his head without making him bat an eye but this day he was twitchy and jumpy and his score suffered in consequence.

"What the — you doin'?" Briggs demanded. "Wastin' ammunition? Let me see that rifle!" He grabbed the rifle, glanced at the elevation and handed it back. "It's set all right but you ain't even hittin' the target and you made a perfect score some time ago—You sick?"

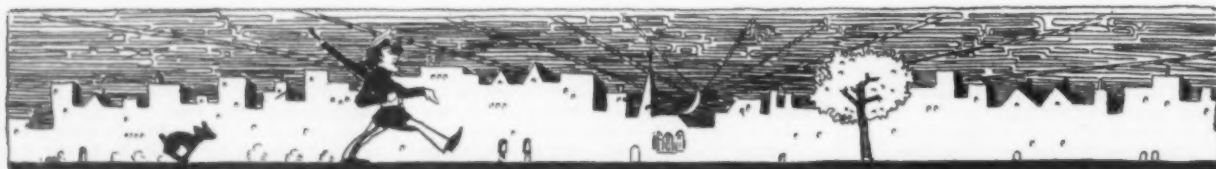
"Naw! I'm all right—It's the gun," he lied.

Briggs grabbed the rifle again and emptied three shots into the bullseye. He didn't have to look at the marker to know what he'd done.

"Losin' your guts!" he sneered. "This rifle is almost as good as my Star—You're goin' to stick around after the others leave and you'll start over again and make a score if I have to throw a searchlight on them targets half the night!"

The Untamed finally made a suitable mark—but under what conditions! Every time he raised the rifle to his shoulder he disturbed a nest of newly fledged cooties that resented his movements and let him know that they did in a lively manner. All this of course made him feel like going up to Sergeant Briggs and kissing him on the cheeks!

The next day at drill his condition became worse. The fledglings had grown over night and become mothers and



fathers as soon as they were able to toddle about.

While the company was standing at attention, Briggs' hawk-eyes espied The Untamed surreptitiously scratching his leg with the butt of his rifle. He confronted the private wrathfully.

"When I give the command 'attention' it means to stand still and keep the butt of that rifle on the ground—What's the matter with you, got St. Vitus?"

The Untamed gulped and then as he was nipped in the diaphragm shouted: "Damn it—No!"

The sergeant's eyes became cold and hard. "Watch yourself, Dawson!" he warned. "I believe this French liquor is givin' you the D.T.s.—Report to me after drill—I'll find out your trouble if I have to take you apart!"

Ordinarily The Untamed would have resented this remark with a left hook regardless of consequences, but the truth was that his nerves had begun to give way under the strain of carrying around such a large entomological collection.

When the company was dismissed, Briggs took his man in charge.

"Look here, Dawson, I've done everything I could to make a soldier out of you ever since the company was first formed at Camp Meade but it seems a waste of time, and lately you been goin' from bad to worse—You act like you can't keep still. If you been drinkin' rotgut, you'd better lay off."

"I ain't been drinkin' nothin'!" he grumbled.

"Well if it wasn't for the other men not complainin', I'd think you had cooties!"

Briggs had hit the nail on the head but, although The Untamed had partly decided to confess the secret, he suddenly changed his mind, especially as he noted the sneering look on the Sergeant's face.

"Cooties!" he snorted artfully. "Who in the ——— would care about them things?"

"Well what's wrong with you?"

"Dammit, ain't you ever got all sweaty drillin'? That's what makes me uncomfortable with these heavy clothes on!"

Briggs shook his head mockingly. "Anybody with a hide like yours ought never complain about a little sweat—But I'm glad you ain't lousy, although even if you was, it would be no excuse for making a fool of yourself at drill and target practice—A soldier has to learn self-control—When I was in the Philippines, it was so hot you would lather like a hoss and ants as big as tom-cats used to come in at night and eat the blankets off the bunks, but we had real soldiers then and they never let out a yap about it—Now look here! Tomorrow we're goin' to have regimental inspection and if you git sweaty and itchy you better not show it or I'll give

you somethin' to sweat about and don't you think I won't!"

"If I could only git even with that guy without gittin' the worst end of it!" growled The Untamed as he went back to his tent, after the lecture, to relieve himself of some of the larger and more carnivorous of his specimens. "He ain't got any more feeling than a cigar store Indian!"

As there was no one around, he sat down wearily upon his cot, and peeling off his blouse and undershirt, went to work.

"Ants as big as tom-cats! If they was that big he could of shot 'em—He'd play hell shootin' these though—Gotcha, Kaiser Bill!" he muttered triumphantly as he squeezed the life out of a particularly large insect. "Now for the Crown Prince!" And again he fumbled among his clothing until he caught a lean looking bug which he eyed in surprise. "This ain't one of mine—they're all fat! Must be a visitor—you little son of —!"

The "Crown Prince" was about to suffer the same fate as his father when The Untamed espied an old yeast powder can which one of the boys had used to keep his shaving soap in. It was lying on the dirt floor evidently discarded—Probably no soap. The Untamed seldom had an original thought but at sight of the empty can with its close-fitting lid came inspiration.

That afternoon he worked feverishly. It was painstaking labor which would have to be done while there was daylight and before his buddies came in for the night, but finally he completed his task and when his tent-mates came in they found him already in his cot and apparently asleep.

Later in the wee sma' hours, The Untamed arose softly from his bunk and started on a delicate mission, one which would have resulted in a court-martial and a verdict of guilty on circumstantial evidence alone. But The Untamed was more than cautious in his desperation. He would accomplish it or die in his purpose and he did—accomplish it.

As he crawled back stealthily under the fly of the tent and crept quietly to his cot he wore a self-satisfied grin which stretched from ear to ear. It was a good deed well done, he felt as he dropped off into a dreamless slumber—the first good sleep he had enjoyed in many nights.

Regimental inspection is an invention by officers for the benefit of other officers; it gives them all a chance to show what excellent officers they really are. And who suffers?

"A hell of a note!" swore The Untamed. "Got to parade around and do tricks in front of some old army goat who probably is full of French vinegar and wouldn't recognize the manual of arms from settin' up exercises!" And then as he noticed the chesty figure of

Sergeant Jim Briggs he laughed softly to himself. "It won't be so bad after all!"

Briggs looked as if he had stepped from a band-box. His over-seas cap was stuck at a rakish angle and his shoes and the buttons on his uniform polished to perfection. He was the *beau ideal* of all top-kicks and he knew it. Company D would be the outstanding company or it wouldn't be the Sergeant's fault. There was only one fly in his ointment and that was The Untamed.

"If that wooden-headed dum-dum starts his twitchin' and jerkin' today he'll ruin everything!"

The day was sultry—one of those days when your B. V. D.s start crawling up your legs and you think of those olden times when "rushin' the growler" was the favorite summer recreation. The men were wet with perspiration and galled by their heavy clothing, but although The Untamed suffered, there was that feeling of fellowship which had been lacking before. There was one who was getting his share of misery and that one was Sergeant Jim Briggs. The erect military figure had begun to sag, and sweat as big as horse-chestnuts poured down his crimson face. The Untamed watched with delight as Jim's shoulders twitched again and again.

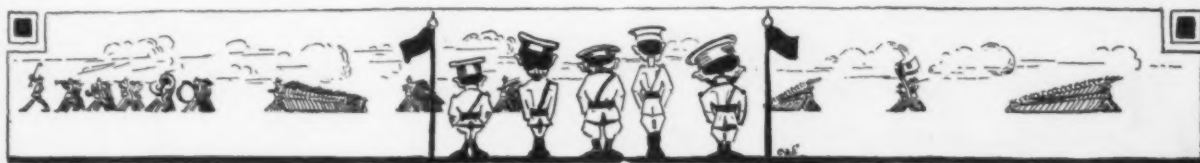
"Ants as big as tom-cats!" grinned The Untamed wickedly. "It's the little things what count," as the feller says."

The company was to pass in review before old Colonel Mussey and the visiting officers—in whose honor the Colonel was torturing his regiment—as they left the field.

Company D was within a hundred yards of passing the officers when Briggs, who was acting guide, felt an itching between his shoulder blades which went from bad to worse and from worse to unbearable as he drew nearer the inspecting officers. He gritted his teeth and walked steadily on but the torture finally became so intense that, blinded to all things around him and feeling only that awful irritating sensation which actually made his mouth drip water in agony, he threw his left arm around and scratched his back as far up as his fingers would reach. As he felt the momentary relief, he realized suddenly that he had been seen by his captain and by old Colonel Mussey as well, as he was directly in front of the officers when he lost his self-control.

The Untamed saw the action also and grunted his satisfaction and disdain simultaneously.

"They was real soldiers in the Philippines! Had more control than a big league pitcher! I bet when he gits back to his tent he'll look like one of them double-jointed, human bull-frogs you see in the circus, tryin' to scratch himself!" he grinned, and then his face took on a speculative expression. "I guess you can git about a million cooties in one of them little yeast powder cans."



# A Recruit in Santo Domingo

By WES LEY

Jan. 14.—The order of the day is hiking—a remedy for the dull quiet of camp life. Lt. Lesser and five of us went bandit hunting after breakfast. We traveled for a while along the Higüey trail, then branched off to the north. When we asked for information along the way of the bandits, we got such a variety that we didn't know how to proceed. One Spig would tell us the bandits had just passed his house a few hours or maybe days ago, he wasn't sure which. Another native, his next door neighbor, would swear that the bandits hadn't been within miles of the place, in fact, it looked as though the section was immune from the bad men. Another would say that a friend of his wife's step-brother's closest chum, living about fifty miles to the northwest, had heard that bandits had been seen in that section about five moons ago. And so on. Whoever said "variety is the spice of life" must have contracted it from these people when he was down here engaging in this bush warfare. We were almost as bad off as the fellow who tried to walk up the icy incline with new shoes on; every time he took a step forward he slipped back two. Probably one Spig figures that the opinion of his neighbor is absolutely bunk and contradicts it by reversing the news. We came to the giant hill with the bald, sheer walls of rock, that is plainly seen for scores of miles away and after a lot of attempts to get to the top of it, found a narrow gully that went up one side of the hill. Even then we were not at the top but we did get a wonderful view of the country around us and could see the immense sugar cane fields far to the south. Even the smoke of the sugar company's locomotive was visible. Had we been at the very top we probably could have seen the blue of the Caribbean Sea. The slope where we stood was so steep that we had to hang on to trees, or the next best thing, to keep from sliding down. It was a tough proposition getting up and almost as hard to stay put after we got there. There was still about seventy feet of sheer rock going straight up from us, but only a bird could have found an anchoring place to get up that wall. After getting our fill of the glory of long distance sight-seeing, we made the trip down hill and it can be truthfully said that out of about a half mile's travel necessary to get to the bottom, not more than five movements were steps; it was a case of "Slide, Kelly, Slide" and then some. Every one of us had to grab something on the way down to keep from going too

fast; none of us were in favor of breaking any world's speed records, not on that incline. It would have been much easier to break a neck while doing it. We did land in a good spot; something we never reckoned on. When we got back to Mother Earth, as it were, we found ourselves in a cacao grove. Besides, there were immense pineapples, trees with very large oranges, and sweet lime trees right at arm's length. We enjoyed a noon chow that I will always remember. We had blanket rolls, mess gear and some eats from camp. Combined with those appetizing pineapples, sweet limes, and the best and juiciest oranges I had ever tasted, we enjoyed a noon chow that few marines get to share. No Leatherneck on board ship or anywhere in the U. S. ever had the grand and glorious feeling that we had, at least not in his civilized surroundings. After each one of us was on the outside of a bountiful partaking of tropical tidbits, we had a short siesta before proceeding on the journey and those of us who didn't fall asleep from overeating found a swell chance to talk about events of this hike so far. All good things come to an end, and we spent all the afternoon roaming over the hills trying to get back on the main Higüey trail. Houses and people were very scarce in the territory we passed through; every time we saw a house it was too far away to reach in order to find how to get to the trail; we figured we could just as soon reach the trail as the house, so we kept right on. We finally and suddenly found the comina grande (trail) and a few minutes walk brought us to the hacienda of Juan Sanchez, a prosperous ranch owner, who treated us as well as the Military Occupation could expect of any native. He is the owner of thousands of acres hereabouts, and hundreds of horses, mules and cattle. Every year he makes live stock shipments to the markets at Seybo, Higüey, or down the coast. Sanchez's casa was our stopping place for the night and when dusk came we spread our blankets on the floor of the biggest room in his house.

Jan. 15.—Like most of the better class of natives living in the country, Sanches had made the floors of his casa with roughly hewn mahogany lumber and we realized it when dawn rolled around. I was stiff and sore all over and hardly got asleep during the night till my muscles got so cramped from holding one position that the pain would wake me at once. It was a pleasure to see the daylight break. We started for home

after a short breakfast and on the way back Major Reno and party passed us, bound for Higüey. I got hold of some oranges and pineapples to take back; so did some of the rest, those who cared to lug them with their blanket rolls, so that the fellows in camp would have some fresh fruit as we had yesterday. After we had reached camp, and had chow, I washed clothes at the family washing hole and then was mighty glad to scrub myself. The jefe and his family staged some sort of a house warming party tonight, and for several hours, it was like a line from that well-known song "they all speak with a different lingo." Benjamin Fogg was very sick tonight and to help him out I gave him one of my blankets for the night. The result was that I almost froze, but he needed blankets that night more than any one in camp and as I had had the fever before, I knew what a chilly feeling he was passing through, a feeling that a dozen blankets could not take away.

Jan. 16.—Pintau is only a small camp but it takes a heap of police work to keep it clean. The lieutenant gave us his automatic in order that one of the other fellows and I could go down the trail and bring back as much lumber as possible without having a rifle to carry besides. While we were scouting for the lumber, the lieutenant and some of the men came down the trail after us with the two Lewis machine guns and then used them on an improvised target in the woods. We were on the other side of the hill from them but when those bullets ricocheted through the trees above our heads, we cleared out of that neighborhood in no time. We were entirely safe, but our imagination got the best of us, and the motion was seconded that we look for lumber elsewhere.

Jan. 17, 1920.—Hanneman and I were the water boys for Pintau today. Lt. Lesser and some of the men made a one-day trip to Seybo, returning to camp in the afternoon. I was on guard from 10:30 to 11:40 p. m. (a short and sweet watch) and while on guard the lieutenant took some of the fellows up the trail toward Seybo to investigate some commotion, but nothing serious turned up.

Jan. 18.—We all had to pitch in and police up in anticipation of a visit from Major Reno who is due here from Higüey on his way back to Seybo, but he never showed up. That meant more chicken, as it were, for us because the ducks that Schroeder buscoed yesterday graced today's dining table. We lived





high for one day, but these "high" days, coming after lean ones, are welcomed, si, si.

Jan. 19.—Gravel walks, gravel talks, gravel, gravel. This is gravel day for Pintau and its American colony. All day long we moved gravel from the Chavonne river bed to the camp where we put in gravel walks in the company street. Schroeder, and others including myself, stayed "put" at the river all morning loading the straw bags on the burros as they arrived from camp. We saw a lot of fresh meat around us and above us in the form of wild ducks, but hitting them with a .45 is an expert's job, and I guess no one there had that much confidence in himself. At least we never tried. We were surprised to see a Ford come rambling along the trail and cross the river, which almost washed it away. We also saw some of Santo Domingo's finest come along—Guardia Nacionales. At noon while we were all in camp enjoying noon chow, Major Reno dropped in from Higüey and brought tales of woe and trouble around that fair city. After a little noon siesta came the big gravel parade again, and this time I navigated burros between the river and camp with the precious loads. My burros were burros and then some—they were jackasses with a capital J. Each one seemed to have a different opinion of how to get to the camp, every trip, and it kept me busy to keep them headed the right way. Kaperzinsky, who accompanied the major, very kindly took my mail with him to Seybo when they left this p. m.

Jan. 21.—I heard two possible shots last night. Today is a great religious day in Higüey and hundreds of Spigs have passed camp on their way to that town. The natives claim that the Virgin once visited Higüey on the 21st. Detail of ex-Pintau men arrived from Higüey, going to Seybo. They probably sense a big difference in the way we have the camp and the way they left it. This is a red letter day for Hanneman. Two burros that were under his care gave him the slip and took to the Dominican wilds. I believe he said he was going to write a treatise on "Why Burros should never have been sent to Santo Domingo" or something along the same lines. It has to do with burros, anyway. After spending almost all day away from camp, he finally hove in sight with the beasts in tow.

Jan. 23.—Today is another big day for Pintau. The admiral, the regimental commander, and the governor of Seybo province, Sr. Antonio Ramirez, arrived at 3:30 p. m. and all the residents of Pintau, prominent and otherwise, were gathered around camp to listen in on the speeches that each one made. Our camp is full to overflowing with visitors and my tent was turned over to a captain for tonight. We Pintau men were paid to-

day, and I feel rich with a check for eleven simoleons. I was on guard tonight from 9 to 11 p. m. A separate guard was maintained for the admiral who slept in the lieutenant's tent. After my watch was over, I turned in to a cot in the jefe's house.

Jan. 24.—All the horses of the visiting party were turned loose last night in the pasture aside camp, and they kept up such a racket that sleep was out of the question. After our morning chow the admiral and his party left for Seybo and we buck privates again took possession of our tents. The lieutenant and Schroeder went in to Seybo. Fogg accidentally fired his rifle today and barely missed Benj. Franklin Jones, who did some pronto praying.

Jan. 28.—Yesterday I was on the water detail with Hanneman; today I am on again with Ginn. Schroeder and five men went out on a short hike. Lt. Lesser and four men left at noon for El Quey where we had reports that Ramon Naterra and about twenty five bad hombres were committing depredations. The lieutenant's detail was mounted. Both details got back before supper and both brought back—nothing.

Jan. 29.—Schroeder took several of us to El Quey again today to apprehend Ramon Naterra and his bad boys, but we had no luck and we feel that yesterday's reports brought into camp were all bunk. We had baby whales and hard-tack for lunch at a group of deserted shacks. After a rest we took up the hike again and finally anchored at a casa where the natives were busy killing and disassembling a cow. One of the senoras cooked some of the cow with rice for us, but when it came eating time I could not go that cow. Wow! Those Spigs relished it, but there's an old adage that "one man's meat is another man's poison." We started to sleep on the grass outside the Spig casa but rain made us move and we annexed the galley for the night. Some menagerie in that hut, believe me! For company and elbow rubbers, we had goats, rats and chickens, and for genuine entertainment and bodily (?) we had chicken lice. Millions of 'em. The place was plastered, and soon after lying down I felt them crawl, crawl, etc.

Jan. 30.—What a night, last night. I had to keep watch from about 3:00 a. m. until daylight, and it was a pleasure to stand up so I could scratch where those doggone lice crawled last. Then, about two hours before daylight, one of three pigs stuck outside the galley upped and squealed without any let-up and soon had the whole Marine expedition growling. Some of the Spigs came out of the house to either kill or free the pig and we found that it had fastened a rope around its neck that it could not loosen and the more it wriggled the nearer it got to a death of strangulation.

Jan. 30.—We ate all our remaining rations this morning at sun-up and started for home before 7 a. m. We had to ford the same river about half a dozen times on the way back. We were shown how the Spigs use their cowhorns; here we are miles and miles distant from Pintau, yet in camp we can hear the cowhorns sounded here in El Quey very clearly. We took a short rest at the "half-way house" then after some good old-fashioned hiking, when we just ate up distance, the little green spot we call home came in sight at 2 p. m. Incidentally, on the way back to camp I almost tread on a snake, the first one I've seen on the island. Nearly all the hiking party turned out for a general washup of clothes and person and after having performed said stunt on myself, I felt like a good American again. Nelson cashed my check for me today, after me having been without money for almost two months.

Feb. 1.—We received a bull cart load of supplies yesterday from Seybo, and included in same were some canteen supplies which it did not take long for Lt. Lesser to dispose of in a sale. Canteen supplies go like hot cakes in these parts when money is flush with the crew. Today the bull cart had to be returned to Seybo and I was one of the detail to go along with it. We left Pintau at 7:30 a. m. and took a number of old cots on the cart. Some of us rode part way; but after hitting the first river we had trouble with the bulls and the cart and it was almost 1 p. m. when Seybo came in sight through the hills. Then two muchachos came along to navigate those bulls and we marines had to stand back and take bull driving instructions from those ten-year old kids, who put it all over us. The bulls must have known the boys because they snapped into it right away and in no time we crossed the Soco river at the foot of Seybo and the bulls just scooted up the hill with the heavy cart. After arrival at our company headquarters we were all vaccinated at the sick bay in compliance with a regimental order. Then made a visit through town, where, in various necessary ways, I parted with almost all the little cash I had on me. We left Seybo about 4 p. m. for Pintau and part of the way I rode a mule, but I'm not a mule buster and I couldn't stick with him. A little after 6 p. m. we landed in with the family and enjoyed a hearty chow.

Feb. 5.—Somebody says this is supposed to be the dry season, but they're all wet. It has rained continuously for three days and these tropical rains are no small affairs like the little showers back on P. I. I was on guard this morning from 2:20 to daylight. The rain fell in torrents and my watch was a mighty dreary one. The Las Guanabanas detail that dropped in on us yesterday on a three-day hike left camp after our morn-

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# THE NICARAGUAN SITUATION

By MAJOR GENERAL JOHN A. LEJEUNE

**A**S YOU ALL know, the Nicaraguan situation has priority over all questions in the Marine Corps at the present time. We are sending down another regiment under Colonel Dunlap, and General Feland is returning to Nicaragua to take command of the brigade. Our force will then total about 2,500 men there. The situation is quiet everywhere in Nicaragua except in the Province of Neuva Segovia, that is, there is apparently no dissatisfaction and certainly no disorder of any description anywhere else. In that province we have garrisons in the principal towns, Ocotal, Somoto, Telepaneca, Jicaro and Quilali, the latter only recently having been occupied by a column sent there.

The part of the province that Sandino is operating in is a wild, mountainous country, and very sparsely settled. In fact, the whole country in which the operations are taking place is mountainous, rugged, cut up with river gorges and ravines, and covered with dense underbrush. There are no roads. What they call a road is simply a sort of trail that ox-carts can travel over. It has two ruts in which the cart wheels run, and that is about all there is to it. In the rainy season the wheels sink down out of sight and about the only means of transportation is the pack train. These roads run in and out and up and down the mountains, and through steep ravines and gorges, and such conditions naturally afford the best possible opportunity for attacks on columns moving along them, especially when accompanied by long trains of ox-carts. So it is a very easy matter for the bandits to conceal themselves in the underbrush and place their machine guns in position so as to sweep the road as the column goes by.

The most recent engagement was at Quilali, in which First Sergeant Bruce was killed and Lieutenant Richal wounded. Upon being attacked, the column took up position, and, according to a despatch received this morning, obtained fire superiority in a short while and drove off the bandits. The column was armed with rifles, hand grenades, a trench mortar and machine guns. The engagement lasted about an hour. In addition to the death of Sergeant Bruce and the wounding of Lieutenant Richal, 4 or 5 other Marines were wounded. The following morning when the column continued its march, thirty dead bodies of the bandits were counted, but it is impossible to state what their total casualties were as all their wounded and no doubt many of their dead also were carried off. The column then went on into Quilali, where a detachment under command of Captain Livingston was stationed. It is reported that the bandits in this engagement were much better armed, two machine guns having been definitely located, and they may have had more, and it is also reported that they had some Thompson sub-machine guns. The dynamite bombs mentioned in the reports were made from dynamite

taken from the storehouse of a mine six months ago and fashioned into crude bombs which, when they explode, are quite effective. They have been using them right along.

In answer to a question as to how the bandits obtained their arms and ammunition, the Major General Commandant stated that in talking to an officer who had been in Nicaragua yesterday the latter had stated that there is a great deal of coffee in that section, a large portion of which has been sacked and ready to ship out. Sandino seized the coffee and took it across the border into Honduras where there are a number of people who make a business of trafficking in arms, and probably acquired his arms and ammunition in that way. It is known



Major General John A. Lejeune, who is now making a personal inspection of the situation in Nicaragua.

that he took the coffee over the border and sold it. It is a perfectly simple matter to buy arms and ammunition from the people who deal in them, as traffic in those commodities is one of the most lucrative in Central America. There is no law against it.

We are sending down a battery of mountain artillery and intend to get mules for its transportation either in Costa Rica or from the Army in Panama. The drawback about getting the mules from the Army is that we will have to carry forage along for them. While there is plenty of native forage—corn and grass—we would have to provide oats for the army mules. The Costa Rican mules are probably nearly as good, and no doubt are accustomed to living on the forage afforded by the country. However, we have made no decision as yet.

Colonel Little stated that while in China they had made a study of the question of forage for animals and had found that while corn kept them looking sleek and fat, that diet did not apparently give the strength and stamina necessary for hard work. A proportion

of oats in their diet was found to be necessary to fit them for hard work.

The important thing in our operations against Sandino is to get the matter cleaned up before the rainy season begins about the first of June. There is no doubt about our driving these bandits out, but what we would like better to do is catch them, especially Sandino himself. It is so easy for him to get out of the country, especially owing to conditions along the border between Nicaragua and Honduras. The inhabitants there pay no attention to the border line at all and smuggling is prevalent. The bad element from Honduras goes across the border into Nicaragua and vice versa. A great many of these people who make up Sandino's followers are outlaws who have committed some offense at home and have fled from justice, and the others are Indians from the mountains.

Sandino himself has been pictured as a patriot. In reality his history is that he committed a murder in Nicaragua some years ago and had to flee the country. He went to Mexico and was a member of the Villaistas, and while there he probably learned what he knows of the art of warfare. After leaving Mexico he wandered around in various Central American countries and finally came to Neuva Segovia in Nicaragua and went to work in Mr. Butter's mine. This was about a year probably before the revolution. He had some row with the mining people which made him disgruntled, so when General Moncada crossed from the east to the west coast with his army, looking for recruits, Sandino with a couple of hundred men from Neuva Segovia was taken into his service. Moncada had lost a good many men and was in need of recruits, but he has since stated that he did not want to take Sandino in his army and only did so because he was pressed by circumstances. He also said that Sandino and his men gave him trouble all the time, did not conform to discipline, and did not obey orders. However, his men were just that many more recruits, so they were kept on.

When General Moncada and his chiefs agreed to turn in their arms, nearly all the other leaders did likewise, but there were a few who wanted to think the matter over. Sandino was one of these latter. All but he went to their homes with their detachments and later turned in their arms, but Sandino held out. He withdrew with his band to Jinotega, where he was communicated with and an interview between General Moncada and himself arranged. General Moncada went to Jinotega with Sandino's father. They had a long conference with him and tried to persuade him to turn in his arms, but he would not do so. Sandino's parents, by the way, are honest, hard-working people, and are well regarded by everyone, as is also a brother, who is employed in one of the mines.

Sandino then took his band of 150 or

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# THE FESSENDEN FIFES

By EVANS FORDYCE CARLSON



**T**RADITION is as essentially a part of the equipment of a Marine as his pack and gun. It constitutes the keystone of the remarkable esprit de corps that permeates the organization. It is a tradition that a Marine can do anything from operating a railroad to supervising child birth. (Instances can be quoted in which he has acquitted himself with credit on both counts.) It is a tradition that a Marine never surrenders and always takes his objective. Another tradition has it that one Marine laid down his swab and licked ten thousand Gobs. (No specific instance on record to date.)

Marine Corps traditions have their origin, as a rule, in the desire to perpetuate by symbol or custom, acts or associations that have brought conspicuous honor to the Corps and that will, through appeal to the pride and imagination, serve as bonds to weld together more firmly the wearers of the uniform. Many features of the uniform and equipment are but the perpetuation of some tradition of the past. Out of the World War came the French fourragere, an ever living symbol of the magnificent performances of Marines at Belleau Wood and Blanc Mont. Down in Nicaragua Marines have written another eloquent page into the annals of the Corps through their gallant defense of Ocotal. Out in China a regiment of Marines participated in the defense of Shanghai last spring. Their work during the chaotic weeks of March and April lacked spectacular features, but events clearly indicated the nature of the disaster that was averted by their presence.

The defense of the settlement being an international affair, the 4th Regiment was closely allied with the regiments of Great Britain, France, Japan and Italy, and with the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, a body of civilian dyed-in-the-wool veterans. From out of these associations came the donation to the regiment of a battery of fifes and drums by the American Company and American Troop of the Volunteer Corps. Concurrently came the offer of the Commanding Officer and officers of the Green Howards, crack British regiment, to loan their bandmaster for the training of the embryo fife and drum corps. The regi-

mental drums are an impressive and picturesque adjunct to all British regiments, and of all the drum corps that have come to Shanghai the drums of the Green Howards have been the most inspiring.

The gift of drums and fifes received the name of the Fessenden Fifes in honor of Mr. Sterling Fessenden, American, and chairman of the Shanghai Municipal Council. And so it came to pass that, under the expert tutelage of Bandmaster Francis of the Green Howards, the Fessenden fifes received their

Troop and American Company of the S. V. C. wished to make a gift to the regiment of one bass drum, eight side drums, ten fifes and two piccolos in commemoration of their service together, and wished to know whether the regiment would accept such a gift. Letters to the Commander-in-Chief, U. S. Asiatic Fleet and the Commanding General, 3rd Marine Brigade, outlining the substance of the offer brought affirmative replies in both instances. At this stage Lieut. Colonel McCall, Commanding Officer of the Green Howards, made

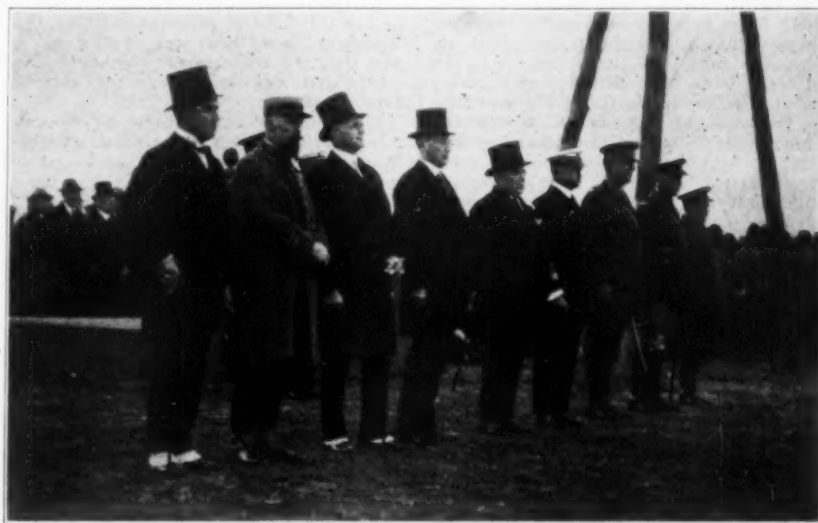
his generous offer. In conjunction with Lieutenant Cleghorn Foot, officer in charge of the 4th Regiment band, Bandmaster Francis worked assiduously with the trumpeters of the regiment, who were designated to man the new instruments, until the 17th of November saw this resourceful group of young men able to play one piece with all the swing and dash of veterans.

A cold raw wind came down from the north the day of the formal presentation, the 17th of November, bringing memories of the dank dark days of spring. Quite a different atmosphere prevailed at the race course, however, from that that greeted the 4th Regiment on its arrival in Shanghai the preceding February. Then the grim business of war was in the air. River boats loaded with refugees vied with transports loaded with troops in their haste to get up the Whangpoo. Barb wire entanglements and sand bag emplacements sprang up over night, and a ten o'clock curfew severely cramped the night life of a city that knows no peer in the realm of nocturnal festivities.

In common with all pioneer cities Shanghai rallies rapidly from the shadow of potential destruction. Doomed yesterday but saved today, its strong hearted cosmopolitan people sally forth for a frolic or the day's work as though their's were the most prosaic of existences and Shanghai a city of the middle west instead of an outpost of civilization.

The elite of the town turned out this day to do honor to the 4th Regiment, U. S. Marines. Silk hats and frock coats were much in evidence, and those military officers who had had the foresight

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Left to right: Mr. Joseph Keegan; Colonel Millet, senior French officer present; Mr. Carl Selts; Mr. Cunningham, Consul General for the U. S.; Mr. Sterling Fessenden, Mayor of Shanghai; Admiral Bristol; Colonel H. C. Davis; Major General Duncan, general officer commanding British forces in North China; Colonel Gordon, commandant of Shanghai Volunteer Corps.

baptismal training in the art of producing martial music.

The idea of the Fessenden fifes came about in this way. Last summer Lieut. Colonel Kilgore, regimental executive officer, was watching a prize fight at the local colosseum between an American Marine and a British Bluejacket. Beside him sat Mr. Joseph Keegan, business man of Shanghai and New York. The Marine was getting the worst of the encounter. Blood streamed down his face from a nasty cut over one eye. In spite of the handicap he kept fighting doggedly on round after round until in the end his determination and endurance proved to be superior to those of his opponent. Mr. Keegan remarked to Colonel Kilgore that the Marine reminded him of the picture entitled "The Spirit of '76." This remark led to a discussion of the merits of British drum corps and Mr. Keegan expressed his desire to see the 4th Regiment equipped with such a corps. A few days later Mr. Keegan approached Colonel Kilgore with the information that the American



# British Marines Thoroughly Enjoy Their Visit To America

## HOSPITALITY OF U. S. MARINES PRAISED

From The Globe and Laurel, The Journal of The Royal Marines

Our cruise terminated with a visit to two American ports, Boston (Mass.), and Washington (D. C.). Here we received generous hospitality from the Americans and their cordial reception will be a lasting remembrance to us.

We visited these two ports in company with Cairo. At Boston we created an impression, when looking spick and span after having painted ship at Halifax, we berthed alongside the jetties in the Navy Yard. The leading theatres and picture houses were free to the ship's companies, including the magnificent Metropolitan Theatre; needless to say many took advantage of this hospitality.

The British Marine and the U. S. Marine are always great chums and as the U. S. Marine Corps stationed at Boston had their quarters in the Navy Yard close to where we were berthed, we needed no introduction. They entertained a party from the Detachments of both ships to lunch, and the fellows that attended will long remember the day. The lunch itself was the outstanding feature, and many loose belts fitted uncomfortably tight when the lunch ended. Before lunch the party was conducted round the Navy Yard to the various workshops and offices, and a visit was also made to one of the American battleships, the U. S. S. "Utah." A thorough inspection was made of the U. S. Marine Corps quarters. This was very interesting as it afforded us the opportunity of seeing under what conditions our contemporaries live. One thing in particular caught our eye, and that was the wardrobe each Marine had alongside his bed. We cast envious looks on these useful articles of furniture, especially as we thought of our method of stowing our No. 1's and tunics in kit-bags, not to mention our civilian clothes. The U. S. Marine always looks immaculate dressed, perhaps this is the reason. After lunch the party was conducted to the site on which the famous battle of Bunkers Hill was fought. A great monument has been erected in the form of a tall four-sided pillar, standing 220 feet high. From its summit a commanding view of Boston and its suburbs can be obtained. The whole of the party found energy enough, despite the lunch, to climb the stone stairs to the top, which numbered 295. Some found it almost as strenuous as an hour's section drill on the fo'xle.

From Boston we proceeded on to Washington. At this famous and important city we received a warm welcome, and we could not have wished for a better reception. We may venture to say that while we have the opportunity like this, of fraternising with the services of our "brothers" across the Atlantic there will be no wars or thoughts of wars. The League of Nations may hold conferences but their deliberations will not produce the same feeling of peaceful comradeship or strengthen the ties of friendship between us, as our visit to Washington did.

Again at Washington, the U. S. Marine Corps besieged us, and we were able to make the acquaintance of "Private Pagett." We had read about Pte. Pagett's enlistment in the U. S. Marine Corps, in a previous issue of the Globe and Laurel, and we were looking forward to making his acquaintance when we knew that we should be visiting Washington. The U. S. Marine Corps is very proud to have Pte. Pagett as their mascot, and we are pleased to record that he is worthily upholding his tradition as a peaceful British bull-dog, but ready at any moment to show determination to hold his own. His condition is perfect, and he has settled down to his new life with contentment, and is quite at home in his new country. Although only a "Private," Pagett receives as much honour and attention

as the Major General Commandant of the U. S. Marine Corps. However, we hope it will not be long before we hear of his promotion.

By a coincidence we arrived at Washington just after President Coolidge returned from a week-end cruise in his yacht the S. S. "Mayflower." He stood on the bridge of his yacht as we steamed by and salutes were exchanged. The first day at Washington proved very hectic for the Detachment. The first guard and band paraded at 7.10 a. m., as we passed the tomb of the great American statesman, Washington, on our way up the Potomac River, and the last guard paraded at 4.30 p. m. The Guard only left the Q. D. once during the forenoon.

Ceremony over, the next days were devoted to sightseeing, etc. Here again the majority of the theatres were open to us, and in this land of perpetual motion, they open in the forenoon. The first liberty boat was at 10 a. m., so it is not necessary to say that we were sorry to have to leave Washington. Each day there was some form of entertainment for the ships' companies.

Our contemporaries took us on an extensive sight-seeing tour, during which we visited all the principle buildings in Washington. It would take too long to describe in detail all the magnificent buildings that we had the privilege of seeing, but we should like to record our visit to the Arlington National Cemetery where the American Unknown Soldier is buried. It is at this cemetery that the great soldiers and sailors of America are buried, and many memorials have been erected to those that are buried elsewhere. An outstanding feature of the cemetery is the marble amphitheatre erected as a National Memorial. Its seating accommodation is approximately 4,000 and it forms an impressive edifice wherein America mourns its dead. Outside the amphitheatre facing Washington is the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Photographs were taken of our party, including Pte. Pagett, on the steps of the amphitheatre, and also a group round the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Another enjoyable evening, which will not be forgotten, was experienced when we were the guests of the U. S. S. Marine Corps at a supper and dance. They did not spare themselves to entertain us and we were given a rattling good time. At the dance we had an orchestra from the world-famous U. S. Marine Band, and the R. M. Detachment of Calcutta was honoured to have a fox-trot composed and dedicated to them entitled "The Calcutta's Bumble-bees." There is a great feeling of comradeship existing between the Marine Corps of the two English speaking nations, and this was much in evidence throughout this enjoyable evening.

The night before our departure from Washington, both ships, who were berthed alongside each other, held an "At Home." We were thus able, in a small way to return the hospitality we had been receiving, and the evening proved a great success. Both ships were decorated and brilliantly illuminated, and the band which was relayed through loud speakers to all parts of both ships, played a big part in the success of the evening. Bandmaster H. Wright, L. R. A. M., was the "live wire" with his saxophone and vocal rendering the various numbers.

This proved to be a fitting termination to our stay at Washington, and on the following morning we left, with pleasant memories of a great welcome from America. Many of us made personal friends, and we were indeed sorry to have to leave them.



# CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR LIST OF THE U. S. MARINE CORPS

Editor's note:—Some discussion has arisen as to whether or not a holder of a Congressional Medal of Honor receives increased rank or compensation. The Act of February 4, 1919, 40 Stat. 1056 reads as follows: " \* \* \* That each enlisted or enrolled person of the naval service to whom is awarded a Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Medal, or a Navy Cross shall, for each such award, be entitled to additional pay at the rate of \$2 per month from the date of the distinguished act or service on which the award is based, and each bar, or other suitable emblem or insignia, in lieu of a Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Medal, or a Navy Cross, as hereinafter provided for, shall entitle him to further additional pay at the rate of \$2 per month from the date of the distinguished act or service for which the bar is awarded, and such additional pay shall continue throughout his active service, whether such service shall or shall not be continuous."

1 Adams, John M.	Sergeant	China	1900	54 Kelly, John J.	Private	France	1918
2 Adriance, Harry C.	Corporal	China	1900	55 Kocak, Matej	Sergeant	France	(Army) 1918
3 Appleton, Edwin N.	Corporal	China	1900	56 Kocak, Matej	Sergeant	France	1918
4 Berkeley, Randolph C.	Major	Mexico	1914	57 Kuchmeister, H. W.	Private	Cuba	1898
5 Binder, Richard	Sergeant	Civil War	1864	58 Leonard, Joseph	Private	Philippines	1899
6 Boydston, Erwin J.	Private	China	1900	59 Mackie, John	Corporal	Civil War	1862
7 Brown, Charles	Corporal	Korea	1871	60 MacNeal, Harry L.	Private	Cuba	1898
8 Buckley, Howard M.	Private	Philippines	1899	61 Martin, James	Sergeant	Civil War	1864
9 Burnes, James	Private	China	1900	62 Mathias, Clarence E.	Private	China	1900
10 Butler, Smedley D.	Major	Mexico	1914	63 McNally, Michael J.	Sergeant	Samoa	1899
11 Butler, Smedley D.	Major	Haiti	1915	64 McNamara, Michael	Private	Korea	1871
12 Button, William R.	Corporal	Haiti	1919	65 Miller, Andrew	Sergeant	Civil War	1864
13 Campbell, Albert R.	Private	China	1900	66 Moore, Albert	Private	China	1900
14 Campbell, Daniel	Private	Cuba	1898	67 Morris, John	Corporal	France	1881
15 Carr, William I.	Private	China	1900	68 Murphy, John A.	Drummer	China	1900
16 Catlin, Albertus W.	Major	Mexico	1914	69 Neville, Wendell C.	Lt. Colonel	Mexico	1914
17 Coleman, John	Private	Korea	1871	70 Nugent, Christopher	Sergeant	Civil War	1863
18 Cooney, James	Private	China	1900	71 Orndoff, Harry W.	Private	China	1900
19 Cukela, Louis	Sergeant	France	(Army) 1918	72 Ostermann, Edw. A.	1st Lieut.	Haiti	1915
20 Cukela, Louis	Sergeant	France	(Navy) 1918	73 Oviatt, Mile M.	Corporal	Civil War	1864
21 Dahlgren, John O.	Corporal	China	1900	74 Owens, Michial	Private	Korea	1871
22 Daly, Daniel	Private	China	1900	75 Parker, Pomeroy	Private	Cuba	1898
23 Daly, Daniel	Gy. Sergt.	Haiti	1915	76 Phillips, Reuben J.	Corporal	China	1900
24 Davis, Henry W.	Private	China	1900	77 Prendergast, Thos. F.	Corporal	Philippines	1899
25 Denig, J. Henry	Sergeant	Civil War	1864	78 Preston, Herbert I.	Private	China	1900
26 Dougherty, James	Private	Korea	1871	79 Pruitt, John H.	Corporal	France	(Army) 1918
27 Dyer, Jesse F.	Captain	Mexico	1914	80 Pruitt, John H.	Corporal	France	1918
28 Field, Oscar W.	Private	Cuba	1898	81 Purvis, Hugh	Private	Korea	1871
29 Fisher, Harry	Private	China	1900	82 Quick, John H.	Sergeant	Cuba	1898
30 Fitzgerald, John	Private	Cuba	1898	83 Rannahan, John	Corporal	Civil War	1865
31 Foley, Alexander J.	Sergeant	China	1900	84 Reid, George C., Jr.	Major	Mexico	1914
32 Ford, Patrick F., Jr.	Private	Cuba	1898	85 Roantree, James S.	Sergeant	Civil War	1864
33 Francis, Charles R.	Private	China	1900	86 Robinson, Robert G.	Gy. Sergt.	France	1918
34 Forsterer, Bruno A.	Sergeant	Samoa	1899	87 Scannell, David J.	Private	China	1900
35 Franklin, Joseph J.	Private	Cuba	1898	88 Scott, Joseph F.	Private	Cuba	1898
36 Fry, Isaac N.	Sergeant	Civil War	1865	89 Shivers, John	Private	Civil War	1865
37 Fryer, Eli T.	Captain	Mexico	1914	90 Silva, France	Private	China	1900
38 Gaienne, Louis R.	Private	China	1900	91 Smith, Willard M.	Corporal	Civil War	1864
39 Gaughan, Philip	Sergeant	Cuba	1898	92 Sprowle, David	Sergeant	Civil War	1864
40 Glowin, Joseph A.	Corporal	San Domingo	1916	93 Stewart, James A.	Corporal	France	1872
41 Gross, Samuel	Private	Haiti	1915	94 Stewart, Peter	Gy. Sergt.	China	1900
42 Hanneken, Herman H.	2nd Lieut.	Haiti	1919	95 Sullivan, Edward	Private	Cuba	1898
43 Harvey, Harry	Sergeant	Philippines	1900	96 Smith, Albert J.	Private	Pensacola, Fla.	1921
44 Heisch, William	Private	China	1900	97 Sutton, Clarence E.	Sergeant	China	1900
45 Helms, J. H.	Sergeant	Uruguay	1901	98 Talbot, Ralph	2nd Lieut.	France	1918
46 Hill, Frank	Private	Cuba	1898	99 Thayer, James	Corporal	Norfolk, Va.	1879
47 Horton, William C.	Private	China	1900	100 Thies, Louis F.	Private	U. S. S. "Petrel"	1901
48 Hill, Walter N.	Captain	Mexico	1900	101 Thompson, Henry	Private	Civil War	1865
49 Hudson, Michael	Sergeant	Civil War	1864	102 Tomlin, A. J.	Corporal	Civil War	1865
50 Hughes, John A.	Captain	Vera Cruz	1914	103 Upham, Oscar J.	Private	China	1900
51 Hulbert, Henry L.	Private	Samoa	1899	104 Upshur, William P.	Captain	Haiti	1915
52 Hunt, Martin	Private	China	1900	105 Vaughn, Pinkerton R.	Sergeant	Civil War	1863
53 Jams, Ross S.	Sergeant	Haiti	1915	106 Walker, E. A.	Sergeant	China	1900
54 Janson, Ernest A.	Gy. Sergt.	France	(Army) 1918	107 West, Walter S.	Private	Cuba	1898
55 Janson, Ernest A.	Gy. Sergt.	France	1918	108 Williams, Ernest C.	1st Lieut.	San Domingo	1916
56 Kates, Thomas W.	Private	China	1900	109 Winans, Roswell	1st Sergt.	San Domingo	1916
57 Kearney, Michael	Private	Cuba	1898	110 Young, Frank A.	Private	China	1900
58 Kelly, John J.	Private	France	(Army) 1918	111 Zion, William	Private	China	1900

# THE BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

## BREEZES FROM HAMPTON ROADS

By M. H. Miller

So many Marines go through this Barracks to all points where Marines are on duty that it is as well known as any barracks in the Corps today. However, for the benefit of those Marines who have not been through here since last July a big surprise is due them on their next trip through.

The entire first floor has been replastered and painted and it is a safe bet that there isn't a barracks in the Corps that can boast any finer ball-room or other recreation facilities than we have here. A newly painted and renovated card room with plenty of pinochle space, checker and chess tables is a big improvement over the old corner, AND HOW! A new gym is being installed in the basement with all the requisites of a regular gymnasium, and ought to go big with all members of the command and those going through to points beyond. A very complete library is in operation on the second floor consisting of approximately twelve hundred volumes, and with all the big dailies and magazines kept right up to date, it makes the library an integral part of the barracks. A MCI study room adjoins the library. Both of these rooms have been attractively painted and decorated and are both amply furnished with tables, chairs and rugs. Men who are enjoying courses from the MCI should find this study room conducive to the continuance of their studies while awaiting transfer to their regular stations. The mess hall, galley, bake shop and commissary storeroom have been replastered and painted and the brand of "chow" handed out by the galley crew leaves nothing to be desired in this department. The Post Exchange has moved into the old NCO mess hall. This move was one of the big improvements as it gives the Exchange an opportunity to properly display its goods, and also allows patrons plenty of counter room which was sadly lacking at the site of the old exchange. Other improvements that have been made include the new post office where the old Post Exchange office was; the replastering of the Quartermaster's storerooms in the basement; furnishing the lobby with a number of leather chairs, rockers and settees. A room

nicely furnished with wicker furniture tastefully decorated and assigned as a ladies' rest room is an aspect of which most posts cannot boast.

A uniform color scheme is being followed in all the painting that is being done. The ceiling and walls of the offices, halls and lobby are being done in chrome yellow and the woodwork is being done with walnut stain. The ceilings of bed room suites are being done in white and the walls in pea green, while the wood-

thing to tell other Marines about wherever they may be. Wonders never cease as improvements are daily occurrences. Contentment is further assured by enough work for all—not too much, but plenty. This post claims the enviable record of having the happiest home, the best mess and the highest morale. We have no brig.

## NEWTOWN HIGH WINS OVERTON TROPHY

The annual cross-country race for the Johnny Overton Trophy was won this year by the Newtown High School of Queens, New York.

The Overton trophy is awarded by the United States Marine Corps in memory of "Johnny" Overton, famous Yale cross-country runner, who died of wounds received in action after serving with distinction and conspicuous bravery as a captain in the Marine Corps. Presentation of this trophy was made by Major Thomas E. Thrasher, Jr., U. S. M. C.



MARINE OFFICERS ON A SIGHTSEEING HIKE AROUND PEKING

work will be done with walnut stain.

Six monthly prizes are offered by the recreation fund in the interests of the monthly physical tests, three prizes going to the men making the highest scores, and three to the men showing the greatest improvement for the month. It is the hope of all concerned that with the added stimulus it will imbue the men of the command to raise the average of this post until it is second to none in the Corps.

Christmas at this post was fittingly celebrated with an Xmas eve party at which every man present received a sock containing the other sock, handkerchief, smokes, toilet articles and a bar of candy. Assorted fruits, candy, nuts and cider were donated by the Post Exchange and everybody present voted the party a big success. Christmas dinner was all that a dinner for that day should be. The dinner was served in courses and everybody was highly pleased with the meal and the manner in which it was served. As a whole we are a happy post and with all the officers and men taking an active interest in the promotion of everything that is of benefit to the barracks as a whole the men coming here in the future for further transfer will always remember their stay here as some-

died with him in the 4th Battalion, 10th Regiment. His address is Box 103, R. F. D. 1, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

## SCHOLARSHIPS AWAIT CHILDREN OF MARINE CORPS PERSONNEL

The bureau of navigation has announced that a number of educational institutions throughout the United States have offered concessions in the form of reduced tuitions and scholarships to the children of officers, warrant officers and enlisted personnel of the Marine Corps.

From the number of applications for those scholarships and concessions during the last few years it is apparent that the service at large is not familiar with the opportunities offered and the scholarships and concessions at many excellent educational institutions are not filled each year. The bureau is in a position to aid many service families in the education of their children and is ready to take a prompt interest in all applications.

The bureau at present is making an effort to secure scholarships and concessions from a large number of institutions, in addition to those listed. It is hoped to include schools of various kinds, which will most likely meet the needs of

JOHN POLIPKA would like to hear from any of his bunkies that soldiered with him in the 4th Battalion, 10th Regiment. His address is Box 103, R. F. D. 1, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.



all grades of personnel and be conveniently located near all the major shore stations and fleet bases. This information will be published as soon as collected.

#### MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL STATION, GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA

Thanksgiving Day the Mess Sergeant and Mess Officer, "Skinny" Walters and Lieutenant Stuart, showed us something in the line of eats. Everything went off with a "bang." Buffet lunch after the regular dinner, but it didn't last long. Pop Kraemer led the three cheers for the cooks and mess officer, not forgetting "Skinny."

The station tennis tournament eliminated the Marines early. We are hoping to give them a better run for their money in the next one. Many features are planned for Christmas. A field meet and enlisted men's tennis tournament. There are some very good tennis players among the Marines and the tournament is necessary to bring them out in order to be able to show the rest of the station that we can play.

Many packages are being received by the commanding officer from friends and relatives of Marines stationed at this post. It is our intention to have a tree and give the packages out.

The Kittery arrived on the 9th, two days ahead of time. Yarwood doesn't like that for being with the ball team in Port-au-Prince he missed it and has to stay another month. Our music, Andrews, is now sole custodian of the bugle calls. Being the only music we have left and he is over-time.

The Sergeant-Major's house came. The doors and windows—the rest is still en-route but you cannot build a house with just the doors and windows. He is hoping that the Q. M. Sergt. who had the doings of such a trick don't sleep well at night.

Keller left us with many wailings and gnashing of teeth. He was desirous of making the west coast. He never bid his friends in town goodbye. Jake was a good sort and we will miss him.

"Skinny" Walters has branched out as an auto mechanic. Any morning and evening you can hear his machine coughing up the road—sometimes the cough is missing but only when it stops. He is now living in the wilderness.

Mrs. Parrish, wife of Pay Clerk Parrish, is the proud mother of a big daughter. Both are quite proud of her and we join in best wishes for her continued good health. Mr. Parrish has been forced to spend a few days in the hospital after the arrival of his daughter, but it wasn't caused from walking her to sleep at nights.

Our Colonel made a short trip to Panama via the U. S. S. "Utah" and brought back many dollars worth of wonderful Christmas presents, and at the present writing there is not enough money amongst the men and officers to buy a bathing suit for a three-legged mosquito. Though the Colonel did a very good turn for us, it also helped the bank roll to disappear.

The harmony of the galley force when peeling spuds shows Christmas is near. The other day they sang everything from Christmas Night to Adeste Fideles or something like that. Anyway it sounded pretty good, and we might get them to give us a little harmony Christmas night. Peeling spuds seems to be quite an incentive to harmony of the church songs. It is only good men that can make work like them.

"Hop Wong," the second, is still mi-

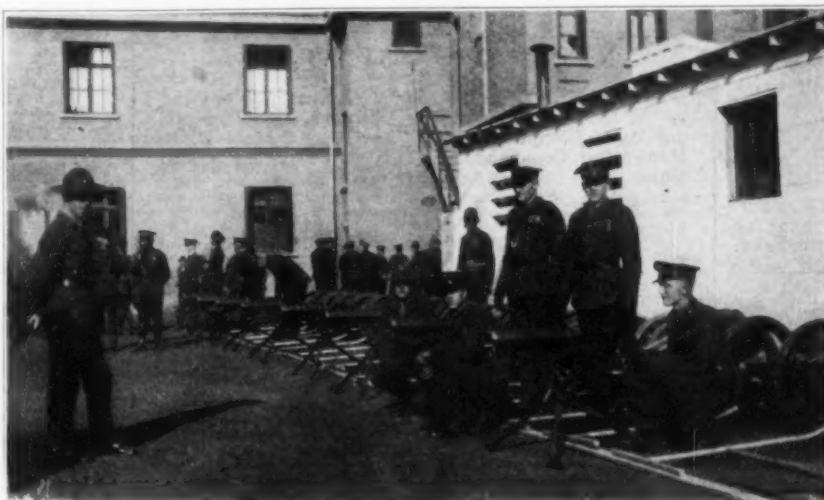


EXHIBIT OF 81ST MACHINE GUN COMPANY AT TIENSIN, CHINA

grating to Guantanamo City occasionally. He recently bought 250 dollars worth of foreign stamps, and said that he is going to open a shop on Bleeker Street, New York, when he gets his 16 years in. Good luck, "Ditty."

Steve Simanski in between periods is scraping our bowling alley and when he gets them finished we are going to have a bowling contest. We are still in need of good pins as they are pretty bad, but the moral fund is plentiful and there is no doubt that fault will be remedied when the alleys are in shape.

Right now as I write this "Pop" Kraemer is playing that soulful ditty "You no carre for me I no carrie for you" which seems to be his watchword from early morn to night. He will soon know it well enough to sing it through. The next inauguration of President I believe will find him singing it in public.

CERVESO.

#### PATRICK MULLEN'S CAREER

By Rear Admiral Elliott Snow, C. C., U. S. N.

On November 4th, 1835, Patrick Mullen died at Princeton, N. J., aged about 62 years. He first served as a Marine under Commodore Bainbridge on board

the U. S. Frigate "Philadelphia" and at the time of his death had in his possession no less than six honorable discharges.

Patrick Mullen was a native of Ireland—and although his lot was cast in the humble walks of life—the service he gave his adopted country, the United States, is well worthy of being recorded, even at this late date.

The precise period of the emigration of Patrick Mullen is not known. We first find him serving on the Bainbridge in 1804, when the "Philadelphia," while pursuing a Tripolitan Corsair, ran on a rock about four and a half miles from Tripoli and was taken by the Tripolitans and towed into the harbor. Patrick Mullen and his brave shipmates thereby were taken prisoners by those pirates of the Mediterranean.

For nineteen months he was literally a hewer of wood and handler of water to the Tripolitans. He was harnessed like a beast of burden to the cart, and beneath the rays of the vertical sun, employed in drawing stone at a distance of more than seven miles for the erection of a fort. His daily allowance for subsistence was twelve ounces of barley bread and a gill of lawn oil; the stripes then inflicted upon him by his inhuman captors he bore to the grave.

Anyone who views the film "Old Ironsides" after reading this account will the better understand the hardships to which those Barbary

Corsairs subjected Mullen and all other Christian prisoners in their stone quarries.

On being ransomed by our government he repaired immediately to Gibraltar and again sought employment under the flag of the United States. On the declaration of the War of 1812, he entered as a Marine on board the U. S. S. Frigate "President," Commodore John Rodgers commanding, and remained with her during her cruise. When Rodgers flew the distinguished pennant of H. M. S. Seahorse and thereto enticed the British admiral's tender, the Highflyer, under his guns and became possessed of the British signal code, Mullen doubtless wore for the nonce (as a disguise) the red coat of a British marine.

On Patrick Mullen's decease the citizens of Princeton joined in as a body to testify their respect for his character. He was borne to his tomb by the most respectable inhabitants of that town. He was buried with military honors at which the Princeton Blues and Mercer Guards were paraded.

"So sleep the brave who sink to rest  
With all their country's wishes blest."

## MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. HELENA, HANKOW, CHINA

The Helena dropped her hook at Hankow a couple of weeks ago, so we think it about time to let The Leatherneck hear from us again.

Our trip up from Hongkong was not as rough as we expected it to be and the ship came through in fine shape. Of course there were a few meals missed by several of the boys but that was to be expected and the loss of chow was not confined to the Marine Detachment by any means. We found Shanghai to be everything that we had heard of it and then some. We sure hit it with a bang and though our stay was short we think we will be remembered there for some time. No, we do not envy the Fourth Regiment. Their's is not the life of Riley. Neither is ours, but we think we have the edge on them at that.

Our trip up the Yangtze was an interesting experience for all hands. The gun crews were kept standing by at all times and the Marines had four Machine guns in the fighting top. We were not bothered in any way but we passed through the war zones and saw a little of what the Chinese were doing.

Hankow is by no means as good a liberty port as Shanghai but still the boys seem to be enjoying themselves. Liberty is up at midnight ordinarily but just now, due to the fact that the Southern Army is taking over the city we have to be on the ship by six o'clock. The "Y" here is one of the best it has ever been our pleasure to find and is extending every one a hearty welcome. We expect to remain here about six months and then revisit Shanghai for a month or two. From all the dope we can get we seem to be the first Marines to have been stationed here for about ten years. We wonder if The Leatherneck can give us any definite information on this point.

Since we last wrote we have been joined by Sergeant Williams from the Fourth Regiment and Trumpeter Keefe from the "Pittsburgh." We wish to state that Keefe toots a mean horn and that Williams is a darned good police sergeant. Privates Booth and Fenton have been transferred to the Expeditionary Force and we expect to have replacements for them in a day or so.

## A MARINE'S IMPRESSION OF WAIKIKI BEACH AND KAPIOLANI PARK

By Allyn Henry Wright, U.S.M.C.

Having heard much of Waikiki Beach even before coming into the Marine Corps, I was determined to visit the beach that, without a doubt, is the most widely known beach in the world. So, boarding an "open-air" street car in Honolulu, labeled "Waikiki" I headed for my destination.

It is about a three and a half mile car ride from the business center of

Honolulu, before entering Kapiolani Park. Waikiki Beach is situated on the ocean side of the park and adjoins it. The surf at Waikiki is usually high, and it is here that native Hawaiian boys can frequently be seen riding their surfboards on the crest of large waves.

On Sunday evenings the beach boys usually play on the Moana pier, singing their old native Hawaiian melodies and medleys. Their voices are rich, clear, and melodious, and the harmony that they render together with their ukeleles is singularly beautiful.

Kapiolani Park is the largest park in Honolulu. Here concerts are given almost every Sunday afternoon by a native Hawaiian band; these including excellent singing by male and female voices.

Continuing my stroll through the park I came upon the Aquarium with its large collection of odd-shaped and

are in that company. The date of the contest has not been set as yet, although we all intend to be present, as it is the aim of our Company to carry the cup to victory.

We have been keeping close watch on Private Young of the M. P. force. He looks as though he will be one of the stars, so the messmen think.

The Boat Crew also boasts of some masters in that line. Post Headquarters have a number of well-groomed "chow" eaters also.

Corporal Meeks of Headquarters Company is to umpire.

The attraction in Savannah, Ga., must be great, as we understand that Paymaster Donnelly spends his week-ends there regularly. Mr. Donnelly is coach of the Post Basketball team this year. We only hope the players don't follow his week-end ideas, as we are looking forward to a winning team.

Corporal Cargile of the M. P. force takes the Island school children to Beaufort, S. C., to school in the A. M. and brings them safely back in the evening. Last week he was made member of the Chamber of Commerce there. It is rumored that he intends to run for Mayor in the next election.

We hear that Corporal Meeks is a bit worried, as a certain party is to leave the Island. We are wondering how this departure will affect him. We extend a hand of sympathy.

Q. M. Sergeant Charles Byers, for the last six months has been rushing a popular young lady here on the Island. All we want to know is, when are the smokes and drinks going to be passed.

The dry dock surely has been deserted in the absence of Major Capron. The Major was one of the best fishermen on the Island. It seems as though he would sooner fish than eat, although he never missed his meals.

It's funny to hear some of the men of this Post talk. Some think they should make at least First Sergeant or Sergeant on their first cruise. WHY????

## SIX BITS ON THE AIR By "Bud"

I notice that others are broadcasting news of the Orient, so why not the famous Seventy-fifth Company, the best in the Third Brigade? We have for our company commander Captain Cupela, one of the best known officers in the Corps. He is assisted by 1st Lieutenant Burke and 2nd Lieutenant DeLacy.

First Sergeant Albert Burkhard holds down the office with Corporal L. L. Appleford as company clerk and Private W. F. Logan as runner.

Gunnery Sergeant J. K. Watson is the man who made our outfit the best drilled company in the brigade (the other companies don't agree with us on this, but we know it's true).

We have four men on the Brigade Rugby team: Corporal J. J. Rada, the M. C. I. pest, who has four diplomas and is working for the fifth; Private Icl. F.

## DO MARINES EAT WELL?

Here is a Christmas Dinner Menu that was enjoyed by the Marines at the Marine Barracks, Naval Operating Base, Hampton Roads, Va., Lieut. Colonel E. B. Manwaring Commanding. This strikes us as a real dinner. Did you have a better one?

Lynnhaven Oyster Cocktails	Stuffed Olives
Celery au glace	Virginia Sweet Pickles
Beef Bouillion	
Roast Princess Anne Turkey	
Spiced Ham	
Oyster Dressing	Giblet Gravy
Cranberry Sauce	
Snow Flake Potatoes	Candied Yams
Asparagus Tips with Cream Sauce	
Scalloped Corn	Creamed Green Peas
Combination Salad	
Strawberry Ice Cream	Fruit Cake
Assorted Cookies	Hot Miné Pie
Assorted Fruits	
Mixed Nuts	Mixed Candies
Cigars	Cigarettes
Cafe Noire	

brightly colored fish. This collection of tropical fish is the finest collection of any in the world. A zoo that is rapidly being built up is another feature of the park. There is also a one-mile race track where polo and horse races are held.

I believe that Waikiki Beach and Kapiolani Park are two places that even a Marine will enjoy; and the aquarium is educational. But, why "sound-off" any longer, I'll let you visit the place and see how it impresses you.

Paul—this is finished!

## NOTES FROM PARRIS ISLAND "By Sol?"

I have found out that the Headquarters Company and the Service Company are going to have a "chow" contest; the Service Company has a better chance of winning, as all the big "chow" hounds

N. Woody, one of our ex-Army men; Private E. Townsley, a ten-second man, who took several honors in the field meets last summer, and Private W. J. McCaig, who also plays on the basketball squad and was on the baseball nine last summer.

The big question in the company is: Which post is the best post in the States, Iona Island, N. Y., or Newport, R. I.? So far Newport is leading (I come from there). Every once in a while we let someone from Brooklyn or Boston pipe up, but not too often.

By the looks of things around here, several girls are going to be made happy when we get back. Souvenirs of every description are scattered around. They range from Spanish shawls and kimonos to brass work and Mah Jong sets.

If anyone is so foolish to read this, I'll say "Chee Chee La"; in other words, "Thank you," and sign off.

#### U. S. S. "NEW YORK," MARINE DETACHMENT

Dear Fellows:

Cast aside all thoughts of the bawling out the Captain gave you yesterday, or of the "sharp" girl you met last week, or of anything that now occupies your mind (if you still have one) and let a fellow, who hasn't had an audience for over a year, say something about his "Battle-wagon."

The "New York" has been out of all activities since October, 1926, when she was pulled into drydock at the Norfolk Navy Yard for modernization. We are proud of our new oil-burning, tripod-masted, be-blistered battle-wagon, in fact, we are sure that it is the best ship in the Navy. Not only have we the best ship but we have the best "Old Man" who has ever grunted with delight when he saw the Marine Detachment on Saturday morning, namely: Captain Clarence A. Abele, U. S. N. And no one knows how thankful we are to Captain Daniel E. Campbell, U. S. M. C., and 2nd Lieutenant Floyd A. Stephenson for their steadfast work in behalf of the "New York's" Marines.

Formerly we were of the Scouting Fleet on the East Coast but now we are attached to the Battle Fleet with San Pedro as our home port.

During the month of October we took our shake-down cruise to Guantanamo Bay, Port au Prince and return, enjoyed the liberty parties and had much fun watching some of the fellows "travel by rail" while feeding the fish.

Soon after our return to Norfolk some of our old buddies were transferred to land posts. Among them was Sgt. "Pop" Newland, sheik unequalled of Norfolk, Charleston and vicinities. First Sgt. Barrick was relieved by First Sgt. McCullough and Gunner Sgt. Letcher replaced famous "Mickey" Finn. Though we miss our old friends, we are sure

that the men who took their places will "carry on" and hold high the honor of the Marine Guard.

We shoved off from Norfolk Dec. 1st, bound for San Pedro and a "butt to do," stopped two days at Balboa, Canal Zone, and then continued our interesting voyage out into the Pacific. And now after twenty-two days of sailing we have arrived at San Pedro and all are happy.

Well, fellows, I must man the muzzle of my 5-inch gun and paint the shells as

#### OUR MARINE CORPS By E. E. G.

With another year of illustrious service and vallant deeds behind, the Marine Corps is facing the dawn of the New Year with the same determination and spirit to carry on that has ever been their method and shall ever be their pride.

There is nothing they have done in the past nor any of the luring promises the future holds in store that could make them become boastful, neither do they choose to hold their brothers-in-arms, the Army and the Navy, in any spirit of rivalry or disdain, but are proud to recognize and come in contact with them. The Corps has a permanent place in the hearts of the American people, in the government that binds us all together, and the world at large. These sea soldiers are proud of every fibre that has gone into the making of their famous Corps and are jealous of the name, but never can it be said that they stinted one bit in their praise of the worthy deeds of others. Always known and called good soldiers, they are just as easily known and called good sportsmen.

The past months have done much for the Marine Corps. When the banditry and wholesale robberies of the mail trains became so great as to cause nation-wide attention and the demand that something be done, the government turned to the Marines. Their conduct and the results, which came with such suddenness, satisfied the most skeptical. Then in the Far East where the warring lords fanned the embers of their old grudge into a raging inferno, while an anxious world watched every move and prepared to rush in help should their citizens there need it. This need of protection was soon made evident by the anxious demands of these people, and the American Government answered the cry of her citizens speedily and efficiently by calling on the Marines. Their conduct has been closely observed by those over there and here at home with a great deal of pride and pleasure, the military conduct and the efficiency of the organization was examined by the higher government authorities and found nothing wanting except the praise justly due the men and officers. These men can well afford to be proud of the Corps they represent.

The movements of our Marines during the passing years are continually molding a firmer foundation on which the fame of the Corps may rest. Every move and every act have been but stepping stones to a more lasting fame. Consistency on the field and conduct at home have won them a place in the history of our country and in the affections of the people that nothing can erase. Truly may it be said "From the halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli, to the fields of shell-torn France, to restless China, or Haiti, or Nicaragua," that the Marines have and will fight their country's battles, and to an anxious waiting world their cheering message of assurance must always be, "The Marines Have Landed and Have the Situation Well in Hand."

they're fired so I'd better stop writing or someone will get my job. So long. If it gets too long cut it off until the next issue.

Your friend,

"SKEEBO."

#### "DRILL-DOWN" and "BUCKING FOR ORDERLY" AT SAN DIEGO

Two interesting features of Old-Marine-Corps Times were received during the celebration of Christmas and New Years at the Marine Corps Base of San Diego. They were "Drill-Down" and "Bucking-for-Orderly." The place was the big auditorium and the dates were Christmas Eve and Christmas evening, and they were held as part of a splendid entertainment arranged by Chaplain J. Philip Forsander, the base chaplain.

Eleven picked Marines stood in line for the "Drill Down," in the manual and facings, on Christmas Eve. Second Lieutenant Charles E. Chapel gave the commands. After a strenuous struggle two Marines survived alone on the stage—

Private Mosco Vallandingham (of the Fourth Overseas Platoon) and Private William A. Lewis (of the Second Overseas Platoon). From then on a keenly fought duel was staged. Lieutenant Chapel snapped out command after command but both Vallandingham and Lewis refused to make a bust. At last, however, Lewis fell down on the execution of right dress. The judges declared Vallandingham the winner of the "Drill-Down," and that he was the individual manual-and-facing champion of the base. He received a beautiful sweater as the fruit of his victory while Lewis was handed a fine fountain pen, as second prize.

Christmas evening was the day that saw the finest orderly of the base crowned with the laurels as a champion orderly. The "Bucking for Orderly" produced close competition and a difficult task for the judges. Private Firstclass Oren E. Cleveland (of the Headquarters Company), and Private Charlie L. Lewis (attached to the Third Overseas Platoon) were the last two competitors left standing on the stage after the judges had weeded out the field. Cleveland won the judges' nod and was declared champion orderly of the base. His victory brought him a handsome sweater while Johnson, the runner-up, received a beautiful fountain pen. Thirteen Marines selected from the various organizations competed in this "Bucking for Orderly."

All the losers in both contests were rewarded for their efforts, or consoled for losing, by each receiving a carton of cigarettes.

#### BRIEFS ON BHQ 3RD BRIGADE U.S.M.C., CHINA.

By "Fay"

It has come to our attention that all other units of this brigade have so far "had their little say," in the Leatherneck—us remaining quiet. Well, (not a deep one) from now on, we intend to have our "little say," that is, if the editor of our Corps Magazine permits it to be published.

I have elected myself to submit the first of our "gossip columns" as it will be, more or less, so I am alone to stand the blame of this fails to convey the news in brief of this personnel to our friends serving at other stations and such.

Brigadier General S. D. Butler, as you no doubt know, commands the Brigade. Lt. Col. E. B. Miller is our chief of staff; Lt. Col. P. F. Archer, brigade supply officer; Maj. D. M. Randall, B-1; Maj. A. A. Vandegrift, B-3; Maj. E. C. Long, B-2; Maj. S. W. Bogan, brigade paymaster; Maj. J. Potts, disbursing; Lt.-Comdr. C. S. Stephenson, acting brigadier surgeon; Captain W. A. Worton, Brig. personnel adjutant; Capt. T. E. Watson, assistant to B-3 and moral officer; Capt. G. C. Cole, Brig. communication officer; Capt. S. A. Woods, Jr., law officer; Capt.



Ray A. Robinson, aid de campe to commanding general; Capt. H. V. Shurtleff, assistant to Brig. Sup. officer; 1st Lieut. F. S. Gilman, commanding company; 1st Lieut. J. R. Street, assistant communication officer; 1st Lieut. L. C. Whitaker, aid de campe to commanding general; Chief QM. Clerks C. A. Burton and H. H. Rethman, B-4; Chief PM. Clerk J. S. McGuigan, Brig. paymaster's office; QM. Clerk B. D. Goodwin, assistant to B-1.

In the above I have stated briefly the officers by name, rank and their duties at these headquarters. Now for the Sergeant Majors and rest of the gang.

Sgt. Maj. H. Larn, formerly of MCB., NOB., San Diego, Calif., and points west, is our brigade sergeant major. "Nuff sed"—you know we are guided by an efficient sergeant major. Sgt. Maj. L. B. (Rice-ski) Rice, formerly of the Signal Battalion, MB., Quantico, Va., handles the personnel, which is a tough job—but not for him—since our brigade is distributed all over China, it seems. St. Sgt. J. C. Engel handles the courts, while Sgt. W. H. Smith holds the position of clerk to the general. Sgt. A. A. Lange tussels with the ration statements. Other clerks of the CG's office are: Pfc. L. M. Heindrichs and F. P. Michaelis, who bucks the files. Pvt. O. Allen, formerly of the register's office, Marine Corps Institute, cranks the mimeograph, while Pvt. J. D. Hoff (yes, he is an ex-gob, but he surely knows which branch of the service is the best, so we can let him pass) and H. D. Binder, knocks the endorsements off. Cpl. J. D. Gay (it's all right, boys) is the personnel adjutant's clerk. Sgt. P. A. (Mac) McDonald is responsible for all the mislaid correspondence, since he is the mail clerk, however, he always has an alibi, so we can continue to give him fives. I bring up the rear by being "the man about the office," as it were.

B-2 section has those noteworthy men such as Gunnery Sergeant A. B. Ramsay, our photographer. Cpl. W. Low and his moving picture machine are on the best of terms, which is evident by the excellent pictures "snapped." Sgt. H. P. Clary heads the field section, composed of Pvt. L. J. Dunlap, C. R. Bessinger and C. S. Ramey. Pvt. N. W. (Tommy) Thompson and F. M. Agnew keep the office of their section tranquil. At least "Tommy" does. Sgt. A. English continues to draw irregular lines which are supposed to represent a map, which, under the circumstances, can be overlooked. We are in China, you know.

Gy. Sgt. A. H. (Swede) Almquist, who is in charge of the communication section, has an efficient assistant who is no other than Sgt. Burleigh W. Rogerson, who has been wrapping tape around China so long that the other day he almost was compelled to "turn-in" to the brigade hospital, diagnosis — "tape worm."

B-4 section. We cannot forget them. QM. Sgts. J. R. Brown, J. D. Connolly and W. J. Czapp preside over that section. Sgt. M. L. Morehouse faces the property accounts, while Cpl. R. L. Hemley dashes about with his brief case on business for the government. Pfc. N. W. Smith worked late one night and the following morning was surprised to find a moustache in it's infancy undergoing the hardships of facing this cruel world. Yes, Norman was working hard the

evening before, in that his hours were spent by applying "Mange Cure" to that upper lip of his. Pvt. J. H. Wiley and L. A. Goodwin are the other clerks hanging around that office.

PM. Sgts. A. E. Jones and D. A. Tonnelier continue to slap the red ink over the pay rolls, with the ever ready assistance of Sgts. R. H. J. McKay, K. L. Shaw and Pfc. Jack Hayden.

1st Sgt. J. M. Layman is the "spry" one of our company. First up in the morning and last to "turn in" in the evening. He will certainly be missed by the members of this company when the next transport takes him back to the U. S. Yes, he is about to receive another discharge. What!

This, our first "gossip column" in the Leatherneck, is mostly a roster. That is what I intended it to be, however, it is a little different from the regular run of rosters. Without a doubt, it is "different."

We know a "new one." "The Lure of the Orient has it's secret tales."

#### MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. NAVAL STATION, PAGO PAGO, SAMOA.

Just thought I would stop Palolo fishing long enough to send in an SOS from this one-man detachment. Here it is over a month since the President's Cup game and I don't know yet who has the cup. Hope it's the Marines and can't believe that the absence of Jiggs, the Sergeant Major, would be sufficiently great as to allow the mules to overthrow the Leathernecks, at least I am able to sleep soundly in the belief that the gang would not loose their grip on that cup. I have utilized all the powers known to a full-fledged Marine in trying to find out how bad the Marines trimmed the Army, even have tramped to the highest peak on the "Rain-Maker" and used a pocket radio, invented and indorsed by Captain Eiler, U. S. M. C., and listened in on all the stations within 2,000 miles of here for some faint murmur depicting the scenes and results of that memorable day—November 19, 1927—in the Catholic Stadium, Washington, D. C., but, alas, no mention could I hear. The naval communication center here gets all the dope from a punt race in the Azores to a scuttle butt rumor in Alaska, that the Navy is concerned in, also such events as Dempsey-Tunney fight, world's series, Army and Navy game, Stanford-Notre Dame, but do what I would, they failed to get the one mighty game in my thoughts, so please send me anything and everything that you have about this game, unless you have already sent it. I wonder if there is another Marine in the world who has not heard the result of this game? I may hold the unique position of being the only one, I may also be the only one man detachment of the entire Marine Corps.

The Naval Station, Pago Pago, is at the present time, as well as at all times, I guess, getting its share of rain—that reminds me — the moving picture, "Rain," was made here, a very fine place for the scenario. We have a baseball league of five teams, three service and two civilians now in the midst of its season. The writer has the thankless job of official umpire, but there are few pop bottles in this neighborhood, so he

manages to come to the surface unscathed, only with a few reminders such as the umps usually get in service games. It's the opinion of the undersigned that The Leatherneck has carried items from this station on former occasions, so it is not my intention to describe the beauties of the Pago Pago harbor, but there are some of the finest little villages on the Island of Tutuila that one would care to see, and most of them have some legend or other connected with their existence that make fine stories for KDKA's bedtime story teller, for instance, "Vaitogi," with the legend of the "Turtle and the Shark."

The standing of the "Cocoanut Grove League" is as follows (with lots of postponed games on account of Father Pluvius):

	Won	Lost
Civilian Team No. 1.....	3	0
Civilian Team No. 2.....	2	2
Fita-Fita .....	1	1
U. S. "Ontario".....	1	2
Station .....	0	3

The day before Thanksgiving was commencement at the Poyer School here and among other things a game of baseball was played between teams from the Poyer School and the Brothers School, the Poyer School winning by the score of 10 to 7, the game being played in a steady drizzle rain and the close proximity of the bay caused the use of fourteen balls in all during the game. The Samoan Nurses attached to the Station Samoan Hospital beat the Poyer School girls at basketball, in a very fast and furious played game, score 14 to 12. Some of the girls teams here are very fast and I find them very accurate at throwing goals from field, and one gets the "Raz" for fair if she misses a foul throw.

It is hoped that the collection of college stars who are anticipating a world tour will stop with us long enough for a game of baseball also basket ball as we have a very fast men's team here, and the baseball aggregation that can be gotten together from the pick of the Cocoanut Grove League will be no slouch, and I am sure will give the college herd a run for their money. The merchants and others from here were trying to promote a trip of baseball artists to Sydney, Australia or Honolulu, for a series of games, but it seems now hardly likely as it costs so much to take a team that far. Should this trip be made, the undersigned is to be head coach of the team and accompany them if arrangements with the station authorities can be made for the leave period at that time. At any rate I am to coach the team here for quite a time before they sail.

The recreation here is hardly up to the standard of other Navy stations, although we fare pretty well at that. Have movies three nights a week, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, for two weeks and then change of Wednesday night to Thursday as steamer day is Thursday, every twenty-one days and that day is like a holiday in the States. The down steamer, from the U. S. to Australia, on Wednesday, and the up steamer, from Sydney to San Francisco, on Friday of the same week. On these occasions the Malae (better known as the parade ground) is the market place for native

venders of Samoan curios and trinkets, for sale to the tourists and others, and becomes a regular stretch of wares from grass skirts to napkin rings with a supply of coconut oil, turtle shell rings, tapa cloths, baskets, kava bowls and not a few samples of the old side-rigged canoe that the Samoan is supposed to have used in landing on this island. The only thing missing from the county fair at home is the absence of the "Barker" as everyone remains very quiet and simply holds up their wares as the tourist passes by, telling them when questioned, the price, either in American or English money.

I have a command of 71 men, of which 19 are assigned to the Station Band, directly under the leadership of an American bandmaster, but are mustered and paid with the rest of the guard. It happens to fall my lot to also be assigned the additional duty as prison warden, and have from twenty to forty prisoners at all times who are assigned work with the different enterprises of the station, chiefly employed with the custom duties and handling of freight and other work at the custom docks. All these prisoners are island government prisoners, civilians who have overstepped the laws and got caught.

The Coconut Grove League patrons were treated to some fancy baseball playing on last Saturday in the first game of a double header when the undefeated Civilian Team No. 2 crossed bats with the Fita-Fita Guard team. The first game of all Saturday's playing are to be of seven innings only, and the Civilian Team scored a single run in the third inning on an error of the right fielder and a passed ball by the pitcher. This looked for a time to be enough to win, but the Fita-Fita team were fighting all the time, some of the Marine Fighting Spirit having been installed by the undersigned who was on the coaching line and is the manager of the team, who had been relieved of the umpire job by the athletic officer for all games in which the Fita-Fita team are playing. In the first half of the seventh inning the Fita-Fita team pulled off some of the finest system of base running and bunting, using two pinch hitters, and managed to squeeze in the run which tied the score at one all. The crowd, which, by the way, was the largest ever seen on the Pago Pago field, were wild with excitement when the Fita-Fita team pulled their fancy stunt to tie the score. The athletic officer who was umpiring bases decided to waive the seven inning rule and let the two teams play to a finish. But disaster was in store for the Fita-Fita team who had offered the biggest show for the day, as in the last half of the tenth inning, Scanlin, catcher for the Civilian team connected with one of Ropita's (who up to this time had been pitching beautiful ball for the Fita team) slants for a circuit clout, the ball rolling under the post office out of reach of the fielder. The breaks of the game seemed to be with the Civilian team, as the hit was really only good for two bases had the ball not rolled through a very small gate and the fielder had considerable trouble getting to it. But that's the luck of the game, perhaps we will get the breaks the next time.

Another SOS, if you please, if The Leatherneck has any base ball rule books

any where in their files, please send me one as there is not a rule book on the Naval Station and always something coming up that the other fellow knows best. On every Friday night I almost forgot to mention this, we have a dance, for enlisted men and their friends. Most all the girls are natives and you would be surprised to see how every one enjoys these dances. The Fita-Fita Orchestra furnishes the music and surely do their selves proud.

On Monday, following Christmas, we intend to have a Christmas tree, with a regular, honest-to-goodness Santa in charge, for the children of American Samoa. There will be presents for every one, big, little, old and young. On New Years eve it is intended to have a dance for every one to run until a few minutes past the mid-night hour. The moving picture, "Let it Rain," showed here a few nights ago and the natives went wild over Douglas McLean in the Sergeant of Marines uniform.

WILLARD W. SIBERT,

First Sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps,  
Commanding Fita-Fita Guard and Band.

### PEARLS FROM PEARL HARBOR

(By Allyn Henry Wright, U. S. M. C.)

The Sergeant's Club of the Pearl Harbor Marines gave a dandy dance in the barracks gymnasium on the evening of December 23rd. The Marine orchestra, under the direction of 1st Sergeant Leland L. Brigham, provided the music for the event. This was the first dance in over two years held at the barracks, and was largely attended by the enlisted personnel, as well as by a number of the officers.

Another dance was given in the Marine gymnasium, this by the officers of the post, on the evening of December 28th. A lively crowd was present at this dance also.

Sergeant Roger W. Davis, one of the most popular non-coms at the Pearl Harbor Marine barracks, received the warrant of Gunnery Sergeant recently, and, as the custom, he passed out the cigars at one of the noon day messes. We were all glad to see "Shorty" Davis make his new rate!

Pvt. Lincoln S. Littrell, one of the Marines of the 117th Company, has been made staff artist for the Pearl Harbor Weekly, the station paper of the 14th Naval District. This weekly always has a large Marine section in it, and is quite popular among the fellows at the Marine reservation. The assistant editor of the weekly, by the way, is a Leatherneck, and that may account for the fact that the Marines are so well represented in the Pearl Harbor Weekly.

A new bake shop has just been completed on the Marine Reservation, having been erected in the rear of the main building. It is 40x60 feet in size, one story in height, and is built of tile and concrete. It was built entirely by men of the barracks, Sergeant Walter W. Scott and Corporal George E. Mitchell being the two non-commissioned officers who supervised its construction. Both men deserve a great deal of credit for the manner in which they handled their work. The finished building is a piece of construction of which any contractor could well be proud!

The Marine Post Band, with 1st Ser-

geant Brigham as leader, is playing a band concert at the Navy Y. M. C. A. every other Friday evening. The Navy Yard Band, composed of gobs of several nationalities, plays a concert on the alternating Friday night. But, we can say without fear of contradiction or of any exaggeration, that the Marine Band is by far the most popular of the two. And, isn't that to be expected?

### HEADQUARTERS NEWS

By "Ta Bob."

Did you know that Ken Hyatt got married about two months ago? Neither did we until the other day; he's house-keeping, and we are all waiting for an invitation to the "house-warming."

Sorry to announce that Sarah Jones, who was in the Muster Roll Division, has resigned because of ill health. She was one of the few Marine Corps female reservists at Headquarters; the "old guard" is getting smaller.

Our old friend Archie Moore has heeded the "call of the wild." Archie is taking a detachment of Gyrenes from New York to Nicaragua. We know his record "won't be hurt" wherever he goes.

Harry Lambert, P. M. Sergeant, has also been sent to Nicaragua. We know his team mates on the bowling team will miss him.

Bob O'Toole is among the missing at Headquarters. He accompanied General Lane and Major Thacher on their inspection trip to Nicaragua. With the big annual dance on its way we will miss this group "much." Mr. Barde is "carrying on" in Bob's absence.

Arlene Mix spent the holidays in Reedsville, Va., and hasn't gotten warm yet. It takes more than a hot water bottle to heat a seven-room house in December.

The annual election of the Adjutant and Inspector's Relief Fund Committee resulted as follows:

President—Fred Sharpnack.

Vice President—Thomas Carley.

Secretary—Helen LeClair.

Committee:

Records Division — Helen LeClair, Chris Bartley.

Muster Roll Division—Thomas Carley, Arlene Mix.

Administrative Division—Earl Gallagher, May Edenton.

Mails and Files—Thomas Powers, Charles Burton.

Miss Lillian O'Malley, 1735 New Hampshire Avenue, N. W., was taken suddenly ill a few days before Xmas and was operated on for appendicitis at Emergency Hospital. Her mother has been with her this past two weeks and intends to take her to Florida for a few weeks.

Mrs. Edna Bradley entertained some of her friends of the A. & I. Dept. at her home in Woodridge, D. C., on Sunday, January 8, 1928.

Miss Frances Pepper and Miss Charlotte Bacot sailed for Panama January 12, and do not expect to return to office until after the 1st of February. They say Noble Wilson is busy these days.

Sergeant Edward McCabe was married on December 26, 1927, and took his bride to Philadelphia for a few days. They are now "at home."

Mary Edenton and her husband motored to Richmond for the Xmas holidays and had a delightful time with Mr. Edenton's relatives.

George Benson was discharged on January 3rd to accept a civil service position in the Enlistment Section.

We are glad to hear favorable news concerning Mrs. Creecy. Our popular executive officer, Lieutenant Colonel Creecy, spent a quiet holiday because of her illness, and the Headquarters gang wishes her a speedy complete recovery.

Jane Blakeney entertained "the gang" at her house recently. They say she's a dandy hostess.

The Marine Corps Girls Bowling League has been reorganized with two five-men teams, Globe (A&I) and Anchor (QM), composed as follows:

Globe (A&I)—Shaughnessy, Capt.; Van Edsinga, A. McGoldrick, Bacot, Kinnear.

Anchor (QM)—Seal, Capt.; Powers, Turner, Chamberlain, Lyon.

The standing of the teams is as follows:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Globe .....	5	1	.833
Anchor .....	1	5	.167

Charlotte Bacot is president, Kitty Kinnear, treasurer, and Pauline Chamberlain, official scorekeeper.

High game—Kinnear, 118.

Second high game—Chamberlain, 106.

High average—Lyons, 85-3.

Second high average—Kinnear, 84-29.

Highest team game—Globe, 412.

Highest team set—Globe, 1186.

The Marine Corps Girls Team in the Federal League is still holding its own in second place. Edith Brown, with 94, still has second high average in the league, while Fay Morgenstein captured high game two weeks ago by rolling 128. Here's hoping the team will take a few more of the coveted places.

Statistics of the Marine Corps Bowling League are as follows:

Team Standing			
	Won	Lost	Pct.
Lane .....	25	11	.694
Richards .....	22	14	.611
Lejeune .....	22	14	.611
Neville .....	21	15	.583
McCawley-Fuller .....	17	19	.472
Williams-Butler .....	15	21	.417

League Records			
	H.G.	H.S.	Avg.
Lane .....	574	1546	483
Richards .....	506	1496	476
Lejeune .....	523	1456	462
Neville .....	512	1485	467
McCawley-Fuller .....	520	1499	453
Williams-Butler .....	505	1447	465
1st high team game (Lane) .....	574		
2nd High team game (Lejeune) .....	523		
1st high team set (Lane) .....	1546		
2nd high team set (McCawley-Fuller) .....	1499		
1st high individual game (Ross) .....	149		
2nd high individual game (Brigham) .....	145		
1st high individual set (Brigham) .....	362		
2nd high individual set (Ross) .....	349		

High Individual Average Standings		
Place.	Team.	Average
1—	O'Toole (Lane) .....	101-15
2—	Ayres (Lane) .....	101-11
3—	McElroy (McCawley-Fuller) .....	101-7
4—	Ross (Lane) .....	100-29
5—	Lytle (Lejeune) .....	100-2
6—	Richardson (Lejeune) .....	99-29
7—	Lambert (Richards) .....	99-21
8—	Thompson (Lejeune) .....	99-13

## "KELLY OF THE K. C." SUNG IN POEMS, DIES

James F. Kelly, known as "Kelly of the K. C." in the war-time poems of Robert W. Service and Damon Runyon, died recently at his home, 25 Fifth Avenue, of heart disease. He was 48 years old.

Mr. Kelly went to France with the Second Division Marines as a Knights of Columbus secretary, and attained wide popularity with the troops. He received the Croix de Guerre from the French Government for flying over allied troops in battle and dropping cigarettes and sweets to them.

He was born in New York on Jan. 29, 1879, and was educated at St. Michael's Parochial School and St. Francis Xavier College, and the Catholic University at Georgetown, D. C., where he was graduated from the School of Law.

## THE SHAKER AIMING DEVICE

The United States Marine Corps has recently substituted a novel rifle rest for use in teaching sighting and aiming for the one described on page 10, T. R. 150-10. Captain Richard Shaker, Gendarmerie d'Haiti, Gunnery Sergeant, United States Marine Corps, designed the device, of which the Commandant of the Marine Corps has been kind enough to authorize publication of this description. The rifle rest, or "Shaker Device," mounts two rifles in notches cut near the ends of a clothing box. When the rifles are mounted so that the lines of sight will converge on a bull's-eye at 50 feet, the coach need not switch places with the pupil to verify the sighting of the piece.

The Shaker Device is simple in design, and company mechanics can build it from material available at any military station. The dimensions of the clothing box are 11½" deep by 17" wide by 32" long. The slots on the near side of the box, which hold the rear ends of the rifles, are 1¼" wide by 2" deep, the outside edges of the slots being 3" from the ends of the box. The slots on the far side of the box, which hold the barrels, are 1¼" wide by 1" deep, and the outside slots are 3½" from the ends of the box. Stones or sand bags are put into the box to keep it stationary.

After the coach has mounted the two rifles securely in the notches he causes the lines of sight to intersect at the bull's-eye by adjusting windage and elevation on the sights. He then takes position at one of the rifles and puts the pupil at the other. The aiming exercises laid down in T. R. 150-5 can then go ahead without interruption.

The box may also be used for long distance triangles by adjusting the rear sides to conform to the new range. If the box is to be used at both long and short ranges it would sometimes be advisable to cut the notches so that the lines of sight would converge at an intermediate range, so that the rear sight adjustments would not be extreme for either range.

The Chief of Infantry has examined the Shaker Aiming Device with much interest and believes that its use in the Infantry will prove advantageous.—The Infantry Journal.

## MARINES EVERYWHERE

More than half of the personnel of the Marine Corps saw active service last year either in foreign stations or guarding the mails. Major-General Lejeune reports that the average total of the force for the year was 17,913, and of these 9,715 were engaged in the tasks specified.

Mobility is the watchword of the Corps. A traveler of sufficient range would find it difficult to believe the actual number of Marines was so small. He would find Marines in Nicaragua, Marines in China, Marines in the Philippines, Marines in Hawaii, Marines in the Virgin Islands, Marines in Guantanamo Bay, in the Canal Zone and in Haiti. He would find them on some thirty-two vessels of the United States Navy and he would find them on many trains and at many post offices in this country. Then he would wonder how it was possible for the Corps to be represented in ninety-six rifle and pistol shooting matches, although, once reconciled to the fact they were there, he probably would not be astonished to hear they won eighty-one of the contests. Somehow the notion that a Marine can shoot and hit what he shoots at has come to be accepted as a matter not for argument.

Just an ordinary year for the Corps, no doubt, to be taken in its usual stride. The same amount of work done by another body of equal size would be hailed as magnificent. The American public is so used to such activities by the Marines, however, that it almost takes them for granted. Efficiency ceases to impress when it becomes a habit. Even so, their countrymen can afford to take out a little time now and then to give the Marines a "hand."—N. Y. Sun.

## THE AMERICAN MARINES AND THE GREEN HOWARDS AT SHANGHAI

Dinners, mutual presentation of regimental mementos and farewells by the score were part of the general celebration and testimonials of the Fourth Regiment of Marines and the First Battalion of The Green Howards, on the occasion of the latter's departure from China on January 4th. Officers and men of British and American forces had made many friendships during their duty together in the east, and the departure of the Englishmen for their homeland caused not a little regret on the part of the American Marines.

Colonel Henry C. Davis and other officers of the Fourth Regiment were guests at a farewell dinner given by the officers' mess, of the Green Howards. Lt. Colonel W. W. McCall, commanding officer of the Howards, presented to the Marines for his regiment a handsome color stand. The stand is made of heavy black wood with silver shield on its front upon which is a Marine emblem and the Green Howards coat of arms, and is appropriately inscribed in commemoration of the regiment's service together in Shanghai.

During his presentation address Colonel McCall expressed the hope that the liaison and association of the respective regiments would not be allowed to pass out of existence and was assured by Colonel Davis that it would not. The Marine commander was especially grateful to the Howards for having taught the American Marines to play the Fessenden Fifes and further stated that



due to the natural fraternizing of the officers and men of both regiments he thought that the friendship made during their service together would exist always.

On the 28th the officers of the Fourth Regiment of Marines turned hosts to the officers of the First Battalion, Green Howards, giving a dinner during which Colonel McCall was presented with a drum major's staff as a memento. The staff is made of black wood and has on the top the Marine Corps Device and on the side the badge of The Green Howards. Around the staff is curled a silver dragon and on the ball of the staff is engraved a suitable inscription under the badge. The regimental colors of the Green Howards, green and white, are used in the cord which is twined around the staff and a handsome satin-lined case is made to go with the staff. During the presentation Colonel Davis expressed the regrets of his regiment in the departure of the Green Howards and assured his guests that the association has been most friendly and cordial.

As an aid to continuing the liaison between the two regiments both have placed the other on the mailing lists of their respective publications. The Fourth Regiment of Marines will receive regularly the regimental paper of "The Green Howards Gazette" and the British regiment will receive regularly The Leatherneck.

#### A COMRADE'S TRIBUTE TO SERGEANT THOS. G. BRUCE

By Maj. Louis E. Fegan, U. S. M. C.

Thomas Grant Bruce, first sergeant, United States Marines, is dead, killed in action by the forces of General Sandino in Neuva Legovia, Nicaragua. As his comrade for the last two years, I wish to pay a public tribute to his memory in order that those Philadelphians who had not the honor of knowing him personally may realize in some small measure what a noble man has gone west in faithful service to his country.

It was my good fortune to command, until recently, the Forty-third Company, Fifth Marines, whose history in the World War is a part of the life of the gallant men of Philadelphia who served in its ranks. Bruce and I were brought together in peculiar intimacy during the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, later on war and, finally, in Nicaragua. All who Mail Guard in Pennsylvania and Delaware have been in the Service know how close is the relationship between the first sergeant and captain and how vital is the importance of a loyal and brave "top" soldier.

Thomas Bruce was more than that; he was a criterion in every military virtue. On duty at the Exposition, where smartness in drill and appearance was paramount; on trying mail guard duty, where the strictest discipline and vigilance were necessary; on the march and in camp in the tropical stretches of Nicaragua, the man whose loss is now mourned by the Corps of Marines was always to be relied upon. He was the soul of tact, the essence of courtesy and personal charm, and his word in the command was law. Sprung from the famous fighting clan of Bruce in Scot-

land, he lived up to the traditions of his worthy sires, and our faith in him was absolute.

In the little mountain stronghold of Boaco, far to the east in the Department of Chontales, the Forty-third Company received on July 13, 1927, the weapons of the valiant Liberal army commanded by General Jose Maria Moncada, after its stupendous and victorious march against all obstacles from the Atlantic Coast in the midst of the rainy season. As these troops returned to their homes, the district of Boaco was temporarily left without government of any description except that which was furnished by the Marines. This theatre of war, comprising 12,000 sparsely settled inhabitants, soon became a prey to groups of former Conservative or Government soldiers who were still armed. Two Ma-

West Hazelton, Pa.,  
7 January, 1928.

#### The Leatherneck:

Although away from the "gang" quite a few years, I am still a follower of the Corps and always will be one. You can break other pledges but darned if you can break "esprit de corps." Only recently have I been in position to be more in touch with the service through The Leatherneck. In addition to news of the "gang" you so well publish I would like to hear from Sgt. Edward Levandowsky, Sgt. O'Brien, formerly with Gendarmerie d'Haiti; Sgt. Thiek; of the following who were with the First Company, Tenth Regiment, at Culebra: W. L. Miller, the missing angle of "Bake"-Miller & "Zenk"; Cpls. Mundt, Sikstrom and Reide or of any of the gang that used to sing "Sweet Adeline" in regulation way. So, wherever you are or whatever you're doing, write and let me hear how the world is treating you.

Hoping I get in touch with all,  
I am, awaiting,

J. F. ZENKAITIS,  
West Hazelton, Pa.

rines, Bruce and Private Wiggen, an ex-army man, led a group of temporary volunteers of the former Liberal Army against these men—potential Sandinos—and by their courage and tact persuaded one of the dangerous leaders, Adam Espianosa, not only to surrender his arms but to join Bruce in apprehending the other would-be bandit gangs, who had been terrorizing the outlying villages.

This feat—I use the word advisedly—was performed by Bruce without firing a shot against brave and determined Indians who were inimical to him at the outset.

Toward the end of the company's service in Nicaragua, Bruce was selected as a lieutenant in the newly organized Nicaraguan Guardia Nacional and left a dejected group of comrades at Boaco for his new duties.

His subsequent valor at El Ocotal is known to all, and he was recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor by the regimental commander. Wherever there was work to be accomplished Bruce had the practical solution and gave inspiration to his toiling men; whenever the Forty-third Company

turned out for a ceremony or drill, Thomas Bruce was calling the roll, handsome and smart, the despair of many and the envy of all. He was never disobeyed, he always kept his head no matter how trying were the circumstances, and in a fist fight he could have, I believe, finished any man in the company. All that we ever saw in him was good, clean, clean and worthy of emulation.

And now he is dead, killed in action against a common enemy of Nicaragua and the United States. As the new year comes and we Americans at home were celebrating a pleasant holiday season, Marines were serving their country in a distant land, engaged in bringing peace to mankind in poor, blood-soaked Nicaragua, having exhausted all other methods to obtain it than by force of arms. Down went dear old Tom Bruce in the mud, fighting to the end, encouraging his Indian troops, with the unuttered motto of the corps, "Semper Fidelis," engraved forever in his heart. May God rest his soul.

#### MARINES CITED FOR BRAVERY IN NICARAGUA

Six officers, two non-commissioned officers and seven privates of the Marines, and three Navy pharmacist's mates were cited for gallantry in action in the capture of Quilali by Col. Louis Mason Gulick, commanding the Marines in Nicaragua. Three Nicaraguans, members of the National Guard, also were cited.

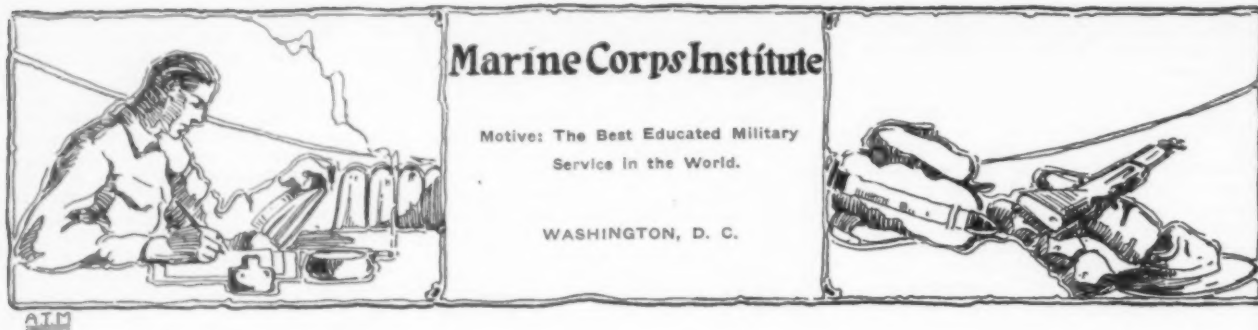
Severely wounded early in the battle, Capt. Richard Livingston, U. S. M. C., remained on the field of combat until the last of the wounded were removed, heedless of his own safety, the citation said. He was in command of the combat expedition.

"Unusual willingness" was shown by Second Lt. John E. Hemphill, Nicaraguan National Guard (first sergeant, U. S. M. C.) in giving his life as a member of the advance party. His body was riddled by the first burst of enemy machine gun fire.

Second Lt. John L. Neel, National Guard (corporal, U. S. M. C.) displayed personal courage of the highest order. Wounded and unable to handle a weapon, he stuck to his position as a member of the advance party. He made his way forward to look out for the welfare of his men and to get ammunition forward to his guns. Due to his alertness, the enemy's position was discovered and a great loss of life averted.

Sergt. Otto N. Roos, U. S. M. C., led a section of the advance guard which received a withering fire from a concealed enemy machine gun about 50 yards directly to the front and enemy rifle fire on the flanks that resulted in a number of killed and wounded during the first few minutes. He was hit by two machine gun bullets which were deflected by ammunition in his belt, and only inflicted slight wounds. When the advance machine gun ran out of ammunition, Sergt. Roos, without orders and with utter disregard of his own life, made his way along the narrow trail which the enemy raked with fire from three sides, procured the ammunition and brought same to the advance machine gun, thereby displaying courage and gallantry which greatly assisted in sustaining the morale of the advance guard.

Continued on page 44



### January 10, 1928—Monthly Report

Total number individuals enrolled .....	7,811
Total number enrolled since last report .....	247
Total number disenrolled since last report .....	234
Number examination papers received during period .....	1,892
Total number graduates to date .....	3,756

## Are You Enrolled for a Course in the Marine Corps Institute?

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By Capt. J. J. Staley, U. S. M. C. R., Personnel Section U. S. Marine Corps

#### SUMMER TRAINING FOR RESERVE OFFICERS AT QUANTICO

Providing funds become available the tentative plans for summer training provide that Fleet Marine Corps Reserve officers in the grades of Major, Captain, and First Lt. who are attached to the Eastern, Central, and Southern Reserve Areas will be ordered to the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Virginia, for training at the camp beginning July 9. It is expected to give a special advanced course to officers in the grades of major and captain who held this rank during the World War. This course is to be progressive and arranged to give an officer a start on the advance correspondence course. In addition, a special course will be held for the captains and first lieutenants who have not had the military experience indicated above. If it is possible to carry out this plan there will be approximately 125 officers at the first camp at Quantico. The second camp at Quantico will begin July 30 and to this it is expected to order officers in the grade of second lieutenant, both Fleet and Volunteer, for whom a special basic course is being prepared.

#### REGULAR OFFICERS WILL ATTEND

Officers of the regular Marine Corps on duty with the Reserve will be ordered to Quantico as observers at the second week of the first training camp and at the first week of the second training camp in order that they may be familiar with the instruction as given and have an opportunity to meet the officers located in their area.

#### FLEET RESERVE COMPANIES

If practical it is hoped this year to send the companies who attended the first camp at Quantico last year to the second camp this year and also to rearrange the order of attendance to permit members of these organizations to become acquainted with those from other cities.

#### TRANSFERS

2nd Lt. Nathaniel B. Dyer from the Volunteer to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve. Lieutenant Dyer is a graduate of the Coast Guard Academy. Second Lieutenant Rex Saffer was recently transferred from the Volunteer to the Fleet Reserve in accordance with regulations due to his successful completion of the Infantry Basic Correspondence School course.

#### COMMISSION FROM RANKS IN FLEET COMPANIES

Sergeant Harold D. Golds, 306th Co., F. M. C. R., Detroit, Mich., has been commissioned as second lieutenant in the Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve. Sergeant Golds is the second officer commissioned from the ranks of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve companies. The first to have this honor was Second Lieutenant Gillis of the same company. There have been several others commissioned from the Reserve, but not from a fleet company.

Sergeant Horace W. Card of the 307th Company, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, has been commissioned Second Lieutenant, Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve. Lieutenant Card is the first officer commissioned from the ranks of this company.

The following officers have recently been commissioned in the Marine Corps Reserve:

2nd Lt. Randolph C. Holt, 18 Nathanael Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.; 2nd Lt. Robert A. DeWolf, Burrill Ave., Orange, Mass.; 2nd Lt. Warren E. Sweetser, Jr., 56 Elm Street, Wollaston, Mass.; 2nd Lt. Lawrence J. Denmire, R. F. D. No. 1, Montrose, Iowa; 2nd Lt. William M. Anderson, 209 Whitlock Ave., Marietta, Ga.; 2nd Lt. Bailey Laporte, 146 Randolph Ave., Peoria, Ill.; 2nd Lt. William E. Hooper, Alabama Power Co., Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.; 2nd Lt. Ernest S. Kaylor, 2401 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.; 2nd Lt. William M. Parker, 2801 18th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; 2nd Lt. Paul W. Atwood, 765 Geary St., San Francisco, Calif.; 2nd Lt. Burton R. Adams, 1 E. 30th St., Portland, Oregon; 2nd Lt. Bernard B. Rose, 287 Claremont Ave., Montclair, N. J.; 2nd Lt. Peter Altpeter, 1335 Woodruff Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; 2nd Lt. William C. Shiels, 2960 Divisadero St., San Francisco, Calif.; 2nd Lt. George M. Pierce, 565 East Harrison St., Portland, Oregon; 2nd Lt. Horace W. Card, 432 W. Magnolia St., Inglewood, Calif.; 2nd Lt. Harold D. Golds, 511 Lafayette Bldg., Detroit, Mich.; 2nd Lt. Frank A. Blethen, 500 West Comstock St., Seattle, Wash.; 2nd Lt. William B. Shope, 30 West 44th St., Army & Navy Club, New York, N. Y.; 2nd Lt. Thomas W. Swart, 421 67th Ave., West Aillis, Wisc.

#### MARINE CORPS RESERVE OFFICERS ASSOCIATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Marine Corps Reserve Officers Association in the District of Columbia celebrated the second anniversary of its organization at a dinner held at the Army & Navy Club Tuesday evening, January 10, 1928. The Association was organized at a meeting held at Marine Corps Headquarters January 30, 1926. It has made steady progress from an attendance of eight officers at the first meeting. There are at present thirty-two out of a possible thirty-three officers who are located in or near the District of Columbia who are members.

During the past year the following officers of the Marine Corps have been guests of the organization:

Maj. Gen. John A. Lejeune, U. S. M. C.  
Rear Admiral Frederick C. Billard, U. S. C. G.

Brigadier General Rufus H. Lane, U. S. M. C.

Brigadier General Dion Williams, U. S. M. C.

Col. Hugh Matthews, AQM, U. S. M. C.  
Lt. Col. James J. Meade, U. S. M. C.  
Major Joseph C. Fegan, U. S. M. C.

The organization has also had the pleasure of having as guests Captain Philip DeRonde, of New York City, and Lieutenant Derwin, of Philadelphia, Pa.

#### APPOINTMENT TO NAVAL ACADEMY

Private Thomas Holcomb, Walnut Hill, Newcastle, Delaware, who is in the 309th Company, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, has been designated to take the examination for the Naval Academy. He is entering in June. Private Holcomb has the honor of being the first enlisted man of the Marine Corps Reserve to receive such an appointment.

#### RESERVE OFFICERS OF N. Y. GUESTS AT LUNCHEON

The United States Naval Reserve Officers' Association of New York extended an invitation to the United States Marine Corps Reserve Officers' Association of New York to join them at their annual luncheon at the Tavern Club Room, Hotel Commodore, New York, N. Y., 21 January, 1928, at 1:00 p. m. Captain Sydney D. Sugar accepted the invitation on behalf of the Marine Officers' Reserve Association.

Rear Admiral Charles P. Plunkett, Commandant of the 3rd Naval District and the Navy Yard, New York, N. Y., was the guest of honor.





## PAYMASTER TALKS

By A. E. Beeg

This past week all active detachments of the League were mailed a letter of transmittal with the 1928 membership cards, urging early payment of the 1928 national dues.

The new lapel button will be in the hands of national headquarters on or about February 1, 1928. This lapel button is in accordance with the specifications adopted by the national convention at Erie. The emblem will be scarlet red, hard French enamel, stoned to smooth surface with the Marine Corps Emblem surmounted above the surface of the emblem. This is a two-piece job, if you know what that means, and will cost twice as much as the old emblem.

In the absence of the National Commandant, Major General John A. Lejeune, all correspondence should be directed to the National Adjutant, Major J. C. Fegan, U. S. M. C., or his assistant, Captain J. J. Staley, U. S. M. C., Reserve, who has been appointed in accordance with the National Commandant's agreement with the convention.

The minutes of the convention have been mailed to all detachments during the past week. Each detachment receiving two copies, one for the Commandant, and the other for the Adjutant's file.

The next Marine Corps League Bulletin will be out about March 1, 1928. All subjects for discussion should be mailed to the office of the National Adjutant.

Word has been received from Portland, Ore., that the following officers have been elected for 1928:

Mr. Thomas F. Chilcote, Detachment Commandant.

Mr. Michael Hodes, Detachment Vice Commandant.

Mr. Fred N. Hoffman, Detachment Adjutant.

1st Lieut. M. V. Yandle, U. S. M. C., Detachment Paymaster.

A fine word can be inserted in this issue about the Paymaster of the Portland Detachment. Lieutenant Yandle has kept a steady stream of memberships flowing into the office since the national convention which shows that the cat is out of the bag in Portland.

Salt Lake City, Utah, is still plugging along to retain a membership of fifty members. This is according to the last words received from Sergeant Frank R. Busch, the former paymaster of the Joseph Simmons Wilkes Detachment. Busch is now serving the detachment in the capacity of Detachment Chief of Staff. So far Busch has not obtained the results of last year's marks.

The Southwestern Division is out and at 'em with Colonel Easterwood the leader of the column. On December 9th

Colonel Easterwood presented a set of colors and banners to the Dallas Detachment. R. W. Barclay is the leader of the detachment and Charles Romick former commandant, is the Judge Advocate. B. W. Stone has taken over the office as Paymaster, and Howard Hampton as Vice-Commandant. Ira Sadler is holding the chair as Junior Vice-Commandant; Emerson Wells, as Adjutant, and S. R. Coogan as Chaplain.

A letter was received from Mr. E. R. Brown, president of the Dallas Chamber of Commerce, acknowledging the receipt of our letter informing them that the convention will be held in Dallas.

DALLAS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE  
Dec. 8, 1927.

Mr. J. C. Fegan, Natl. Adjutant,  
United States Marine Corps,  
3010 New Navy Building,  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Fegan:

Thank you for your letter of Nov. 26th, advising us formally that the Marine Corps League will hold its national convention in Dallas Nov. 2-3, 1928. It is indeed gratifying that Dallas has been accorded this great honor.

Sincerely yours,

E. R. BROWN,  
President.

Sam Y. Langston is still the paymaster at Waco. Their detachment is now working on national dues which are coming through in fine shape. The only detachment in the Southwestern which has not shown signs of submitting national dues is Houston. HOUSTON! YOUR DUES ARE DUE NEXT.

The North Central Division has nothing on hand this month and I hope that we shall hear from them next month.

In the Central Division which is now under Congressman Ralph E. Updike, an ex-Marine, we find Milwaukee, leading in membership with a steady stream of memberships coming in each month. Milwaukee just disappeared out of sight one year and is now coming back stronger than blazes. Grover C. Hoene is the paymaster, and the detachment commandant is Charles L. Emmerson, who wrote me as follows:

"Our greatest ambition is to make a success of the League in Milwaukee and to actively demonstrate to all and sundry our devout belief in our slogan—ONCE A MARINE, ALWAYS A MARINE."

Now that's what I call the real spirit and Commandant Emmerson has shown me that that spirit prevails in his detachment. GEE! IT'S A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING!

Cleveland is again headed by our good friend G. C. Hardesty. Cleveland is going to prove her worth to the Marine Corps League this year without fail. Membership cards for 1928 national dues are coming in in good quantity. Hardesty is a great poet and woos his members by his postal cards on which he al-

ways has something to sooth the ears and eyes of the ex-Marines.

I believe that the wisest move that I ever made in my life was when I tendered my resignation in favor of R. C. Anderson, former commandant of the Marcus Beck Detachment at Atlanta, now lead by former Paymaster Thurman Waltrop. Anderson has been working his division hard and intends to make that division more successful than any other division on the entire map. Metcalf, our membership man, has handled Atlanta and Houston with success. Now he is at New Orleans and the oldest or one of the oldest detachments of the League will soon be revived, with the same old spirit. 1st Sergeant Peden is again at work for the League and Peden can make things hum when he gets 'em started.

Ira Hinton, down in Gulfport, Mississippi, has given up the works in accordance to the latest news. Hinton has organized several successful detachments in the outfit, but this time he seems to think he has failed to put one over in Gulfport. I believe that Hinton will carry a detachment in Gulfport with a "BANG."

Captain Dunbeck, National Judge Advocate, has busied himself in Jacksonville and has put his foot in the ring to organize a detachment in Jacksonville, Fla. From his experiences that he had at Belleau Wood, he should be able to keep the detachment meetings interesting for all with his yarns.

The following named officers will put the Major General Littleton W. T. Waller Detachment into the limelight for 1928: Charles E. Warthburn, Commandant; William Redington, Sr. Vice-Commandant; J. B. Greenwalt, Jr. Vice-Commandant; George L. Palmer, Trustee for 3 years; Richard C. Shinn, Officer of the Day; James B. Manion, Officer of the Guard; John C. Thorpe, Adjutant; R. J. B. Rufe, Paymaster; Calvin C. Greenwalt, Chaplain; James McKaig, Pat. Instruction and Historian; L. J. Christensen, Sergeant Major; James H. Totten, Paymaster Sergeant; Oliver W. Karr, Sr. Color Sergeant; Michael Mullin, Jr., Color Sergeant; George, Chief Musician.

Worcester is going to have a big get-together meeting on the 19th of January. So far I have not heard the plans of the doings but have learned that there will be a ten-piece orchestra present; evidently there will be music and dancing. Rudolph Frow has been re-elected Secretary and Treasurer of the detachment.

LeRoy Hagan, a very good supporter for the League, has been elected as National Vice-Commandant of the Eastern Seaboard Division.

Boston is out of the bog again and Arthur Lyng, the Paymaster, is out and

Continued on page 44

## OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows: Now that Christmas has come and gone, to most folks the year's big holiday is over. Christmas trees are out on the rubbish heaps, the last holly wreath has crackled and crumbled away, and one by one the berries have dropped off the mistletoe on the chandelier and

been squashed underfoot. The toot is all blown out of the tin horns, the mechanical toys give forth a whirr when you wind them, and refuse to do their stuff, and the New Year's resolutions if not all broken, at least are pretty well bent. BUT, no such things can happen to the memories that we cherish. The few brief hours at home—or the excited ripping open of Christmas boxes that spilled forth their contents of cakes, and candies, and gifts that the hands of dear ones at home painstakingly and lovingly prepared for you. Those things stay long after the last wreath has faded, and the last tree been chopped up for kindling wood, and sustain us through the long, gloomy period preceding the first thaws of springtime, before the earth dolls herself up with new flowers, and all the folderol of early bud and leaflet. And, along with all the rest of you I too have some lovely Christmas memories to cherish, due to the courtesy and hospitality of Captain and Mrs. Israel, who invited me over for a real Marine Corps Christmas dinner. The mess hall was tastefully decorated in Christmas greens, palms, and an enormous and scintillating Christmas tree. The dinner itself might have been given as the answer to the riddle "Why boys leave home?" so deliciously was it prepared and served by Sergeant Bambalieri and his assistants, and the fruit, candy and cigars that went along with it were enough to fill comfortably almost any Christmas stocking. And, to all you fellows who had to stand up and greet me, I want to say that I hope the roast goose, and the oyster soup, to say nothing of the mince pie, did not suffer from the interruption. If so, I sincerely apologize, and hope that my stage fright and subsequent hasty and ungallant retreat afforded you enough amusement to compensate for it. And, I can frankly agree with the bashful young man who was called on to make a talk to a lot of young women in one of the colleges, when he said that while "it was nice to be able to talk to a thousand young ladies at one time it would be much nicer to talk to one young lady a thousand times."

Anyhow, considering even our ignoble retreat from the mess hall it was a marvelous Christmas and one long to

be remembered, and for which we wish to go on record as being more than merely thankful.

Amongst the most treasured of gifts that we received Christmas was one from The Leatherneck, which came in Christmas Eve, just as we were beginning to untie our packages. It proved to be a Victor record of the Marine Hymn, and the Lejeune March, and if anyone in the Service hasn't heard this record, and doesn't own one of them they are certainly missing a great deal.

"My son," said a blandly smiling minister to a little boy who sat on the curb smoking a cigarette, "do you know that when I was your age, and they caught me smoking a cigarette, they told me that it would make me feeble-minded if I did not stop."

"Why didn't you stop?" unconcernedly asked the young guttersnipe, picking up a snipe tossed from a passing car.

Two gobs were describing how they spent a hilarious Christmas. "And," one ended up his yarn, "as muh buddy and me was goin' up the gang plank to the ship, after we had all the champagne we could find, I hears a awful splash and I turns around quick to see if muh buddy had fell overboard, and I'm a son of a gun if it wasn't me."

Since we started out late last summer checking up on all the ex-marines we could find, we have collected quite an assortment. Amongst them are electricians, press agents, doctors, newspaper men, detectives, etc., including one automobile salesman, and last but not least, a real live prohibition agent. We have said little of Steve the automobile salesman because, although he is beautiful and dumb, he is so much dumber than he is beautiful that we are rather afraid that he has "backslid" considerably since leaving the Corps. But boys, our "prohi agent" is a real fine scout and was with the 86th over seas. His name is Homer Turner, presently of Shreveport, La., if any of his old buddies remember him, and would like to reminisce or have him spring a few new thrills on them experienced in chasing the wily bootlegger to his liar. Don't get the idea that Homer is "dress cap" as Leatherneck Jr., would say, just because he is a prohi-agent, but he is a darn fine scout and not one of you fellows would be anything but proud to trot him out and introduce him to your gang. And—just as all the rest have said, he tells me that there are many, many times that he wishes he was back in the Corps, and that he is never able to pass the recruiter in front of the Custom House here without feeling his heart give a flop, and having to take himself by the lapel of his own coat and lead himself right through the door for fear he will stop and endeavor to enlist again.

As our blonde Stenog says, "she was only the baggage man's daughter, but O Boy! she knew all the grips."

The colored sister was taking up a collection for fencing in the colored

cemetery. She called on the most notorious skintint in the whole colony, and asked for a donation, in as coy and coquettish a manner as possible. But the old man was adamant. "No suh," said he, "ah ain't got no money foh fencin' in no grave yawd, and I doan see no sense in doin' it nohow, for them what 's in shoah can't git out, and them what's out shoah don't want to git in."

## CHALLENGE

Life is a vintage, sparkling, clear,  
And only the fearless really dare  
To drain the potent cup.

Timorous, the weakling fears to drink,  
His clammy lips scarce touch the brink,  
He strangles with a sup.

To taste the sweet mixed with its gall  
One fain must drain the goblet, all,  
In one hilarious quaff.

Then let the sweet and bitter wine  
Work out its tragedy divine  
With heart and brain—and laugh.

## AFFAIRS AT PARRIS ISLAND

## I. Seet

Parris Island contributed its share toward stamping out banditry in Nicaragua this month by sending two hundred and fifty-seven enlisted men and five officers to that country. Much to everyone's regret, General Feland was one of the officers to leave.

Many of the old familiar faces have disappeared for the detail included forty-six commissioned officers. Even the sheriff had a narrow escape.

Although most of the privates only had eight weeks training, they were a fine looking lot of men, well qualified to take their places with more experienced marines. They left this post at 4:40 a. m., but not even that early hour and a light rain could dampen their spirits. They were ready and willing to push peace and civilization into Northern Nicaragua even though peace must go forward behind well-aimed rifles.

Harry Morgan has returned from Nicaragua and is now the Parris Island police sergeant. He says that a new broom sweeps clean if you watch the bird that's swinging it.

The authorization for the bridge connecting the island with the mainland is through so we expect work to begin upon it in the near future. The causeway is already completed and a small ferry makes regular trips from 7:15 a. m. to 6:00 p. m., which is a great improvement; but driving on and off the ferry at low tide is something like riding on a roller coaster.

The basket ball team has started its crusade and hopped off on the right foot by beating Charleston 50 to 31 in the first game of the season. The next two games went against us and Citadel set us back 53 to 44, while the College of South Carolina beat us 54 to 38. The team has excellent timber and is being ably coached by Pay Clerk Donnelly. Before the season is over we hope and expect to see a team that lines up favorably with the best of them.



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## Editorial

**I**T HAS been with much regret and sorrow that we have learned of the casualties among Marines now operating in Nicaragua. Marines there have been up against a very stiff proposition. They met an enemy better armed and equipped than is the usual case with bandit gangs. But in every case we are proud to know that in spite of superior odds against them the Leathernecks were true to that old Semper Fidelis spirit and died fighting to the last. They rendered a good account of themselves before they fell. The various citations for bravery tell a story of unsurpassed heroism and meritorious conduct. We are proud of the record our forces have made in Nicaragua.

When the situation seemed to be getting a little more serious than usual in Nicaragua and fighting became rather severe Major General Lejeune immediately went to the front with his men. We say "HIS MEN" advisedly because the Major General Commandant considers every Marine as his. Their troubles are his troubles. Their battles are his battles. Their victories are his victories. This close relation between personnel and Commandant is felt by every man and officer of the Corps. Is there any reason to ask "Why we have such an esprit de Corps?"

During the last year Marines in China have been in close contact with the British troops stationed there. From the many reports coming from there lately it is very evident that nothing but the most pleasant relations have existed between the troops of the two great English speaking nations. The British troops have presented the American Marines with several fine mementos of their service together. And the American Marines in turn have reciprocated with appropriate reminders of the very pleasant relations that they have had with the British.

After all it seems to us difficulties between nations as well as between individuals is in the majority of instances due to misunderstandings. Once you have been closely associated you begin to learn that human nature is the same no matter what nationality the person belongs to. Once you can understand the nature of a person or a nation of persons many causes of difficulties are dissipated.

## THE ARMY-NAVY GAME

No event in the history of athletics has caused so much discussion as has been caused by the breaking off of football relations between West Point and the Naval Academy. The break prospect of no Army-Navy game next year has inspired column after column in the newspapers, heated arguments in the clubs or wherever service people gather, and rumblings have actually taken place in the Halls of Congress.

It is to be regretted that affairs have come to such an impasse between the two service institutions and much can be said for either side. But looking at the controversy from the standpoint of a Marine, who perhaps can look at the matter from a less impartial and unbiased attitude than can an Army or Navy man, it seems to us that the Naval Academy has quite a good bit on its side.

During the last few years the West Point team seems to have become populated to a great extent by men who had played from one to three years of college football before entering West Point. It is manifestly unfair to play such men against colleges or universities who have seen fit to adopt a three-year rule—and practically every leading college and university of the country has adopted such a rule. The Naval Academy is following the approved practice of other institutions when it adopts this rule.

Playing the game for the love of the game is all right but we believe also playing it to win. For the last few years the Naval Academy football team has almost been doomed to defeat from the very start. Its young and comparably inexperienced team could not hope to enter a game on anything near equal footing with the West Point team. Doomed to defeat because of a lack of approved regulations on the part of an adversary and not on account of lack of fine material, fighting spirit, or good coaching is to our mind cause enough to make the Navy demand equal footing.

## ARMY, NAVY AND MARINE CORPS MUTUAL AID ASSOCIATION FOR ENLISTED MEN

By Crab

A mutual Aid Association for enlisted men of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps has long been in the mind of the writer, and it is believed that at some time in the future this association will be organized and that the members will receive the benefits thereof.

So this article is being written with the sole purpose of "sounding out" the enlisted personnel of the three branches of the service, and to see if such an idea is receptive. The writer has talked the matter over with many members of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, and a check-up shows that the enlisted men of the first four pay grades are very eager to see such an organization started. Others with no dependents, or who do not seem to care just what becomes of their families upon their death do not consider the association necessary.

Of the enlisted men canvassed, many were carrying large amounts of insurance in commercial companies, and the amounts of the yearly premiums paid were very hard to carry, and in some instances the men said that they had a hard time to keep up the payments, but that they wanted their dependents protected and so continued with the insurance.

Now the writer is far from an organizer, or even familiar with matters pertaining to banking, and so will not endeavor to treat the matter of assessments or payments, only to say, that upon the death of a member his family would be promptly paid from three thousand dollars upward, as the membership grew. The plans of payments and assessments would all be worked out by the association officers, and the above, is just what could be done in the way of mutual aid for the enlisted man.

Now, if you are interested and would like to see the organization perfected, will you please write to the Editor of this publication? The letters received will be passed on to the proper hands, who have this idea in view. Remember that this is not being written for personal gain, but its main view is helping the family and dependents of enlisted men, and to also give them an easy payment method of insurance. The more replies received will hasten the organization of this association.



## AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "DOC" CLIFFORD

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford

The official closing of the accounts for the old year in Washington took place when Arthur S. Whitcomb of the Marine Band sounded taps while the New Year entered in with every promise of being the best one on record when that same worthy bands-

man welcomed 1928 with a reveille which awakened the neighborhood of the White House to a most enthusiastic reception.

I desire to sincerely thank the crowd of Marines whose New Year Greetings reached me from all parts of the globe. A large number contained no address and this therefore is my only way for acknowledgment. One from Tientsin, China, simply said "Some of Your Gang;" another from Nicaragua, "Howdo Doc;" one from Hawaii signed "Jack"; one from Haiti addressed "Doc Clifford, New York" with no name attached. Nevertheless both signed and unsigned, known and unknown, were very lovely and makes a fellow feel good. For all things, I thank you!

One of the fine spirited outstanding Y. M. C. A. workers who ten years ago left his business in Philadelphia and gave excellent service in France was Mr. Franklin Spencer Edmonds. During many of the months he was especially responsible for the work in what were later known as the "Leave Areas." Not many Marines got the privilege of rest and recreation at these centres, although over 600,000 men of the Army and Navy entertained on "eight-day leave" visits to these posts, of which there were twenty-six in operation. Mr. Edmonds has recently named his home in Pennsylvania "Leave Area Farm" as a permanent memento of the days of 1918-19, and proof of his still earnest interest in the men of the service.

The New Year commenced in almost every part of the United States with a really cold spell. In Florida, Miami reported down to twenty-two, while Sunshine City, St. Petersburg, on the sheltered west, speaks of ice on the water buckets on several occasions, but while the sun still shone Chicago Recruiters pursued their prospective candidate with all the zest of warmer days although the zero weather makes it pretty hard going some of those early mornings during which most folks would rather be home. Nevertheless with such an excellent leader, Colonel George C. Reid, the men

put forth their best endeavors always. The Central Recruiters not only publish the best monthly, but fill it with news of a first class character, illustrations par excellence, and records equal to any section of the country. The editor is Sergeant Thomas G. Fields, the contributors comprise almost every Recruiter of the Central, while the illustrations are done by Captain Charles Grimm, First Sergeant Bunah L. Burnham, and Sergeant Fred Kushar.

Toledo has two Recruiters who have not been long on the job but who speak well of the old-time Marines of that city. They have a Reserve Company there which is a real credit. To keep up interest and prove themselves worthy they are to be found every Monday night in the Armory drilling by the side of the Naval Reserve and National Guard. Sergeant Peterman says, "They appear to make the best showing of the three Reserve Units."

Sergeant Courtney of Cincinnati is the hero of a Christmas story that makes all the fish stories of Parris Island's Photographer and Fisherman pale into insignificance. It appears he recently went hunting with a promise of plenty of rabbits for the gang on his return. Courtney reported in the day following empty-handed and on being asked by Sergeant Coffin in his kindest tones for an explanation, he replied, "My wife and I decided we would pickle the rabbits I killed; so we were up all night preserving them." Men around the Galley Fires declare that they have heard of and tasted pickled herrings, pickled cucumbers, pickled hams, and even seen occasionally a pickled Marine in days gone by, but pickled rabbits are still being dreamed of with suspicion.

I have chosen as the Poem of the Month "A Creed" by Foley, and feel sure it will be one of helpfulness and inspiration to everyone:

"To be earnest, to be strong,  
To make light the way with song;  
Slow to anger, quick to praise,  
Walking steadfast through the days,  
Firm of purpose, sure of soul,  
Pressing onward to the goal,  
Upright, even, undismayed,  
Sure, serene, and unafraid.

To be patient, to be kind,  
To be purposeful, and find  
Sweetness all along the way;  
Loath to judge, but firm to say  
Truth with unrelenting tongue;  
By no caviil veered or swung  
From the right, and to endure  
Hopeful, helpful, clean, and pure.

To be smiling, to be glad  
For the yesterdays we've had,  
To be grateful all the way  
For the beauties of today;  
To be hopeful and to see  
In the days that are to be,  
Bigger, better, broader things,  
Robes of purple, crowns of kings!"

Dr. Michels of the Chicago Recruiting Office is spoken of in the Central Di-

vision as a "loyal Marine at heart and a born Recruiter." This tribute is a high one and yet is highly deserved. The Doctor has proved himself for many years not only in the capacity of medical examiner, but an adviser—in fact, I might say "father"—to the staff and applicants alike. He is esteemed by all with whom he comes into contact for his kindly advice and real friendliness on all occasions.

My visits during January include Johnson City Sanatorium in Tennessee; Charleston, W. Va.; Richmond and Quantico, Va.; Washington, D. C.; Annapolis, Md.; and Philadelphia.

A letter from Bandsman Ed. Risley of the 5th Regiment in Nicaragua speaks very cheerfully of the splendid work of Chaplain Miller and says that Managua begins to be more like camp every day. "Good movies, post exchanges, recreation room, and a dance now and then." Risley always was one of the fellows who makes you feel good to call "friend" and he does not forget to write or send regards to those he includes amongst his friends.

Bill Blazek of Cleveland is intensely interested in his M. C. L. Detachment and its members and has once or twice sent me some very original postcards, copies of which have been used by the detachment to announce their monthly meetings.

Several of my friends have recently got into the habit of sending me copies of what are known as "Scotch" stories. One of the latest to reach me says, "The last word from Aberdeen is that an inhabitant has been found trying to fry bacon in Lux to prevent its shrinkage." Now in fairness to Aberdeen please allow me to say that when I was there last the bacon we had for breakfast came from Chicago and was cut so thin that even in Lux there was scarcely anything to shrink, and the cutting had been performed by the operators in the windy city before exporting. Another note might be added and that is that really good bacon should have enough fat in itself for frying without shrinkage being possible.

The following message from a Camp of Modern Woodmen is so good that I pass it on:

Do your duty as you see it. You owe just a little service to your camp. A pessimist is a man who believes that every chesnut has a worm in it. Don't be a pessimist. Just before you retire tonight repeat this prayer:

"Give me clean hands, clean words, and clean thoughts. Help me to stand for the hard right against the easy wrong. Save me from habits that harm. Teach me to work as hard and play as fair as if all the world saw. Forgive me when I am unkind. Help me to forgive those who are unkind to me. Keep me ready to help others at some cost to myself. Send me chances to do a little good for some one every day. Amen."



### AN ODE TO OUR ORDERLY Spasm One.

When our Orderly joined the Colors,  
He dreamed of bloody strife;  
The trenches and the dug-outs were  
To be his future life.  
In the shell-scarred fields of battle  
He would fight the bloody foe—  
Purging mankind from oppression,  
Soothing all its grief and woe.

In the Hell-hole of Cavite  
Daring deeds he would perform—  
Or, perchance, in Nicaragua  
He would Governments reform.  
Out around old San Domingo,  
'Midst nocturnal, pleasant scenes,  
He saw visions most alluring,  
Of the gallant, brave Marines.

While on duty in the Big-drink,  
He would do his stuff sublime  
Or, perhaps, in mystic China,  
Where he hoped to serve his time.  
All his dreams about the Service  
Bore a fringe of rosy hue,  
And he pictured thrilling duty,  
Just like you would like to do.

Surely, it was noble in him  
To enlist into the Corps,  
So he pledged and swore allegiance  
To the Flag—forevermore!

### Spasm Two.

But, alas, how tough and cruelly  
Old Dame Luck has been to him;  
For he sits upon his chair  
With all his pep and vim—  
Runs his little, minor errands,  
Keeping always trim and neat—  
With an "aye, aye, Sir, I'll do it"—  
(Which he'll many time repeat.)

About the only ammunition  
Required by his job,  
Is enough cuss-words to give  
His opinion of a Gob.  
All the star-lit, moonlight evenings,  
In those dreamy, tropic climes;  
All illusions of sea-duty,  
And those blissful, shore-leave times.

All his visions of fair damsels,  
Out at some far, distant post,  
'Mid the balmy, south-sea breezes,  
Are forever gone and lost.  
All heroic acts of battle,  
All those noble deeds of strife,  
Must forever be forgotten;  
They will never grace his life.

What a bitter trick Fate played him—  
One provoking our despair,  
When we see our strong, brave orderly,  
Serving time upon his chair.

### GARDENS OF THE GOBS!

By Cristel Hastings

A few weeks more, an' then!—thank God,  
A little house ashore—  
I'm fed up with this sailor life—  
I should have quit before.

I want a little garden patch  
Where I can raise my chow,  
I'll plant a million vegetables  
An' show the lubbers how

To grow a row of cabbages!  
My spuds will take a prize!  
I'll plant some rhubarb, too, you see,  
I'm awfully fond o' pies!

An' in between my rows o' corn  
I'll plant some carrot seed,  
With lots o' turnips all around,  
An' everything I need!

A plot o' this—a patch o' that—  
A row of everything  
I used to hanker for at sea,  
An' live there like a king!

I'll have the gang ashore some day  
When lettuce heads are green,  
An' show 'em all my garden truck  
An' what shore life can mean!

I sort o' hate to leave the ship,  
But then, it's circumstance—  
My cruise is up—I've got to give  
That garden plot a chance!

(Interim—six months later.)

No use—I've tried 'most everything  
In catalog an' book  
To kill these pesky gophers,  
But there's nothin' left to cook.

The snails got what the gophers  
Overlooked last week, an' then  
The slugs an' bugs mozied along—  
Also a neighbor's hen.

I'm plumb discouraged with my spuds,  
An' would have had some soon.  
I planted 'em with hoe an' spade,  
BUT DUG 'EM WITH A SPOON.

My rows o' corn an' peas are shot—  
The blackbirds sailed right through.  
The caterpillars got the rest,  
An' I had one—or two.

I'm headin' back to sea again  
An' eat my navy beans—  
I'll give that little shack away  
An' everything it means.

I'm through with slugs an' bugs an' birds  
An' caterpillar strife—  
Don't mention neighbors' hens to me—  
I've had enough for life.

I'm goin' back to sea next week  
An' no more grief for me—  
I'm goin' back to navy chow  
AN' HOPE I DIE AT SEA.

### ENLIST

By Minnie J. Hardy

O' Buddy come and sail with me  
Over the waves on the deep blue sea,  
In foreign lands, strange sights to see  
With Leathernecks so true.  
We'll see strange cities with gay white  
lights,  
Dance with fair maids on moonlight  
nights,  
And teach the world to respect the rights  
Of the old "Red, White and Blue."

England's castles, old and new,  
We'll meet her "Necks" what will they  
do?  
Just doff their hats to me and you  
And our "Star Spangled Banner."  
The Suez Canal, the Pyramids,  
On King Tut's tomb we'll lift the lid,  
And Turkish girls with faces hid  
We'll see "So help me Hanner."

We'll see South Africa's big baboons,  
The Chinese girls, in Pantiloons,  
And list to ukelele tunes  
Played by Hawaiian maidens fair.  
Our dear sweethearts, our mothers and  
wives,  
Will sigh, "I wonder if he's alive"  
And back at home in the old Bee Hive  
"There'll Be One Vacant Chair."

We'll sail away to the South Sea Isles  
Where dusky Tongoes blandly smile;  
And there some happy hours beguile  
In the Leathernecks' Delight.  
Australia is a good place to go;  
Senoritas in Mexico,  
Make them jealous and then you know  
"There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town  
Tonight."

So come and join our ranks today,  
Live and die for the U. S. A.  
Join in her frolic or wild affray  
In sunshine and in storm.  
Only the "Brave deserve the Fair,"  
So step right up and just declare  
To all the world that you're glad to wear  
Our Marines' Uniform.

### A THOUGHT

Build for yourself a strong-box,  
Fashion each part with care,  
Fit it with hinge and padlock  
Put all your trouble there.  
Hide there-in all your failures  
As each bitter cup you quaff  
Lock all your heart aches within it  
Then sit on the old lid and laugh.



## Betty Compson

Noted Motion Picture Star,

writes:

"The strain of constant posing before a camera is sometimes great. A few puffs from a good cigarette is the quickest relief. I always have Luckies on the set. They soothe without the slightest throat irritation."

*Betty Compson*

## The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"I love the Tobacco business. There is a fascination about it that grips you. The fine texture and beauty of a Leaf of Tobacco appeals to the Tobacco buyer as a great Painting does to the artist. I buy Tobacco for LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. I buy 'The Cream of the Crop.' Under instructions only the best and mildest goes into LUCKY STRIKE. It is my job to see that this is so."

*Holman*

Buyer of Tobacco  
at Owensboro, Ky.



# "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.



# MARINE FLYERS AND SCENE OF OPERATIONS IN NICARAGUA

Upper, left to right:

Lieut. Guymon

Lieut. Weir

Lieut. Shilt

Capt. R. J. Archibald

Center left:

Maj. Ross E. Rowell

Lower, left to right:

Lieut. F. H. Lamson-Scribner

Sergt. L. H. Pabst

Gunner M. Wodarczyk

Sergt. A. S. Munch

Sergt. M. T. Shepherd

Center right:

Map showing base of operations and distance necessary to fly to scene of fighting.

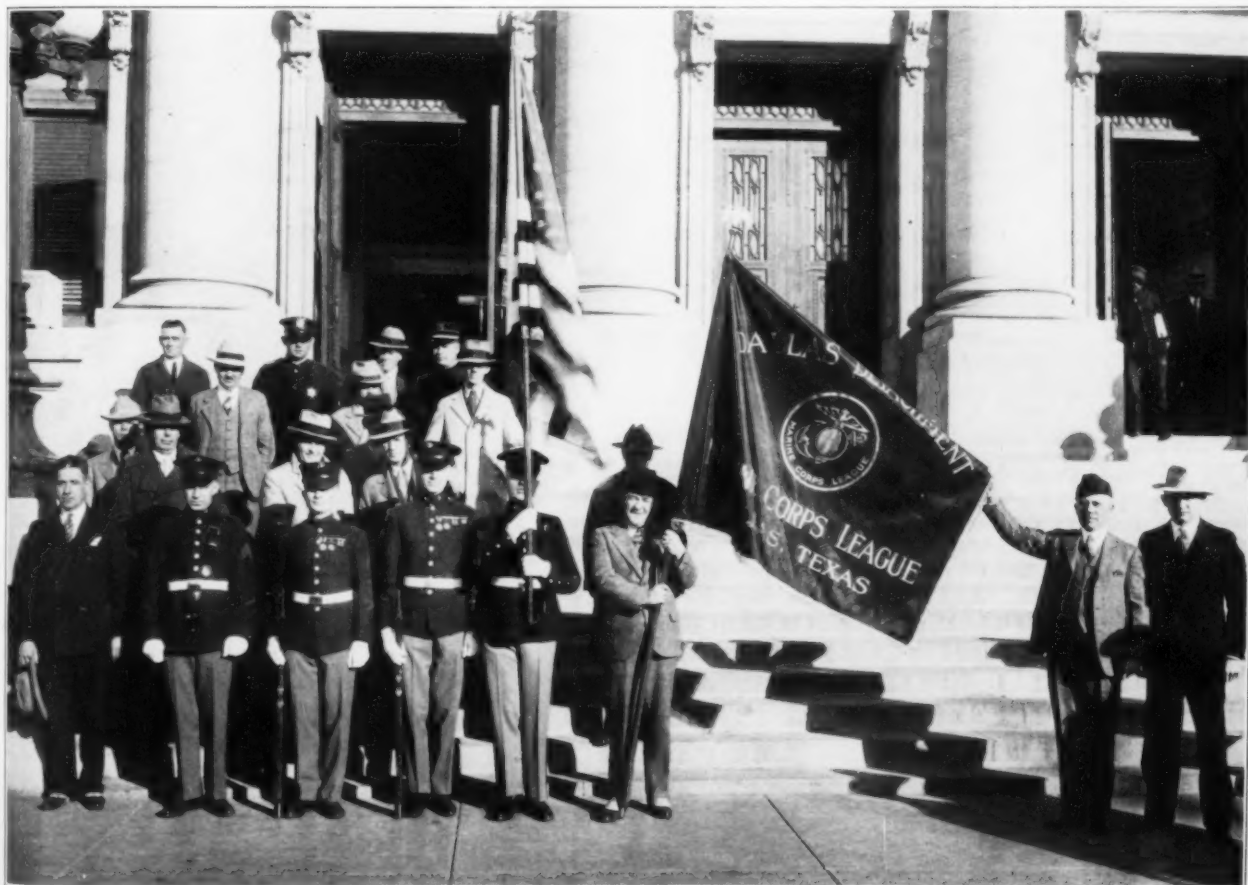
Courtesy

The Washington Star





Mr. Carl Seitz, Chairman of the Committee, making the presentation speech on the occasion of presenting the Fessenden Fifes to the Fourth Regiment, U. S. Marines, in Shanghai



Heavy silk National Colors and Marine Standard presented to the Dallas Detachment, Marine Corps League, by Colonel W. E. Easterwood, Jr., on steps of City Hall, Dallas, Texas



## "There's the new Bill Tyson" He's making \$6500 a year now

"See that man behind me—at the table on my right? That's Bill Tyson—sales manager for Brooks & Watson.

"I used to know him when I was a kid—we went to grammar school together.

"Then his father died and he had to go to work. Got a job with Brooks & Watson as a shipping clerk, but couldn't seem to get ahead. Finally grew discouraged and settled down into the rut—a typical office grind.

"Then overnight something seemed to wake him up. He began making suggestions to the firm—helped them to save a great deal of money.

"Then Old Man Brooks became interested—wanted to know how Bill happened to know so much about the business. Bill told him he'd been studying at home at nights through the International Correspondence Schools. 'H'm,' said Mr. Brooks, 'I'll remember that.'

"He did too. Put Bill out on the road as a salesman

for a year or so and then brought him into the main office as sales manager.

"He's getting \$6500 a year now and everybody calls him 'the new Bill Tyson.' It's a good name too. I've never seen such a change in a man in my life. The I. C. S. deserves a lot of credit."

An International Correspondence Schools course will help you just as it helped Bill Tyson. It will help you to have the happy home—the bigger salary—the comforts that you want for your wife and your family.

For spare-time study is that vital something which makes one man succeed where one hundred fail—that lifts a man out of the rut and makes him a trained worker instead of just a "hand."

One hour a day, spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home, will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best. Put it up to us to prove it!

Mail the Coupon for Free Booklet

### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 5278-E, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X:

#### Business Training Courses

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Management                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence                          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Organization                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Lettering                              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management                      | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.)          | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service                                    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cost Accounting                         | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk                               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping                             | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects                           |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer    | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman   | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman                     |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy             | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation                                  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering      | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics                                 |

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City ..... State ..... Occupation .....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada





# SPORTS



## TUNNEY'S UNRECORDED BATTLES

Begin This Absorbing Series of the Marine Champ's Early Bouts in This Issue



There Are 60  
of Them!

Several in Each  
Issue!

—and Written by  
Ed Van Every,  
Famed Sports  
Writer.

### Chapter I

By ED VAN EVERY



GENE TUNNEY, who collected \$962,545.44 (through some clause in his million-dollar contract the champion suffered a slight cut) for defending his title, got only slightly more than \$50 for his first ring appearance and thought he was well paid for his efforts. It was more a matter of pride than the dollars involved that caused Gene to climb through the ropes for his first professional fight.



ED VAN EVERY

The fight took place slightly more than eleven years ago when the conqueror of Jack Dempsey was a raw-boned and rather gangling youth. The Sharkey A. C., which was then operating on the second floor of a building in Columbus Avenue near West 65th Street, was the scene of the bout.

Gene Tunney engaged in several contests before he made his reputation as an A. E. F. champion overseas and returned home and fought his way to the heavyweight title. These early professional fights of the champion do not appear in any of his records, and the story of each of these contests will be told in print for the first time in this series. THE LEATHERNECK is privileged to reprint this series through the courtesy of THE EVENING WORLD (N. Y.) and the writer, Ed Van Every.

At that time Gene was employed in the offices of the Ocean Steamship Company. He had attracted some attention for his boxing ability as the result of several friendly bouts at the parochial school benefits of his neighborhood with Willie Green. Green was a retired lightweight boxer of some reputation. The first time they sparred Gene was outpointed, the second time it was close, the third time Gene won.

#### Advised to Turn Pro

Green, who, along with Eddie O'Brien and Billy Jacob, his first manager, had much to do with the champion's progress in his novice days, advised Gene to try his hand at the game professionally. Tunney was quite indignant at the mere suggestion and would not listen to

Green's persuasive talk until Willie asked:

"What is the matter? Are you afraid to take a chance in a real fight?"

"Get me the fight," snapped back Gene.

And so Green and O'Brien, who handled the present champion in all but one of those unrecorded fights, took young Tunney up to the Sharkey A. C. and Jim Buckley, the matchmaker, agreed to put him on with Bobby Dawson, a middleweight of some experience. That is, Gene could have the bout provided he and his friends could sell not less than \$100 worth of tickets.

Gene proved a surprise in this bout. Although it was the first time he had ever boxed before a real crowd he carried himself like a veteran. He boxed coolly and carefully, using his left accurately, and in the seventh round was beating his man so decisively that the referee was forced to intervene.

A good part of Greenwich Village had turned out and the most of them were sure they had a future champion, and Green and O'Brien most of all. In fact, the latter was so enthusiastic he brought Tunney down to The Evening World

(Continued on page 37)

# SPORTS FORM BIG PART OF LIFE AT GUANTANAMO

Field Meets and Tennis Tournery Lead  
Christmas Athletic Carnival  
in Cuba

The Marine Baseball Team of Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, was officially declared winner of the baseball cup presented by the naval station. Paymaster Sergeant Martin A. McGrory, manager of the team, and acting captain Van Horn, received the cup from the Commandant during an official inspection. The Commandant made a brief speech.

The Station Baseball Team, composed mostly of Marines, went to Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and again defeated Aviation and the Regimental Team 9-1 and 8-4. Yarwood and Rhoades doing the twirling for the Station. We sure have the Indian sign on Port-au-Prince.

The Christmas Field Meet held by the Marines at this post went off with a "bang" and was voted a great success by the men. The obstacle race and potato race was very funny and those who didn't participate thoroughly enjoyed them. The shoes in the obstacle race were all mixed up, but Witt no doubt would have won it if someone had not stolen his apple and orange which the contestants were required to carry. Our all-around man, Godfrey, was right on the job.

## Results

Three Legged Race—1st place, Clapp-Trotter; 2nd place, Lorman and Hatfield; 3rd place, Gilbert and Sullivan.

Obstacle Race—1st place, Disco; 2nd place, Yards; 3rd place, Silvia.

High Jump—1st place, Simonson, 5 ft. 2; 2nd place, Godfrey, 5 ft. 1; 3rd place, Clapp, 4 ft. 11.

Broad Jump—1st place, Bialek, 19 ft. 11 inches; 2nd place, Godfrey, 18 ft. 10 inches; 3rd place, Gilbert, 18 ft. 5 inches.

100 Yard Dash—1st place, Godfrey, 10 1-5 secs.; 2nd place, Foster, 10 2 secs.; 3rd place, Sullivan, 10 3.

50 Yard Dash—1st place, Godfrey; 2nd place, Bialek; 3rd place, Cpl. Foster.

Potato Race—1st place, Kaptur; 2nd place, Witt; 3rd place, Gilbert.

Wheelbarrow Race—1st place, Gilbert and Sullivan; 2nd place, Clapp and Trotter; 3rd place, Lorman and Simonson.

75 Yard Swim—1st, Crabtree; 2nd, Kaptur; 3rd, Goodreau.

Fancy Diving—1st place, Stafford; 2nd place, Clapp; 3rd place, Gilbert.

Tug of War—Won by the Barracks against the Special Duty Men.

The Christmas tennis tournament, which was by elimination, was won by Gilbert (Class C) over McGrory (Class A). The 30-point handicap was too much for Mac and he slowly wilted. However, nearly every game went to deuce. Gilbert was rated too low as he plays a good game and should have been rated higher. The trophy for this match was a new tennis racket. The winner is very popular and his success in winning meets with the approval of all his shipmates. We will have another one next month maybe.

Our Christmas dinner was a "hum-dinger" and though we may suffer for a few weeks afterward, we sure had enough chow for several days. The buffet supper style after the noon meal was heavily patronized.

December 26th the ladies of the station gave the Yacht Club a little party at "Peppy's" and everybody had a wonderful time. Quite a few Marines were there.

## ANOTHER CHAMP?



Watch Huckby is the word passed on by fight fans in China. He's been fighting them all and foreign news writers claim a great future for him.



## SECONDS SMITH

Veteran track and field athlete Irvin Smith is going strong in competition in China. Newspapers from the East disclose that the former Parris Island backfield star and member of the Marine Corps crack field aggregation was the chief point winner in the Inter-Legation Track Meet, where he won every event in which he was entered; the 10-meters, high jump, and broad jump, as well as being the end man of the victorious relay quartet. The results of this meet were: American Legation, 50 pts.; Italian Legation, 32 pts.; English Legation, 29 pts.; and, French Legation, 9 pts.

Smith was also the star performer in the meet for the Hitchcock Trophy, winning the 100-yard dash (10.3); running high jump (5.6 ft.); and running broad jump (19.11). His Company, the 38th, won by 19 points.

Owing to lack of time to look after the baseball team, Pay Sergeant McGrory has relinquished the managership in favor of Corporal Hannah, our popular shortstop. He knows baseball and no doubt will do as good if not better than our Sergeant-Major, who feels that

## RICKARD PICKS LEADING PUGS FOR 1927

"There is no denying that Tunney is not only a champion, but a great champion." And with that Tex Rickard presents his annual list of top-notchers in the various classes, published in the RING, a boxing publication. The groups as ranked by the famous promoter follow:

### Heavyweight Division

- 1—Gene Tunney, New York.
- 2—Jack Dempsey, Los Angeles.
- 3—Jack Sharkey, Boston.

### Light-Heavyweight Division

- 1—Tommy Loughran, Philadelphia.
- 2—Leo Lomski, Aberdeen, Wash.
- 3—Jimmy Slattery, Buffalo.
- 4—Mike McTigue, New York City.

### Middleweight Division

- 1—Mickey Walker, Elizabeth, N. J.
- 2—Tiger Flowers, Camille, Ga.
- 3—Dave Shade, New York.
- 4—George Courtney, Oklahoma.
- 5—Jack McVey, New York.
- 6—Maxie Rosenbloom, New York.

### Welterweight Division

- 1—Joe Dundee, Baltimore.
- 2—Sergt. Sammy Baker, New York.
- 3—Ace Hudkins, Omaha, Nebr.
- 4—Tommy Freeman, Hot Springs, Ark.
- 5—Hilario Martinez, Spain.

### Junior Welterweight Division

- 1—Ruby Goldstein, New York.
- 2—Mushy Callahan, San Francisco.
- 3—Andy di Vodi, New York.
- 4—Jackie Fields, Los Angeles.
- 5—Sammy Vogel, New York.

### Lightweight Division

- 1—Sammy Mandell, Rockford, Ill.
- 2—Jimmy McLarnin, California.
- 3—Sid Terris, New York.
- 4—Billy Wallace, Cleveland.
- 5—Bruce Flowers, New Rochelle.

### Junior Lightweight Division

- 1—Tod Morgan, Seattle.
- 2—Honey Boy Finnegan, Boston.
- 3—Joe Glick, New York.
- 4—Mike Dundee, Rock Island, Ill.

### Featherweight Division

- 1—Tony Canzoneri, New York.
- 2—Denny Bass, Philadelphia.
- 3—Joey Sangor, Chicago.
- 4—Andy Martin, Boston.
- 5—Red Chapman, Boston.

### Bantamweight Division

- 1—Bud Taylor, Terre Haute.
- 2—Kid Francis, Italy.
- 3—Archie Bell, New York.
- 4—Al Brown, New York.
- 5—Willie Smith, South Africa.
- 6—Teddy Baldock, England.

### Flyweight Division

- 1—Corporal Izzy Schwartz, New York.
- 2—Frenchy Belanger, Toronto.
- 3—Speedy Dado, California.
- 4—Johnny Hill, England.

he cannot do justice to the Station team owing to his many other duties.

We are getting a swimming team together to compete against the Fleet when it comes in. First Lieutenant Miliken is the prospective manager of the swimming team.

# SHORTS ON SPORTS

By JEFF DANIELS, Sports Editor

## TUNNEY TO DEBATE?

Here's a new wrinkle in fistiana and you'll have to admit that among the various brilliant ideas of hopefuls who would engage Mr. Tunney in fistic combat, for the valuable publicity if nothing else, this one easily wins the smelling salts. Mr. Add Warren, former national intercollegiate heavyweight champion, and tackle on the University of North Carolina football squad, hopes to argue his way to a punching encounter with Mr. Tunney through a preliminary of words. Ambitious Mr. Warren has challenged the champion to a test of forensic ability with the hope that if he wins the latter gentleman might consent to continue the debate in the ring, and he is willing to argue any question upon any public rostrum in New York City. Further, the champion may choose the subject.

Now, that's pretty smart, and if carried out might accomplish much. Among other things it might win over to boxing the intelligentsia. Imagine the handsome champ and a contender meeting first in full evening clothes. They would cordially shake hands, hang up their top hats and canes; gloves (white ones) would be removed and after a drink of ice water would proceed in the accepted parliamentary fashion to state the affirmative and negative sides of the question chosen.

The question would of course be very important, but if Mr. Rickard selected it in his usual judicious and profitable manner we feel sure that society (all kinds) would turn out. In any event it would be a novel innovation in the boxing game.

At the close of the forensic fiasco the judges, not no referee, would name the winner. The audience would refrain from vociferous boos and razzberries if dissatisfied, but might smack their hands mildly if agreeable. Policemen and other Anny Oaklies would not get the usual spotlight and the former would not be required to clear the scene, the whole procedure being carried out according to the established laws and rules for free speech gatherings. The contestants would not embrace one another at the last bell, I mean after the winner had been chosen, but would shake hands again in a gentlemanly fashion, the loser keeping a stiff upper lip and congratulating the winner whether he meant it or not.

At this point the many hundreds of spectators who never before had a legitimate excuse, or at least one that would satisfy the neighbors, to witness a real, honest-to-goodness, he-man prize fight, would relax their dignity a mite and settle down to witness the anticipated feature act on the card, I mean the programme.

House light out, the ring is a blaze of incandescent (no end to my vocabulary) glory. There is a tenseness about those who are about to witness their first fight; the old timers too. Mr. Tunney

enters the ring, as does the contender. After receiving their instructions that the present business at hand is not one of words but one of fistic exchanges and that the rules are somewhat different, both go to their respective corners to wait for the word to proceed with their argument, I mean, to wait for the bell.

It rings. The debaters, I mean, the fighters, shake hands, this time with their gloves on. Each spars for a few seconds (with gloves, not words) and then something happens. There is the smack of gloves meeting flesh and bone, and the referee is seen counting over a prostrate form. At ten he holds up Mr. Tunney's hand as the winner, and Mr. Warren is seen being carried from the ring in an unnatural position.

## UNCLE SAM PICKS

*Leatherneck*

2nd Race at Nicaragua  
(Sandino Will Also Run)

## AGAIN TUNNEY AND DEMPSEY

The Big Marine is tentatively scheduled for two fights at least this year. The first to be in June with the winner of Tex Rickard's elimination as the opponent, and the second with none other than Mr. Dempsey in September. Mr. Rickard was "terribly disappointed" with the showing made by Sharkey and Heehey and now intends to stage his final elimination tournament among five contenders as preliminaries to the two championship matches this year.

Sharkey has been signed to meet a suitable opponent on March 12, and Heehey has been engaged for March 1. Johnny Risko will take a smack at Jack Delaney, retired light-heavyweight champion, the tenth of this (Feb.) month. The fifth entrant in the tourney is Paulina Uzcudun, of Spain, and all matches will be for fifteen stanzas. Possible opponents for Sharkey and Heehey are Jack Dorval, Canadian heavy, and Knute Hanson, the Minnesota Dane. Our own opinion is that the former two are slightly out of focus.

## OFFICIALS DISAGREE

Each of the three officials participating in the draw verdict rendered after the twelve-round match between Tom Heehey and Jack Sharkey voted a different ticket.

The New York State Athletic Commission, while reserving announcement as to scoring of individual rounds, disclosed that Judge George Kelley voted for Sharkey, Judge George Patrick for a draw, while Referee Jack Denning gave Heehey the verdict. What do you think?

## OLYMPIC GAMES

The year 1928 will go down in athletic history as an outstanding one if for no other reason than the Olympic games along the banks of the Zuyder Zee at Amsterdam. It will be a big year for sports in general, but it is doubtful if any other event, with the possible exception of another Tunney-Dempsey fight, will in any way compete with the international meeting in Holland as a world attraction.

Since the revival of the famous quadriennial contests at Athens 32 years ago no year will compare with the present in a great concentration of athletic talent—and it will be the United States against the world. After being absent from the games since 1912, Germany will be back, and with her army of great athletes will be the great Dr. Otto Peltzer, the phantom who erased from the records the supposedly imperishable half-mile record of Ted Meredith.

Rivalry will be keener than ever, nations combining to some extent to take from the United States its seemingly unbreakable grasp upon the titles. Finns, Germans, Britons, French, Swedes, South Africans, Australians—all will be massing for the old rivalry with American forces. And, America will not be found wanting.

The winner and runner-up in each branch of athletics at the games in 1924 follow, and the table discloses the nine titles which the U. S. will be defending, chiefly, the writer believes, against the bids by Germany and Finland:

Sport	Winner	Runner-up
Boxing	U. S.	Gt. Britain
Cycling	France	Belgium
Equestrian		
Sports	Sweden	Holland
Fencing	France	Belgium
Gymnastics		
Czechoslovakia and Switzerland	(tie)	
Marksmanship		
(Rifle)	U. S.	France
(Trapshooting)	U. S.	Canada
(Hunting)	Norway	Gt. Britain
Pentathlon		
(Modern)	Sweden	France
Polo (pony)	Argentina	U. S.
Rowing	U. S.	Switzerland
Rugby	U. S.	France
Soccer	Uruguay	Switzerland
Swimming	U. S.	Sweden
Tennis	U. S.	France
Track & Field	U. S.	Finland
Winter Sports	Norway	Finland
Wrestling		
(Catch as)	U. S.	Finland
(Greco-Roman)	Finland	Estonia
Wght.-lifting	Italy	France
Yachting	Norway	Belgium

"The Hansons of Augsburg," the backbone of the Augsburg College hockey team of Minneapolis, 1927 champions, will represent the United States in the Olympic games this year. Five Hanson brothers are on the team, the only "non-Hanson" being the goal tender.

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### 3RD BRIGADE MARINES AT TIENTSIN GO IN FOR RUGBY, BOWLING & SKATES

Lathernecks in China Planning Big  
Athletic Programs; Boxers Active;  
NCO Club Finances Gliders.

Athletics are flourishing among the Marines of the Third Brigade at Tientsin. They have three basket ball teams in the league, each of which is playing 22 games, and at least one should be somewhere near the top at the close of the season.

And the Marines are playing Rugby. Yep, and coached by no other than Lieutenant Harry Liversedge, who played the game during his college days at the University of California. The Leathernecks trimmed the East Yorkshire Regimental team on Thanksgiving, 6 to 3, before a big crowd, and according to our informant the British outfit is the best in that locale. Rugby will be played until the middle of April, and a league now in the process of formation will consist of the Marines, the Yorks, Border Regiment, French, Japanese and Civilians.

A skating rink has been constructed in the vicinity of the Artillery Billet and a hockey team has been formed. And with the NCO Club financing the gliders with the profits from the hot dog and coffee concession, everything is hunky dory in this branch of athletic endeavor.

It seems that the Third Brigaders will not be content until they are represented in every branch of sport and several other lines. Among other things, bowling alleys are also being constructed and undoubtedly this column will have some startling pin scores to publish in a month or so.

November witnessed the last of the outdoor smokers due to the change in weather, but those holding the reins are searching about for a hall large enough to hold the vast number of men who follow boxing, and it is thought that some of the Third Brigade mittsters will be aiming toward local championships soon.

Notable among the advances in rounding out the athletic program is the formation of the Tientsin Amateur Athletic Association, the chief purpose of which is to draw up a uniform set of rules and to promote amateur athletic meetings. An attempt also will be made to change the dates of the North China championship track and field events from October to May, because of weather conditions.

Baseball teams and track meets are being planned for the spring, and hopes are especially high for the former, although Lieutenant Fenton, mentor of this year's outstanding nine, has been detached.

And, as Al Jolson would say, "You ain't heard nothing yet." A library is being built and hundreds of books are on the way, and as a closing shot, the Third Brigade Marines have gone in for DRAMATICS!

## THE BIG BATTLE

"One-Punch Wade" Fails to Come Back!

By A. C. ARONELL

Tientsin, China.—"One Punch" Wade, the popular Canadian heavyweight, was defeated by the Pittsburgh Flash in a 4-round encounter at a regimental smoker here this month. "One Punch" was at a great disadvantage in that the smoke at the "smoker" was so thick that he could not see his opponent. The "Killer," being from Pittsburgh, did not mind the smoke.

#### The Fight by Rounds: (1)

One Punch comes tearing out of his corner like an angry alligator; he starts a right upper-cut from his ankles which misses the Killer by a mere six feet. The Killer then gets into action; he massages One Punch's molars with several quick jabs. One Punch comes back with a haymaker for the Killer's equator; if he had landed it would have broken the Killer's insteps. The round ends with One Punch wiping resin off his nose.

#### Referee's Round (2)

One Punch comes gliding out of his corner with the ease and gracefulness of a tractor. The Killer then starts in; he hits One Punch everywhere but on the bottom of his feet, and he would have hit him there too, if One Punch

had not been standing on them. The Killer then plants several pistons on One Punch's galley muscles, which were beginning to look like the Russian flag (red). One Punch is asking the referee the date as the round ends.

#### Aimee McPherson's Round (3)

One Punch had to be woke up for the third round; he then ran across the ring and tried to jump over ropes, but there was too much rope and not enough jump, so One Punch lands on his neck for the count of seventy. One Punch then jumps up and rushes the Killer who returns the compliment and short changes the Canadian out of two molars. There was a quick exchange of blows—when the smoke cleared away; One Punch was in his favorite position—the horizontal. One Punch can barely get on his feet; the Killer then rushes forward to put over the finishing touches, but the bell ends the round. One Punch is bellowing like a water buffalo.

#### Anybody's Round (4)

One Punch begs the referee to postpone the fight on account of bad weather; the referee refuses. One Punch then tears across the ring and hits everything but the Killer who is leaning over the ropes reciting "Dan McGrew" to the newspaper reporters. One Punch's seconds are singing "Oh, How I Miss You Tonite." The Killer finally becomes aware that the round has started and takes after One Punch, now doing a Charlie Paddock; he swings at One Punch but misses him and knocks the referee colder than the pawnbroker's stare. Time out while One Punch takes out two new insurance policies. The Killer then tears after One Punch like a hungry wolf in a butcher shop; they clinch, the Pittsburgh terror then dumps the Canadian's garbage with a right hook to the jugular. One Punch is again in his favorite position as the bell ends the fight.

### FILLING OPEN DATE IS TASK FOR BOTH ARMY AND THE NAVY

End of Long Series Which Leaves the  
Army Leading in Victories 15 to 12  
Causes Problem

(By the Associated Press)

Cancellation of the 37-year-old football classic between the Military and Naval Academies leave Army scheduled to close its 1928 season with Carleton College of Northfield, Minn., and Navy booked to ring down the curtain with Loyola College of Baltimore.

The service game would have been played November 24, and the November 17 games with Carleton and Loyola were regarded as tune-up contests of the season's climax.

Both Army and Navy probably will seek games for November 24. Finding a suitable opponent may be difficult. Rumors have persisted that Princeton will add Navy to its 1928 schedule. The Tigers are scheduled to close their 1928 season with Yale November 17, and under the circumstances might agree to meet the Midshipmen on the following Saturday. Georgetown University has expressed a willingness to fill the vacant Navy date.

Army may have to go farther to find a game for the open date. Most Eastern schedules have been made up with

games for November 24, or Thanksgiving, November 29.

Each service eleven has eight games scheduled. The only team on both cards is Notre Dame.

Army will play Boston University, Southern Methodist University, Providence, Harvard, Yale, Depauw, Notre Dame and Carleton.

Navy has engagements with Davis-Elkins, Boston College, Notre Dame, Drake, Pennsylvania, West Virginia Wesleyan, Michigan and Loyola of Baltimore.

The long series of games between the Army and Navy ends with Army leading in victories 15 to 12. Three games have resulted in ties.

DON'T MISS ANY OF THE TUNNEY  
SERIES!

## TUNNEY'S UNRECORDED BATTLES

(Continued from page 33)

office and wanted Johnny Pollock, then the boxing editor, to write a couple of columns about the next champion of the world.

Johnny was not overimpressed and dismissed the victory with a line or two. But Eddie O'Brien saw his predictions come true. He came to see many columns written about Gene Tunney and also to become the king of the heavyweight fighters.

### Chapter II

#### Gene K. O.'s The Battling Barber

Gene Tunney's second venture in the professional prize ring was louder and funnier. That is, it was quite amusing to the Greenwich Village admirers of the then office clerk and parochial school boxer, who was to become heavyweight champion of the world slightly more than ten years later. But it was a serious business to Gene and a very serious business to his opponent.

Gene was barely eighteen years of age at the time and had no desire to turn to professional boxing as a means of livelihood. He was more interested in his possible future in the steamship office in which he was then employed. He had only consented to engage in his first match because his pal and first boxing mentor had hinted that maybe he was afraid to fight.

In this bout he had taken the measure of Bobby Dawson in decisive fashion, and the coolness and skill he had shown in his first appearance between the ropes had set all Greenwich Village talking. There was little chance now of Tunney holding to his disinclination for the pugilistic game in a professional way. Then there was something in this taste of fistic prowess, this matching of one's wits and physical power, that held a strong appeal for the boy who was destined to startle the world by his two victories over the great Jack Dempsey. Then this unexpected means of increasing his meagre income also had its appeal. For young Tunney was ambitious and desired to study law, and he wanted to help his family, then in none too prosperous circumstances.

#### Takes on Second Opponent

It did not take strong urging this time by Billy Jacob, Willie Green and Eddie O'Brien, who had so much to do with paving the way on the rough, early road that was to lead eventually to the fistic heights, and a few weeks after the scrap with Dawson Gene took on the second of his opponents in those early unrecorded matches. Jacob, who in addition to managing Dixie Kid and other good boys and acting as matchmaker for most of the clubs then operating under the membership plan, got Gene the match.

This time the scene of battle was the stage of Miner's Theatre. A chap named Genrimo, known as the Battling Barber of Hoboken, was his opponent. He was a wild swinging boy of husky stature and absolutely devoid of science. He had considerable of a weight advantage over Tunney, whose fighting weight was then some thirty pounds

under what it is today. Against Gene's accurate, stinging left the wild swinging Battling Barber became wilder and wilder. And before he knew it he was toppled with a nicely timed left to the jaw that sat him down violently.

Genrimo had almost as many seconds as Paolino has managers in his corner. One of the seconds was the Battling Barber's dad. Somehow the latter had equipped himself with the rung of a chair and he shook this weapon at his son and told him he had better get up and fight if he valued his life.

It was a tough spot for Genrimo but he kept getting up and going down until everybody lost count. It was all over in the third round, though the elder Genrimo was still waving his chair rung.

In this bout Eddie O'Brien conceived his own pet idea of choosing what he decided was the winning corner, and so long as Eddie seconded Gene he always got the corner he was after. As soon as the fight preceding Gene's was over Eddie climbed into the ring and took possession of the winning corner. And that corner was Gene Tunney's, and the world and all its uncles, cousins and other relations couldn't convince Eddie O'Brien to the contrary.

### Chapter III

#### Gene Wins His Third Bout

Gene Tunney's first real test of his boxing abilities came in his third bout, and there was one interesting circumstance in connection with this match. It was fought at the Fairmount A. C., which was then run by Billy Gibson, his present manager. Gibson refused to leave his private office that night to look over the boy whom Billy Jacob told him was a coming wonder, the boxer Gibson was later to bring into the title of world's heavyweight boxing champion.

Jacob, who managed Gene in those early bouts fought before the present champion joined the Marines, and which are not noted in any of the record books, had been instrumental in getting young Tunney his first two matches in clubs of which Jacob was the matchmaker. In those days, when boxing was conducted under the Frawley law and the membership plan was in operation, Jacob directed most of his clubs then doing business.

Bobby Dawson and Battling Genrimo, the first two opponents tackled by Tunney, had been rather carefully selected by Jacob and the one was outweighed and the other very inexperienced. Jacob had been impressed by Gene's possibilities. At the urging of Willie Green, Jacob had taken K. O. Eggers down for a private tryout with Tunney. The present champion was then athletic director at the Greenwich Village Parochial School, while Eggers, then under the management of Jacob, was quite a star.

#### Shows Ability

In this private bout the young Tunney had shown surprising ability against his seasoned opponent. Jacob was further impressed by the way Gene came through in his first two professional matches, and his manager sought to try him out against a boy of real ability.

And so one hot summer's night eleven years ago Gene Tunney, accompanied by Jacob, Willie Green, Eddie O'Brien, who always seconded him in those days, and a delegation from Greenwich Village,

journeyed up to the Fairmount Club in Harlem, where Gene was scheduled to box no less a rival than Billy Lahey, who had been fighting with considerable success about the various local clubs.

Lahey proved to be a far different opponent than the first two boys Tunney had gone against. Lahey had speed and boxing skill. He started with the opening bell to teach the tall Greenwich Village middleweight something neat in the way of left-handing. There was some nice sparring in the first round and it was plain that Gene would have to be on his mettle to win. Lahey, in fact, had something of an edge on the first round.

Lahey was slightly out in front in the second also, and it looked as though Tunney's winning streak might be cut short. But thus early the conqueror of Dempsey showed that he was a student of the game. He had been boxing carefully at the start, but in the third he opened up and started to beat Lahey to many of those lefts. The third round was a lively one.

From the fourth round on, Tunney, boxing as coolly as though he had been in the game for years, uncovered admirable defensive skill and countering ability, and that night the Fairmount fans were watching a crude but an effective replica of the Tunney who was to rise to the fistic heights. Gene was well out in front in the last half of the battle, and the newspapers unanimously favored him for the decision.

Just before Gene went on for the bout Jacob cornered Gibson in his private office and pleaded with him to look over his coming star, but it was a hot night, as we have said, and Gibson declared, as he mopped the perspiration from his brow, that he wouldn't leave his seat to see Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett fight it out again.

And today Billy Gibson is the manager of Gene Tunney, who has just successfully defended his title for \$1,000,000 for his second bout with Dempsey. Gene got \$25 for his six-rounder with Lahey. And Billy Jacob—today he is one of the most efficient judges on the staff of the New York Boxing Commission.

### Chapter IV

#### Gene Meets K. O. Jaffee

Gene Tunney's victory over Billy Lahey had his Greenwich Village admirers so enthusiastic that they wanted Billy Jacob, his manager, and Eddie O'Brien and Willie Green, his handlers, to go right after Mike O'Dowd, who was then the holder of the world's middleweight title. Incidentally, O'Dowd and Tunney did meet a year or so later overseas, when both were in uniform. O'Dowd, one champion who needed no urging to get into the "real fighting," was one of the first pugilistic stars to enlist.

Tunney, while hardly the star his admirers thought him to be at the time, joined the Marines the same year he started fighting professionally, because the Greenwich Village lad had been won by the slogan: "Join the Marines and be the first to fight." While Gene was working for an important inter-company bout over in France, O'Dowd was called in to act as trainer. But Tunney was "too nice" for the rough and ready champion, who thought it would be a

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## SHORTS ON SPORTS

(Continued from page 35)

Transfers are not helping the basketball situation among the Marines at Pensacola. Nicaragua took Key and Smith, valuable substitutes, and leaves the cagement with but six players: Hardesty, Ayres, Mangum, Moore, Howell and Elkins. As we go to press the Marine team at the Air Station has won two and lost two.

In scanning Spaulding's Official Basketball Guide it is noticed that last year Parris Island's cagemen, under the guidance of Captain McL. Lott, won 22 games in 27 starts. That's a pretty tough record to beat, even by the same team, and the Captain hasn't the same quint this year. It seems safe, however, to predict that the Islanders will have a conspicuously victorious record to disclose at the close of the season.

Mr. A. E. Metzendorf, M. P. E., writes a pretty neat outline concerning officials and spectators in the Guide. He writes that spectators and players have a right to expect from officials the following: Prompt appearance for work in a neat, clean uniform; announcements and decisions in a voice that can be heard and understood; speed in action; prompt and decisive judgment; a spirit of comradeship rather than hostility, and an honest attempt to present a fast and accurate exhibition.

And, the officials have a right to expect the following: An appreciation of the fact that he is the man who has been engaged as the official for the game and who is expected to make the decisions to the best of his ability and judgment; that this man must use his own judgment and make lightning interpretations, and should be occasionally expected to make a mistake, just as the players do, in the heat of the game.

Morris White, who graduated from the University of Alabama last year, stands six feet and one inch in height and weighs 220 pounds. He wants to fight but cannot find serious opposition in his section. Recently he wrote to Spike Webb, boxing instructor at the Naval Academy, for advice as to his procedure to get in the fighting game. We don't know what advice Webb gave him, but we might suggest that he join the Marines.

Copy! Copy! Copy! Is all I ever hear,  
But the cry goes into one ear  
And out the other, I fear.

The cry is most appealing  
And it sets my head a-reeling  
For I feel no ideas stealing  
Upon me unawares.

So this tidbit must be copy  
Though I'll admit it's rather sloppy  
But the editor's nerves are hoppy  
So I'll COPY! COPY! COPY!

—U.S.S.N.M.

Bucky Harris, of the Senators, is likely to be the only playing manager in the big leagues this year.

Received an unsigned letter during the month which claims that one "Tiger" Snell, 22 years of age, middleweight, who enlisted in 1924, and who now is serving aboard the U. S. S. "Arkansas," has 100 bouts to his credit and has suffered only three defeats. This is truly a remarkable record, and we would like to receive some more copy concerning this Marine.

Our anonymous correspondent also tells us that Sergeant Tommy Donnelly, of the New York City Recruiters, won an eight-round bout from Andy Sackowitz at the 22nd Engineers Regiment Armory recently.

Reports from Guantanamo Bay inform us that the Marine Corps boats in the Yacht Club races are holding their own. The thirteen races scheduled have not been completed as we go to press, but one boat, sailed by Gunner Sergeant Antin, placed third in one of the series, and another, sailed by Corporal Foster, placed first. The Marine Corps has three boats entered in the series, which are quartered, a cup being offered for the winner of each particular series.

A basketball team representing the 303d Company defeated the New York Curb Market team by a score of 50 to 20 in a game played aboard the U. S. S. "Illinois" recently.

Pat Foley, Marine heavyweight, topped over Charley Protash in the third round of their bout at Morristown, Pa., during the month. On the same card Vincent McNeil took the count in the second round of his bout with Jack Harley, and Gene Jeannette handed Joe Lill the knockout drops in the third round of their contest.

Tommy Loughran has certainly earned the distinction of being one of the most unusual champions the ring has produced in years. He won his title less than three months ago and has defended it twice. And now he claims that after a few weeks rest he will be ready to meet anyone the matchmakers select for him. Several Marines helped train Loughran for two of his fights.

Stating that Jack Delaney was sold by Pete Reilly for \$50,000, which is \$20 an ounce, a writer in the NEWS further mentioned that if they start selling by the ounce, you can buy a couple of fly-weights for the price of one of Mr. Rickard's ringside seats.

Arthur Newton, South African farmer, astounded the sport world recently when he ran the 100 miles from Bear Hotel in Bath to Hyde Park corner in London in 14 hours, 22 minutes and 10 seconds. He encountered bad roads, due to floods, and kept his pace up-hill and down, being paced by four marathon runners for 25 miles each. Newton is 45 years old! It's never too late.

Knute Rockne defends scouting system and further states that the grid game has too many and too intricate rules. Marvelous how we agree with the authorities.

Broadcasters of the alleged fact that Big Bill Tilden is TOO old got a set-back recently in Washington. We saw the elongated Philadelphian trounce Manuel Alonso quite decisively. And, Big Bill isn't exactly a youngster.

Speaking of football players of the East and West, R. T. Dunne, coach of the guards and tackles at Harvard, says that with the former, "one must reason" and with the latter, "one must handle." In other words, the Easterner is possessed of superior reasoning and the Westerner of superior brawn. That's pretty deep stuff.

Melvin A. Traylor, newly elected president of the U. S. Golf Association, told delegates at the recent convention of that organization that he was dissatisfied with the present amateur rule, and favored any change that would bring about a stricter interpretation of it. And so Bobby Jones returned the \$50,000 home his friends in Atlanta gave him. So I took the \$50,000—

Emil "Irish" Meusel will be among those present with the Oakland Pacific Coast League team this year. He hit .357 with Toledo last year and formerly tended the outfield for the Giants.

In the official averages it is noted that Harry Heilmann of Detroit is named champion batsman of the American League. Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, however, figure prominently in the various groups of statistics. The latter was the most valuable player in the League during the 1927 season.

Milwaukee, of the American Association, offered the N. Y. Yankees \$30,000 for Henry Johnson, 21-year-old twirler—and got the go-by. Colonel Jake Ruppert is quoted as saying, "If he's worth that much to them, he's worth that much to us." So, that's that.

Good ball players come high, as may be gathered from the following prices which were paid by the Nats in 1927:

\$15,000—First Baseman George Sisler.  
\$14,000—Pitcher Lloyd Andrew Brown.  
\$10,000 each—Pitchers Paul Hopkins and Ed Wells, Infielder Jack Hayes, and Outfielders Foster Ganzel and Emil Barnes.

\$7,500 each—Pitcher Sam Jones, and Outfielders Jack Kloza and Melburn Simons.

\$5,000 each—Pitcher Luther Roy, Infielder Ernest Smith and Catcher Hugh McMullen.

\$4,000 each—Pitchers Paul Judd and A. Griffin, Catcher Albert Cooper and Infielders Grant Gillis and Tommy Taylor.

\$2,500—First Baseman Ernest Shirley.

MORAL: If you have any spare time on your hands, practice baseball—or boxing!

The real batting champ of 1927 is Russell "Lena" Blackburne, a coach with the White Sox, whose average was 1000. However, he took only one swing at the ball all season.



## SHORTS ON SPORTS

(Continued from page 38)

Besides being a hero of the 1927 World Series, Wilsey Moore, of the New York Yankees, is now rated as having been the most effective pitcher in the American League, according to averages published recently. Moore was in 50 games, though he only pitched six complete ones. However, he pitched 213 innings, and averaged only 2.28 runs per nine innings as aforesaid.

Braxton, Washington southpaw, though he didn't pitch a single complete game, was in more of 'em than any other pitcher, 59.

Of 63 pitchers listed as having pitched 45 or more innings, Walter Johnson is 57th, with an average of 5.08 earned runs a game against him.

Lisenbee, on whom the Griffs are relying strongly this next season, was credited with four shutouts, leading the league in this respect. Irving Hadley, with 199 innings pitched, stood high with an average runs scored against him of only 2.85.

Lefty Grove of the Athletics was the strikeout king, having fanned 174 batters in the 262 innings he pitched. Earl Whitehill gets the title of wild man, having issued 105 bases on balls.

With the explanation, "for the best interests of the club," the high moguls of the New York Giants have traded Rogers Hornsby, second baseman and captain, to the Boston Braves for Frank Hogan, catcher, and Jimmy Welch, outfielder. Hornsby is under contract for two years at \$40,000 per, and came to the Giants in a trade that sent Frankie Frisch and Jimmy Ring to the Cardinals. The two players which the Giants are getting in the trade are considered only "fair" and albiet many reasons for the exchange are given, much speculation and wonder has been caused by the transaction.

Three world's records were broken during the Metropolitan A. A. U. swimming championships in the Brooklyn Central Y. M. C. A. during the month, and one of them was Johnny Weissmuller's standard for the 100-yard back stroke. Records are made to be broken. Remember the German doctor?

Photograph of the All-Army Football Team defeating the Marines

It is four years after the day of judgment. The gates of heaven are being guarded by the Leathernecks who have passed on, and the Army hasn't arrived yet.

Two champions in the featherweight class, Johnny Cuthbert, of England, and Andre Routis, of France, fought a 12-round draw in Paris recently. The "furriners" seem to be having as much trouble finding a champ for the whole of Europe as we have in finding a serious contender for Tunney's crown.

A. J. "Al" Reach, pioneer professional baseball player of his time, Babe Ruth of his day and first man in Philadelphia to play the game for money, died at Atlantic City on January 14. From diamond star at \$25 a week he rose to the position of being one of the greatest sporting goods manufacturers in the country—a millionaire. He was one of the founders of the Philadelphia National League club and helped win the pennant for the Athletics in 1871. A left-handed batter and good fielder, his athletic career on the diamond was an outstanding one, and his death at the age of 87 is a pretty good argument in the negative that "athletes die young."

Baseball experts are unanimous in the belief that any club to finish ahead of the New York Yankees this year will win the American League Penant.

Waite Hoyt of the same team was second with 2.64. Though he was only in 36 games, he pitched 256 innings.

## TUNNEY'S UNRECORDED BATTLES

(Continued from page 37)

waste of time trying to make a boxer out of the youngster.

Getting back to Greenwich Village, Tunney did not take the applause of his admirers too serious. But he did have a lot of respect for the advice of Green, O'Brien and Jacobs, and so they looked around for another pretty good opponent this time, and a match was accepted with a boy known as K. O. Jaffee, who was what was known as a "Philadelphia middleweight," one that might be "anywhere from 160 to 170 pounds."

Jaffee, who fought Paul Berlenbach on two occasions a few years ago, was just then starting out and attracting considerable attention as a six-round boy. He was the best boy Gene was to tackle up to now. He was a better puncher than Lahey, far more experienced than Battling Genrimo and much heavier than Bobby Dawson, who were Gene Tunney's first three opponents in those matches in which the present champion took part before he joined the Marines, and none of which appear in the record books. Dawson, by the way, is still prominent in the game as a trainer of boxers and has acted in that capacity for Jack Britton, Stanislaus Loayza and others equally well known.

Gene's fourth ring venture, the bout with Jaffee, was fought about eleven years ago in the New Polo A. C., located at 129th Street and Park Avenue. It was scheduled for six rounds and lasted the distance, but in that affair something happened which has made his old pal Eddie O'Brien insist ever since that: "When Gene Tunney is hurt then you are going to see a fight."

## JOE LILL



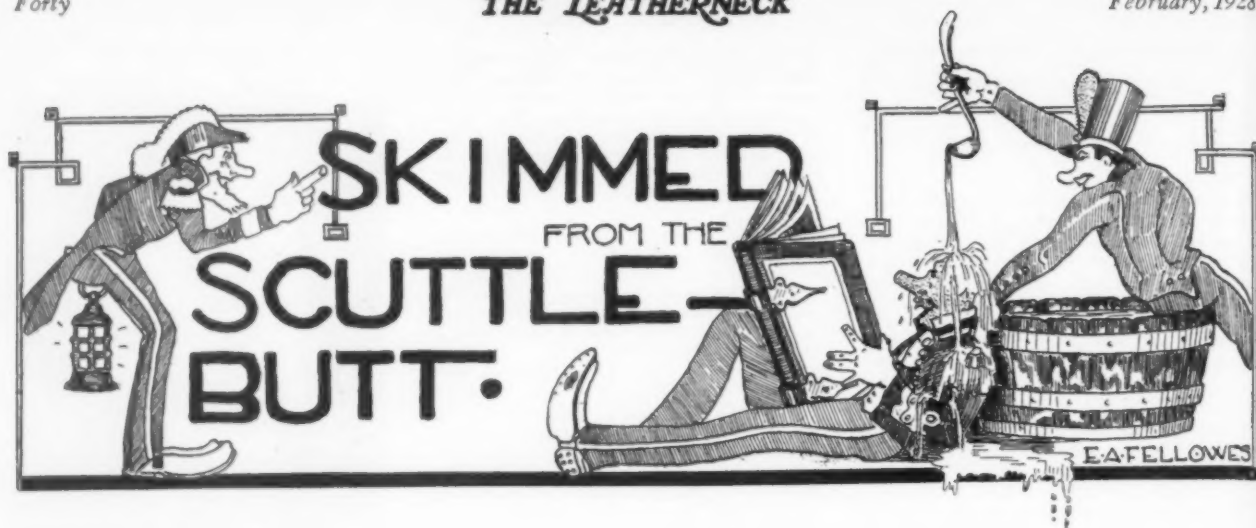
Mentioned by promoters and sport writers as being in good condition and with a bright future. Since his return from Nicaragua, Lill has been displaying his talents in and around New York, and Pennsylvania, and among those he has K. O'd are Soldier Green and Len Her-ring. Jack Martine has also tasted defeat at the hands of the powerful Marine.

"I only wish Dempsey had dropped Gene in the first round instead of the seventh," said Eddie the other day. "Then Dempsey wouldn't have been there at the end of the tenth."

Tunney was boxing Jaffee with admirable coolness and was outpointing his man in workmanlike style. But along in the fourth round Jaffee got home with a solid smash to the head that sent Gene back on his heels. Jaffee rushed in to drive in another good swing, but his blows were blocked prettily, and then Gene cut loose with a straight left that had surprising effect.

According to O'Brien, the punch nailed Jaffee flush on the eye and the glove seemed to fairly sink into the socket, and as Gene pulled back his fist it seemed as though it had a suction-like effect, and the right side of the face, where the blow landed, puffed out like a toy balloon. Gene did not go after his opponent over-viciously after he had landed that damaging left, but his work in the next two rounds removed all doubt as to his right to a decision.

(The story of Gene Tunney's fourth, fifth and sixth fights will be published in the next edition. SAVE THE INSTALLMENTS!)



### WOULD ACCEPT BOTH

In a restaurant a hat fell off a peg and dropped right on top of a piece of pie that was covered with whipped cream.

The owner of the hat called a waiter. "Well," said the waiter, "what do you want, a new hat or another piece of pie?"

"My but your daughter is growing fast!" remarked a neighbor.

"Oh," said the father, comfortably, "I don't believe she's any worse than the other young folks in town."

—Trunk Locker.

Mrs. Barnum: "What caused your husband to leave home?"

Mrs. Bailey: "I haven't the least idea. He just picked up and left the morning after my mother and two sisters came to spend the winter with us."

"People has got funny ideas about New York out west as they is always callin' it the teeming metropolis. I been in New York for three weeks and ain't seen nary a horse."—America's Humor.

"Tell me a fairy story, daddy, please!" pleaded little Doris.

"Very well, dear. Once upon a time there was a beautiful lady who had long golden hair—"

"Now you're lying, daddy, and you know it!"—Legion.

Caller: "Are you quite sure it was a marriage license you issued to me last week?"

Official: "Quite—what's wrong?"

Caller: "Well, I've lived a dog's life ever since."

"Twas the day before Christmas.

Willie Jones broke a window with a snowball, sassed his mother, got his new suit full of slush, broke the dial on the radio and took father's fountain pen to draw pictures with. "Thank goodness," sighed Papa Jones, "my boy is not a hypocrite."—T. S. News.

"The automobile is certainly displacing the horse," remarked Smith as he deftly fished a piece of rubber out of his bowl of hash.

### FEMININE SYMPATHY

A kind-hearted little Army girl was looking at a picture of Daniel in the lion's den. Suddenly she began to cry, and her mother said: "Don't cry about poor old Daniel, darling. He has been happy for a long time now."

"I'm not!" sobbed the little girl. "I'm crying for that little lion over there in the corner. He isn't going to get any."

—A. & N. Journal.

"I'm getting rather anxious for some cold weather," confessed Ragson Tatters the other day. "It's been so warm all fall that I've had to take a bath every Saturday night."—Ballast.

Smith.—"My wife never gossips."

Smart.—"Neither does mine. By the way, what does your wife call it?"

—Boston Transcript.

Billy: "Papa are caterpillars good to eat?"

Father: "Oh, don't talk about such things at the table."

Mother (getting curious): "Billy, why did you ask that?"

Billy: "I just saw one on papa's lettuce, but it's gone now."—P. H. Weekly.

Business man: "Yes, sir, I think all goods made in foreign countries should be so labeled."

Associate: "Well, I don't. I have no wish to see my wife with a 'Made in Germany' sign attached to her."

—America's Humor.

"Hello, Pat; have you seen Mike lately?"

"Yes, begorra, Oi thought Oi saw him across the street t'other day and he thought he saw me, but when we got up to one another, bedad, it was neither of us."—Bamboo Breezes.

"My dear," called a wife to her husband in the next room, "what are you opening that can with?"

"Why," he said, "with a can-opener. What did you think I was doing it with?"

"Well," replied his wife, "I thought from your remarks that you were opening it with a prayer."

—The Progressive Grocer.

### TIME FOR BED, WILLIE!

Willie: Ma, didja know that Pop is a great swimmer?

Mother: No—what makes you think so?

Willie: Well, I heard him telling Uncle Jim that he knew a lot of swell dives."

—Ballast.

"Daddy," asked the small son, looking up from his grammar, "what's an exclamation?"

"Henry," cried the mother hastily, "don't you dare tell that child what an exclamation is!"

"What caused the trouble at the christening of the Van Bibber's baby yesterday?"

"The young minister forgot himself and broke a bottle of champagne Van Bibber had bought years ago over the baby's head."

Guide: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the greatest cataract in the country, and if the ladies will only be silent for a moment you can hear the thunder of the waters."—Pearson's Weekly.

Mrs. Newlywed: "Now, George, dear, if I do all the cooking for a month, what will I get?"

George: "You'll get my life insurance and a long black veil."—Recruit.

France: "Aren't you going to the game?"

Dan: "No, I'm afraid the stands may collapse."

France: "Fear not, Daniel, they will be full of supporters."—Ex.

Conductor—The next station is Long Wait Junction. Change cars for Mauch Chunk, Squeedunk, Haverstraw and Po-dunk, Quakake, Hokendaqua, Catasauqua, Mocanaqua, Tamaqua, and Allentown.

Green Brakeman (at other end of car).—Same at this end.

—America's Humor.

A man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.

## THE POINT OF VIEW

"What's this place called?" asked a passing motorist, leaning from his car.

The native shifted his quid. "All depends," he answered. "Do you mean by them that has to live in the dad-blamed, moth-eaten, dust-coated, one-hoss dump, or by them that's merely enjoyin' its quaint an' picturesque rustic charms fer a short spell?"—Legion.



Stuart: "I can tell a lady by the way she dresses, can't you?"

Hootinany: "I don't know, I never watched one."

A gleaming, powerful sport roadster glided easily into the filling station, the muffled beat of the mighty motor reverberating through the night air. At the wheel sat a well-dressed typical college boy, and at his side was seated one of those stunning girls who are rare outside of literature.

The driver accosted the service man: "How long does it take to drive from here to Roanoke?"

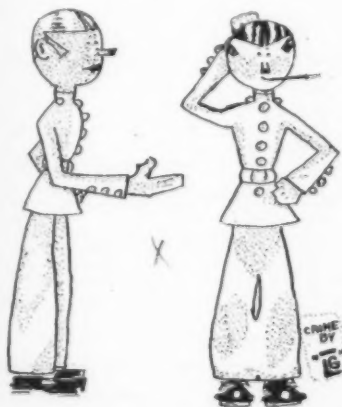
The service man looked calmly at the young man for a moment, gazed with apparent admiration at the girl for more than a moment and replied: "Well, it takes me about two hours; you ought to make it in about five."—Hurty-Peck.

"Hello. Is this the Weather Bureau?" "Uh-huh."

"How about a shower this afternoon?" "I dunno. If you need one take it." —Yarn.

First Farmer—I've got a freak over on my farm. It's a two-legged calf.

Second Farmer—I know it. He was over to call on my daughter last night.



"Women are wanton things, eh?" "Yeh; always wantin' something."

## FAVORITISM

During the World War the officers of a colored regiment had difficulty in making their men sign up for Uncle Sam's brand of soldier life insurance.

It seemed that with Uncle Sam back of the insurance it was undoubtedly dependable, but the colored men would have nothing to do with it. Finally a colored non-com from another regiment heard of the situation, and he volunteered to sell the soldier insurance.

"Listen, heah," he said in his speech to them. "If yo' is insu'ed, Uncle Sam values yo' at ten thousand dollahs each. If'n yo' ain't insu'ed, Uncle Sam stan' to lose nuthin' does de Germans git yo'. Now, Ah leaves it to yo'. Which bunch of men does Uncle Sam put in de front line trenches where de killin' is de thickest—ten-thousand-dollah men, or de cheap colored boys?"—Recruiter.

"What does your father do for a living?" asked a lawyer of a sleepy-looking, poorly-clad youth who occupied the witness chair.

"Nuthin' much," was the reply.

"How does he support the family?" continued the attorney.

"Aw, he does odd jobs."

"Now, son, as a matter of fact, isn't your father a worthless sort of fellow. A loafer and a dead beat?"

"I don't know. Ask him. He's settin' thar in the jury box."—A. S. News.

A man who believed he knew all about parrots undertook to teach what he thought to be a young mute bird to say "Hello" in one lesson. Going up to the cage, he repeated that word in a clear voice for several minutes, the parrot paying not the least attention. At the final "Hello!" the bird opened one eye, gazed at the man, and snapped, "Line's busy!" —Recruit.

This conversation was overheard in a small North Carolina town.

"What does yo' think of Mistah Jones, de bankah, Henry?"

"Mistah Jones, de bankah? He's a fine genulman. Yessuh. An' a good man, too. Ise borrowed five bucks offen him more'n a yeah ago, an' he ain't nevah ast fo' it. All I does is to give him a qua'tah dollar every Saturday—what he calls intrust—an' he tells me not to bodder about the principul, which am de five bucks."

"In your sermon you spoke of a baby as a new wave on the ocean of life," remarked Mr. Younghusband.

"Quite so," replied the clergyman. "A poetical figure of speech."

"Don't you think," suggested the harassed member of his flock, "that a fresh squall would hit the mark better?"

—Recruit.

## Not if He Was a Marine

At a recent wedding the bride's brothers, two soldiers, a policeman, and a sailor, were all present. The bridegroom went quietly, we understand.

## ETERNAL FEMININE

Enroute from San Diego to Los Angeles the handsome young naval officer made friends with a six-year-old girl on board. After she had showed him her money and spelled her name and told her age, she gravely ventured a criticism. "You said something I didn't like to that lady at the dock," she declared.

"Now what was it?" the handsome young officer asked amusedly.

"You said 'Goodbye sweetheart.' Just goodbye would have been enough!"



"What kind of tooth paste do you use?"

"I don't need tooth paste, my teeth ain't loose."

A gob, one of the comical species, sped blithely to the city of Los Angeles. As he drove down Main Street in his big imported "Italian make" car a cop on a motorcycle hailed him and told him to pull over to the curb.

A fire engine came along. (Now he saw the reason why the copper had hailed him). When the engine and hose cart had passed by he started to drive up the center of the street. Just then the hook and ladder engine came around the corner—they came together. The cop picked the Gob up, and when he came to, said, "Why didn't you stay over by the curb as I told you. Then this wouldn't have happened?"

Says the Gob, "Well, I stayed there till the fire engine went by, but say, can you tell me whyinell those painters wuz in such a hurry?"

"What's that string around your finger for, Professor?"

"Oh, I'm to get up early tomorrow and I may forget it."—Humor.



"I'm only a poor working girl." "Well, you can't work me!"



## THE GAZETTE

Major General J. A. Lejeune,  
Commandant

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Col. Wm. H. Fritchett.  
Lt. Col. Harold F. Wrigman.  
Maj. Matthew H. Kingman.  
Capt. Hamilton M. H. Fleming.  
1st Lt. Evans F. Carlson.

Officers last to make number in the grades indicated:

Col. Wm. H. Fritchett.  
Lt. Col. Harold F. Wrigman.  
Maj. Egbert T. Lloyd.  
Capt. Frederick E. Stack.  
1st Lt. Harold C. Roberts.

## MARINE CORPS CHANGES

December 15, 1927

Major W. W. Buckley, on transfer of the Flag of the Commander, Scouting Fleet, from the U. S. S. "Arkansas" to the U. S. S. "Wyoming," detached U. S. S. "Arkansas" to U. S. S. "Wyoming."

Captain E. B. Hammond, on December 29th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

Captain H. Hardy, relieved from detail as an Assistant Paymaster.

Captain L. Passmore, APM, detailed as an Assistant Paymaster, effective December 15, 1927.

1st Lt. H. B. Alban, detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., relieved from duty with the Third Brigade, China, and ordered to duty in the Department of the Pacific.

December 16, 1927

Major E. H. Morse, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 9th Reserve Regiment, Chicago, Ill.

Capt. J. D. McLean, on January 2, 1928, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.

2nd Lt. R. L. DeLacy, detached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., and relieved temporary duty with 3rd Brigade, China, to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., ordered to proceed via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. C. Williams, detached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., and relieved temporary duty with 3rd Brigade, China, to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., ordered to proceed via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. B. H. Kirk, detached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., and relieved temporary duty with 3rd Brigade, China, to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., ordered to proceed via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. R. C. Scollin, detached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., and relieved temporary duty with 3rd Brigade, China, to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., ordered to proceed via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. W. D. Saunders, relieved temporary duty with 3rd Brigade, China, and ordered to return to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. D. M. Shoup, relieved temporary duty with 3rd Brigade, China, and ordered to return to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. W. E. Griffith, relieved temporary duty with 3rd Brigade, China, and ordered to return to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., via first available Government conveyance.

2nd Lt. E. B. Ryan, relieved temporary duty with 3rd Brigade, China, and ordered to return to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa., via first available Government conveyance.

December 17, 1927

Captain J. E. Brewster, resignation accepted.

1st Lt. W. P. Kelly, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

2nd Lt. C. T. Bailey, on or about December 21st detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery" scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about January 2, 1928.

2nd Lt. R. M. Cuts, Jr., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about January 2, 1928.

2nd Lt. H. C. Roberts, ordered to special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Third Brigade, China, via the U. S. S. "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about January 7, 1928.

Chf. Pay Ck. C. J. Conroy, assigned to duty at Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

Mar. Gnr. C. A. Pennington, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

December 19, 1927

Major W. W. Hoyt, on or about December 29th detached 9th Reserve Regt., Chicago, Ill., to duty in the Nicaraguan National

Guard Detachment, and in the Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua, via the U. S. A. T. "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about January 12, 1928.

Captain F. R. Armstead, ordered to special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Third Brigade, China, via the U. S. S. "Henderson," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about January 4, 1928.

Captain W. W. Rogers, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty in the Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment, and in the Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua, via the U. S. A. T. "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about January 12, 1928.

Captain W. C. James, detached from duty with the Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment, and the Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua, and ordered to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., for treatment at the Naval Hospital, Charleston, S. C.

Qm. Ck. W. E. Yaecker, detached Depot of Supplies, Hampton Roads, Va., to 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, via U. S. A. T. "Chateau Thierry," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on January 12, 1928.

December 20, 1927

Captain J. B. Neill, Jr., when directed by CG, Quantico, detached that post to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than Jan. 1, 1928, for aviation duty and assignment to next Naval Aviators Class.

2nd Lt. A. G. Bliesener, when directed by CG, Quantico, detached that post to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than Jan. 1, 1928, for aviation duty and assignment to next Naval Aviators Class.

2nd Lt. R. Fagan, when directed by CG, Quantico, detached that post to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than Jan. 1, 1928, for aviation duty and assignment to next Naval Aviators Class.

2nd Lt. R. L. Griffin, Jr., when directed by CG, Quantico, detached that post to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than Jan. 1, 1928, for aviation duty and assignment to next Naval Aviators Class.

2nd Lt. J. N. Hart, when directed by CG, Quantico, detached that post to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than Jan. 1, 1928, for aviation duty and assignment to next Naval Aviators Class.

2nd Lt. T. J. McQuade, when directed by CG, Quantico, detached that post to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than Jan. 1, 1928, for aviation duty and assignment to next Naval Aviators Class.

2nd Lt. E. L. Pugh, Jr., when directed by CG, Quantico, detached that post to NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to report not later than Jan. 1, 1928, for aviation duty and assignment to next Naval Aviators Class.

December 21, 1927

Captain W. V. Rogers, detail as an Assistant Quartermaster revoked, effective December 31, 1927.

Captain M. H. Silverthorn, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster effective December 31, 1927.

1st Lt. J. L. Brennan, retired as of December 29, 1927.

2nd Lt. W. W. Benson, relieved from temporary duty at MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., and ordered to proceed to New York, N. Y., via the U. S. A. T. "Cambrai" scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about January 6, 1927. Upon arrival at New York, N. Y., detached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., to MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

December 22, 1927

No changes were announced.

December 23, 1927

Chf. Pay Ck. G. W. Stahl, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via the U. S. A. T. "Cambrai" scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about January 6, 1928.

Qm. Ck. W. E. Yaecker, ordered to special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Third Brigade, China, via the U. S. S. "Henderson" scheduled to sail from San Diego, Calif., on or about January 7, 1928.

December 24, 1927

No changes were announced.

December 26, 1927

No changes were announced.

December 27, 1927

No changes were announced.

December 28, 1927

Capt. L. W. Putnam, ordered to special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Third Brigade, China, via the U. S. S. "Henderson" scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about January 4, 1928.

Chf. Qm. Ck. A. F. Schonefeld, relieved from special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Third Brigade, China, and ordered to duty in the Department of the Pacific awaiting further orders.

December 29, 1927

No changes were announced.

December 30, 1927

Major Harry Schmidt, when directed by Commanding General, Dept. of the Pacific, detached MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash., to 5th Regt., 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, via U. S. S. "Vega," sailing Puget Sound about January 13, 1928.

Captain Jacob Lienhard, on January 6, 1928, detached Rectg. District of Detroit, to 5th Regt., 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, via U. S. A. T. "Chateau Thierry," sailing from New York, N. Y., on January 12, 1928.

Major H. H. Utley, when directed by Commanding General, MB, Quantico, Va., detached that post to 5th Regiment, 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. A. T. "Chateau Thierry," sailing from New York, N. Y., on January 12, 1928.

1st Lt. J. E. Stanners, when directed by Commanding General, MB, Quantico, Va., detached that post to 5th Regiment, 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. A. T. "Chateau Thierry," sailing from New York, N. Y., on January 12, 1928.

1st Lt. H. P. Smith, when directed by Commanding General, MB, Quantico, Va., detached that post to 5th Regiment, 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. A. T. "Chateau Thierry," sailing from New York, N. Y., on January 12, 1928.

1st Lt. C. L. Marshall, when directed by Commanding General, MB, Quantico, Va., detached that post to 5th Regiment, 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. A. T. "Chateau Thierry," sailing from New York, N. Y., on January 12, 1928.

Pay Ck. C. J. Conroy, on December 27, 1927, detached Hdqrs. Dept. of Pacific to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

December 31, 1927

Major L. E. Gayton, upon completion of dental treatment detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Rectg. District of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pa.

Major C. L. Gawne, on January 4, 1928, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as CO, 3rd Battalion, 8th Reserve Regiment, New Orleans, La.

Major W. D. Smith, when directed by OIC, Eastern Rectg. Division, detached Recruiting District of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pa., to 5th Regt., 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, via U. S. A. T. "Chateau Thierry," sailing New York, January 12, 1928.

Ch. Qm. Ck. R. W. Jeter, when directed by CG, MB, Parris Island, S. C., detached that post to 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, for duty as relief of Qm. Ck. W. W. Warrell, sailing New York, January 12, 1928.

Ch. Mar. Gnr. T. Quikley, upon expiration present leave on January 4, 1928, detached 1st Brig., Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va.

January 2, 1928

No changes were announced.

January 3, 1928

Captain J. N. Popham, detached Fifth Regiment, Nicaragua, to MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va.

2nd Lt. J. A. Snedeker, detached MB, NOB, Key West, Fla., to Fifth Regiment, Nicaragua.

January 4, 1928

No changes were announced.

January 5, 1928

The following named officers have been detached from the station indicated and ordered to the Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via Naval transport sailing from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about January 9, 1928:

Col. R. H. Dunlap, MB, Quantico, Va.  
Major J. A. Rossell, MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va.

Major O. Floyd, MB, Quantico, Va.  
Major K. E. Rockey, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain J. F. McCann, NPD, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

Captain W. Wooding, AQM, Depot of Supplies, Phila., Pa.

Captain L. B. Reagan, 9th Reserve Regiment, Chicago, Ill.

Captain J. M. Arthur, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain R. O. Sanderson, AFM, Hdqrs. MC, Washington, D. C.

Captain C. O. Henry, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain J. F. McVey, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain T. F. Joyce, MB, Quantico, Va.

Captain M. G. Holmes, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lieut. W. W. Orr, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.

1st Lieut. S. L. Zea, MD, RS, NYd, New York, N. Y.

1st Lieut. W. W. Paca, MB, NA, Annapolis, Md.

1st Lieut. R. H. Schubert, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.

1st Lieut. S. E. Ridderhof, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lieut. E. E. Hall, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lieut. A. C. Cottrell, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. T. H. Cartwright, MB, NTS, Newport, R. I.  
 2nd Lt. F. M. McAlister, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 2nd Lt. H. D. Hansen, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 2nd Lt. J. P. Juhan, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 2nd Lt. E. S. Piper, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 2nd Lt. J. C. Munn, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 2nd Lt. R. P. Rutledge, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 2nd Lt. S. S. Jack, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 2nd Lt. F. M. June, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 2nd Lt. J. G. Walraven, MB, NYd, Washington, D. C.  
 2nd Lt. R. J. Straub, MB, Quantico, Va.  
 2nd Lt. G. D. Chappell, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 2nd Lt. J. W. Earnshaw, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 Chf. Gnr. J. J. Faragher, MB, Quantico, Va.  
 Chf. Qm. Clk. B. Eagan, MB, Quantico, Va.  
 Pay Clk. J. J. Reidy, Hdqrs. MC, Washington, D. C.

The following named officers have been detached from the station indicated and ordered to the Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via Naval transport sailing from Charleston, S. C., on or about January 9, 1928:

Brig. Gen. L. Feland, MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 Lt. Col. C. R. Sanderson, AQM, MB, Quantico, Va.  
 Captain H. H. Phipps, MB, Washington, D. C.  
 Captain P. C. Keyer, Jr., MB, Quantico, Va.  
 1st Lt. J. B. Hardie, MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 1st Lt. R. D. Foote, Rectg., New Orleans, La.  
 1st Lt. J. D. Humphrey, MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C.  
 1st Lt. J. P. Riseley, MB, Parris Island, S. C.  
 1st Lt. G. W. Shearer, MB, NAS, Pensacola, Fla.  
 Chf. Gnr. J. J. Andrews, MB, Parris Island, S. C.

The following named officers have been detached from the stations indicated and ordered to the Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via Naval transport sailing from San Diego, Calif., on or about January 9, 1928:

Major H. C. Pierce, Hdqrs. Dept. Pacific, San Francisco.  
 Captain G. F. Stokes, Rectg., Denver, Colo.  
 Captain W. K. McNulty, Rectg., San Francisco, Calif.  
 Captain J. T. Smith, RS, DB, San Diego, Calif.  
 Captain G. T. Hall, MB, NAD, Puget Sound, Wash.  
 Captain R. Blake, Rec. Ship, San Francisco, Calif.  
 1st Lt. E. F. O'Day, MB, NAD, St. Julien's Creek, Va.  
 1st Lt. W. J. Mosher, RS, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 1st Lt. G. W. McHenry, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.  
 1st Lt. M. V. Yandle, Rectg., Portland, Oregon.  
 1st Lt. F. I. Fenton, Dept. of the Pacific.  
 1st Lt. B. W. Atkinson, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.  
 1st Lt. E. B. Moore, 3rd Reserve Regt., San Francisco.  
 1st Lt. R. L. Skidmore, MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.  
 2nd Lt. P. A. Shiebler, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.  
 2nd Lt. H. C. Roberts, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.  
 2nd Lt. R. S. Burr, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.  
 2nd Lt. A. Zubar, MB, Quantico, Va.  
 2nd Lt. L. Norman, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.  
 2nd Lt. P. A. Putnam, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.  
 Gnr. W. G. Allen, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

January 6, 1928

Captain R. Arnett, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, via Naval

transport sailing from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about January 9, 1928.

Captain C. D. Sniffin, detached 3rd Bn., 5th Reserve Regt., New Orleans, La., to 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, via U. S. S. "Coppername" sailing from New Orleans on or about January 20, 1928.

Captain G. Moseley, retired as of January 11, 1928.

Captain F. E. Stack, promoted to captain as of December 23, 1927.

1st Lt. F. G. Cowie, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Observation Squadron Seven, 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, via Naval transport sailing from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about January 9, 1928.

1st Lt. A. Galt, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, via Naval transport sailing from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about January 9, 1928.

2nd Lt. A. C. Koonce, detached MB, NYd, Phila., Pa., to 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, via Naval transport sailing from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about January 9, 1928.

Qm. Clk. C. Wiedemann, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Parris Island, S. C.

January 7, 1928

Captain E. O. Ames, relieved from temporary duty beyond the seas with the Third Brigade, China, and ordered to return to the United States for treatment at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, Calif.

Captain W. G. Farrell, ordered to temporary aviation duty beyond the seas with the Third Brigade, China, via the U. S. A. T. "Thomas" sailing from San Francisco, Calif., on or about January 13th.

Captain T. E. Wick, detached Recruiting District of Salt Lake City, Salt Lake City, Utah, to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. F. I. Fenton, assigned to duty with MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. E. Savage, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to duty with the National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua.

2nd Lt. R. S. A. Gladden, detached Second Brigade, Nicaragua, to duty with the National Guard Detachment and Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua.

2nd Lt. C. W. Kail, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Observation Squadron Seven, Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via Naval transport sailing from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about January 9th.

Chf. Pay Clk. W. J. Sherry, detached MB, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

January 9, 1928

Captain T. E. Wicks, AQM, detailed as an Assistant Quartermaster.

1st Lt. B. F. Johnson, relieved from special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Third Brig., China, and ordered to return to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. V. E. Megee, relieved from special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Third Brig., China, and ordered to return to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. H. D. Harris, relieved from special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Third Brig., China, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., and ordered to duty at MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. R. H. Ridgely, detached MB, Parris Island, S. C., to 2nd Brig., Nicaragua, via Naval transport sailing from Charleston, S. C., on or about January 9, 1928.

2nd Lt. L. R. Dewine, assigned additional temporary duty as CO, MB, NAS, San Diego, Calif.

January 10, 1928

Major C. L. Gawne, assigned additional duty as OIC, Recruiting District of New Orleans, New Orleans, La.

Major J. D. Murray, five days after reporting of relief detached Headquarters Recruiting District of Boston, Boston, Mass., to MB, NYd, Boston, Mass.

Major L. B. Stephenson, assigned additional duty as OIC, Recruiting District of San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif.

Captain J. M. Bain, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty with the Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and the Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Saratoga" scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about January 21, 1928.

Captain E. L. Burwell, Jr., detached MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y., to duty with the Nicaraguan National Guard Detachment and the Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Saratoga" scheduled to sail from

Newport, R. I., on or about January 26, 1928.  
 1st Lt. W. Sessions, retired as of January 5, 1928.

1st Lt. D. A. Stafford, detached Seventh Reserve Regiment, New York, N. Y., to MB, NAD, Iona Island, N. Y.

January 11, 1928

Major H. M. Butler, detached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., to First Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery" scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about March 1, 1928.

1st Lt. J. A. McShane, detached MB, Pacific Coast Torpedo Station, Keyport, Washington, to MB, NAD, Puget Sound, Washington.

#### NAVAL TRANSPORTS

CHAUMONT—Arrived Shanghai 28 October. Operating temporarily with the Asiatic Fleet. Will leave Manila 3 February for San Francisco on the following itinerary: Arrive Guam 7 Feb., leave 9 Feb.; arrive Honolulu 17 Feb., leave 19 Feb.; arrive San Francisco 25 February.

HENDERSON—Arrived San Diego 6 January. Sailed San Diego 7 January for the Asiatic Station on the following itinerary: Arrive Honolulu 14 January, leave 15 January; arrive Guam 27 Jan., leave 28 Jan.; arrive Manila 2 Feb.

KITTERY—Arrived Port au Prince 9 January. Will leave Port au Prince 10 Jan.; arrive Hampton Roads 15 January, will leave Hampton Roads 17 January; arrive Washington 18 Jan., leave Wash. 19 Jan.; arrive Hampton Roads 20 Jan., leave 20 Jan.; arrive Washington 21 Jan., leave 21 Jan.; arrive Hampton Roads 22 Jan., will leave Hampton Roads 25 January for Navy Yard, Norfolk, for overhaul.

NITRO—Arrived San Diego 6 January. Will leave San Diego 9 January for the East Coast on the following itinerary: Arrive Corinto 17 Jan., leave 18 Jan.; arrive Canal Zone 20 Jan., leave 22 Jan.; arrive Guantanamo 24 Jan., leave 24 Jan.; arrive Hampton Roads 28 Jan., leave 4 Feb.; arrive New York 5 Feb.

LANAPO—Sailed San Pedro 4 January for Canal Zone. Arrive Canal Zone 16 Jan., leave 18 Jan.; arrive Guantanamo 21 Jan., leave 25 Jan.; arrive Canal Zone 28 Jan., leave 30 Jan.; arrive San Pedro 11 Feb.

SALINAS—Sailed Delaware Breakwater 8 January for Canal Zone. Due Canal Zone 16 Jan., leave 18 Jan.; arrive San Pedro 30 Jan., leave 3 Feb.; arrive Canal Zone 15 Feb., leave 17 Feb.; arrive Yorktown 25 Feb. (\*Will stop at Corinto en route Canal Zone to San Pedro, arriving Corinto 20 Jan. and leaving on the same date.)

SAPELO—Sailed Hampton Roads 6 January for the Canal Zone. Due Canal Zone 14 January, leave 16 January; arrive Corinto 18 Jan., leave 19 Jan.; arrive San Pedro 29 Jan., leave 2 Feb.; arrive Canal Zone 14 Feb., leave 16 Feb.; arrive Guantanamo 19 February.

SIRIUS—Arrived Norfolk Yard 3 January. Will be under overhaul at Norfolk Yard until 11 February.

VEGA—Sailed Mare Island 4 January for Bremerton. Due 7 January. Will leave Puget Sound 13 January for the East Coast of the United States on the following itinerary: Arrive San Francisco 16 Jan., leave 24 Jan.; arrive San Pedro 25 Jan., leave 26 Jan.; arrive San Diego 26 Jan., leave 28 Jan.; arrive Corinto 6 Feb., leave 6 Feb.; arrive Canal Zone 8 Feb., leave 10 Feb.; arrive Boston 18 Feb., leave 23 Feb.; arrive New York 29 Feb., leave 28 Feb.; arrive Philadelphia 29 Feb., leave 2 March; arrive Hampton Roads 3 March.

BRAZOS—Sailed Hampton Roads 9 January for Yorktown. Will be transporting and supplying fuel oil and gasoline to storage and vessels of the Scouting Fleet during the month of January.

BRIDGE—At Navy Yard New York for overhaul. Will leave New York 12 January; arrive Hampton Roads 15 January, leave Hampton Roads 22 January for Guantanamo.

ARCTIC—Arrived San Pedro 8 January. Will leave San Pedro 18 January for San Francisco, leave San Francisco 23 January for Mare Island for overhaul. Date of completion of overhaul 23 February.

CUYAMA—At San Pedro. Will remain in San Pedro-San Diego area during the month of January.

(Continued on page 44)



## THE GAZETTE

(Continued from page 43)

KANAWHA—Sailed San Pedro 5 January for Canal Zone via Gulf of Fonseca. Arrive Gulf of Fonseca 14 Jan., leave Gulf of Fonseca 14 Jan.; arrive Canal Zone 17 Jan., leave 21 Jan.; arrive San Pedro 2 Feb., leave 4 Feb.

NECHES—At San Diego. Will remain in San Pedro-San Diego area until 20 January when she departs for Puget Sound for overhaul.

PECOS—Arrived Shanghai 19 December.

## RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Captain Charles D. Sniffin—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

First Lieutenant Edward B. Moore—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Second Lieutenant Samuel S. Ballentine—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Second Lieutenant Kenneth H. Cornell—Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Corporal Frederick W. A. Smith—Concrete Construction.

Corporal Frederick W. A. Smith—Mathematics and Mechanics for Civil Engineers.

Corporal Frederick W. A. Smith—Principles of Surveying.

Private First Class Ernest Lecours—Railway Postal Clerk.

Private First Class Russell L. Massena—Radio.

Private William J. Benedict—Railroad Postal Clerk.

Private Eskel Erickson—Railroad Postal Clerk.

Private William C. Haas—Railroad Postal Clerk.

Private Ralph H. Woodard—Civil Service General Clerical.

## DEATHS

CALLAWAY, Bernard F., Pvt., killed in action December 18, 1927, in Nicaragua. Next of kin: John H. Callaway, father, Route C, San Antonio, Texas.

WILSON, Roy L., Pvt., died December 25, 1927, of disease, in China. Next of kin: Mrs. Mettie Wilson, mother, Reston, Douglas County, Oregon.

CASSIDY, Charles, Pvt., accidentally killed December 27, 1927, by railroad train at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: William Cassidy, brother, Vow Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland.

SILVERNAIL, John, Cpl., died December 27, 1927, in Nicaragua. Next of kin: James Welach, friend, 514 Chataqua Street Philadelphia, Pa.

TREGO, Fred G., Pvt. 1st Cl., died December 27, 1927, in China. Next of kin: Mrs. Pearl G. Trego, mother, Osage, Iowa.

CROSSON, Estler, Pvt. 1st Cl., killed in action December 30, 1927, near Quilali, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Emma Crosson, mother, R. F. D. No. 2, Pleasant Plain, Ohio.

GOLDSMITH, George E., Pvt. 1st Cl., killed in action December 30, 1927, near Quilali, Nicaragua. Next of kin: George Goldsmith, father, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 56, Deer Park, Wisc.

HEMPHILL, Johnny F., 1st Sgt., killed in action December 30, 1927, near Quilali, Nicaragua. Next of kin: John S. Hemphill, father, Ferguson, Missouri.

THIELHART, Adolph, Cpl., killed in action December 30, 1927, near Quilali, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Mrs. Albertine Lehman, mother, 247 Irving Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WATSON, Grady W., Pvt. 1st Cl., killed in action December 30, 1927, near Quilali, Nicaragua. Next of kin: Jack Watson, father, Point, Louisiana.

SALUTSKY, Joseph D., Pvt. F. M. C. R., inactive, died March 15, 1927, of disease at New York, N. Y. Next of kin: Miss Sophia Salutsky, sister, 34 Division Street, New York, N. Y.

FRAZIER, Frank, 1st Sgt., retired, died November 1, 1927, of disease, at Ancon, Canal Zone. Next of kin: None.

CURRY, John M., Cpl., F. M. C. R., inactive, died November 8, 1927, of accidental gunshot wound received while hunting, at Bayard, W. Va. Next of kin: Escar F. Curry, father, Bayard, W. Va.

SCULLY, James, Pvt., retired, died November 11, 1927, of disease, at Abbeyville, Queens County, Ireland. Next of kin: Denis and Peter Scully, brothers, Rathanska, Vicarstown, Queens County, Ireland.

STOKER, Samuel, 1st Sgt., retired, died November 24, 1927, of disease, at Dalton, Georgia. Next of kin: Mrs. Mer tie Stoker, wife, Dalton, Georgia.

## THE MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 24)

after the 1928 national dues from the word received. A big meeting will be held on the 16th of this month for the purpose of getting the detachment together. However, we will look out and be prepared for the coming membership cards from Boston.

There is no more news on my desk at present and I will wait for the few more hours to pass to tune in on the Sharkey-Heeney fight to see which one of them is going to get a crack at our friend Tunney.

ON TO DALLAS IS OUR SLOGAN, PASS THE WORD ALONG.

## THE JAMES D. SNYDER DETACHMENT

By Leland G. Onyan

I have noted with interest that news of Marine Corps League outfits would be greatly appreciated. Well, I haven't sent any in in so long that you might think we were all wet up this way but we are not, so here goes. In the first place, this detachment has just elected its officers for the coming term. This past Wednesday evening they were installed at the third annual banquet of this detachment held at Uhrig's restaurant, 1400 Grant Boulevard, this city. We had a total attendance of fifty-five. Marine Commandant Bernier, the retiring commandant of this detachment, acted as the toastmaster and spoke in the following officers: The new Commandant, Jack A. Hogle, late of the 95th Company, Sixth Regiment Marines, A. E. F.; Paymaster, Herman L. Reissig; Adjutant, Leland G. Onyan; Senior Vice-Commandant, William Dennis, Jr.; Junior Vice-Commandant, "Jerry" Jarosewicz; Judge Advocate, Oliver D. Bernier; Chaplain, Kinnie Dutcher; Sergeant Major, Merl Pynn, and Mess Sgt., Jacob P. Barth; Chief of Staff, Philip Joe Connell. The detachment then proceeded to get away with an enormous turkey dinner during which the toastmaster called upon the various members for short speeches in regards to Marine Corps life and adventures at the various posts in this country and abroad. The detachment had as its honored guest of the evening the mother of Corporal James Dwight Snyder, after which this detachment is named, Cpl. Snyder being the first Syracuse marine to die in action during the big scrap in France.

The retiring Commandant, Marine Bernier, who served three terms as commandant of this organization since it was founded, was presented with a silver loving cup as a token of the esteem in which he is held by this detachment. Music for the occasion was furnished by the Dreamy Serenaders, a stringed orchestra of great repute in this section. Dancing was enjoyed after the ceremonies were over.

We are now planning our activities for the coming year, the main object being to have a good paid-up membership, and lastly but not the least the securing of a site for our outdoor range nearer the city, our present one being located at the camp of the new commandant, about twenty miles west of the city on Cross Lake.

## THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 21)

## Private Badly Wounded

Pvt. Charles E. Turner, U. S. M. C., was seriously wounded in the first burst of machine gun fire. After regaining consciousness he crawled to a position to fire on the enemy and continued to fire until he fainted from pain and loss of blood.

Pvt. Herbert D. Lester, U. S. M. C., brought a mule carrying the advance guard's machine gun through devastating enemy fire, set up the gun and kept it going after the corporal in charge had been riddled with enemy machine gun fire.

First Lt. Moses J. Gould, U. S. M. C., who assumed command of the expedition after Capt. Livingston was wounded, worked his way forward in front of the enemy lines to conduct the machine gun fire, showing skill and soldierly ability under the most difficult circumstances. He was slightly wounded.

First Lt. Thomas J. Killcourse, U. S. M. C., under a heavy, withering and well directed fire from the enemy disregarded his personal safety and moved up to the enemy's right, thus frustrating their apparent plan to attack from that direction.

Lt. William T. Minnick, Medical Corps, U. S. N., exposed himself to the rebels' fire in caring for the wounded. He was slightly wounded.

Sergt. William E. Roberts, U. S. M. C., showed "qualities of leadership of the highest order, his gallantry and personal courage being an example to all."

Pvt. John A. Harris, U. S. M. C., exposed himself to heavy enemy fire to procure ammunition from the back of a terrorized mule.

Pvt. George Rackermann, U. S. M. C., fired his machine gun with one hand and assisted in holding an ammunition mule with the other.

Pvt. Victor C. Hughes, U. S. M. C., kept up a heavy, well directed fire in face of enemy machine gun fire from the front and rifle fire from the flanks.

Pharmacist's Mate Weldeb C. Calk, U. S. N., traveled back and forth along the column under heavy fire to bring dressings from the rear and render first aid to the injured.

Pharmacist's Mate Harry A. Rooney, U. S. N., administered first aid to the wounded in face of heavy fire, disregarding his personal safety.

## Risks Life to Aid Wounded

Pharmacist's Mate George B. Worthington, U. S. N., went to the head of the column to render first aid to the wounded at the risk of his own life.

Pvt. Glenn Smith, U. S. M. C., planted himself in an open and dangerous point to better return fire against the rebels.

Pvt. David J. Jones, U. S. M. C., displayed great coolness in removing ammunition from a mule while under heavy fire.

Lt. Merton A. Richal of Minneapolis, who was wounded January 2 when leading reinforcements to Quilali and is invalided here, was paid high tribute by his soldiers. With one eye shot out, he carried on. His soldiers said it was one of the greatest acts of heroism they had ever seen.

(Continued on page 45)



## A MARINE'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF HONOLULU TOWN

(By Allyn Henry Wright, U. S. M. C.)

After alighting from the train at the Oahu depot in Honolulu, there are three possible directions which might be taken by a Marine to get his first impressions of this well-known town. Anyone of these directions would provide any number of interesting eye-opening and unusual impressions to the newcomer.

This Marine, however, journeyed south from the depot, on King street. Chinese stores of all kinds, the river, fruit and vegetable markets where a thousand and one varied and distinct odors are easily discernable; then stores of a slightly higher level, and then to some of the good stores of the town.

Cosmopolitan (yes, in every sense of the word) describes the populace of Honolulu. For there are Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Spanish, Italians, and other nationalities, and the native Hawaiian. Also various intermixtures of all of these. The English and Americans are represented, but in a prominent minority.

Wandering around through the many crooked thoroughfares (as did this Marine), were many soldiers from the nearby army posts, and sailors from the sub-base at Pearl Harbor and other naval detachments. But, there was a noticeable absence of Marines. Several were seen, but they were minding their own business. S. P. and M. P. were noticed patrolling the streets, and they frequently called a sailor for a cocked hat or an untied neckerchief.

These are a few of the first impressions of a Leatherneck on his first day of "liberty" in the peculiar town of Honolulu, Hawaii. No doubt many other Marines have had such or a similar "first impression" of this interesting town.

## EDITORIAL IN THE GLOBE AND ANCHOR, JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH ROYAL MARINES

Much that is harmful, and probably untrue, appears in the Press of various countries on the subject of Anglo-American relations. The detachments of Calcutta and Cairo can tell you that there is nothing amiss in the relations between the Royal Marines and the United States Marine Corps (p. 238, et seq.).

We in England do not grasp how much the gift of "Private Pagett" was, and is, appreciated in America; nor perhaps do we realize how much that gift meant to our brother Marines on the other side of the Atlantic. The following extract, taken from a letter of a Royal Marine officer who was present at Boston and Washington during the recent visit of the two British cruisers:

"I did not realize until I visited an American port, the tremendous amount of interest, and almost emotion, the gift of 'Private Pagett' to the U. S. Marines has aroused on this side of the Atlantic. It appears to me to have got beyond the stage of an inter-Marine affair, and to have become almost international...."

—In conclusion, I must state that the kindness and hospitality we have received at the hands of the U. S. Marines, both here and at Boston, are beyond anything we could have imagined, and the relations between the two Corps are more than cordial."

## WING DOPE FROM OBSERVATION SQUADRON NINE, PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI.

By C. M. Tyner

Well, folks, after having been silent for a couple of months we are coming out with so much news this month that you will be comparing this column with the one written by Jordan, "The Big Banana Man," in Nicaragua.

Second Lieutenant John T. Harris returned from leave in the States on Friday, October 21, 1927, via the S. S. "Amor" and has assumed his duties as officer in charge of parachutes.

The U. S. S. "New York" came in Saturday, October 23rd, bringing with her the Guantanamo Marine baseball team. In the afternoon the Port au Prince Marines and the Guantanamo Marines had a game on the aviation baseball diamond. Smith was on the mound for Guantanamo and "our own Kyle" for Port au Prince. Our boys fought a hard battle but the Cubans came out on top.

A Keystone three-motored, twelve-passenger biplane, piloted by Mr. Rowe and Mr. McKim, landed on this field at one o'clock Saturday, October 22, 1927. This plane and a Fairchild (convertible seaplane) is controlled by the West Indies Aerial Express Company and it is understood that this company is to operate an airline between San Juan and Havana, Cuba, carrying passengers and mail. Stops being made at San Domingo City, D. R.; Port au Prince, Haiti, and Santiago, Cuba. Havana will be their main terminal and Port au Prince will be used, temporarily, as a relay point for pilots.

On Thursday, October 27, 1927, Navy Day, a program, consisting of various types of plane formations, message pick-up, dive bombing and a parachute jump. The field and all shops were open for inspection. The pilots taking part in the program were: Captain Shearer, Lieutenants Harris and Rhoads, Chief Marine Gunner Reagan, Master Technical Sergeant Blackwell, Gunnery Sergeant Dahlstrom and Sergeant Nolan. The exhibition of message pick-up was given under the direction of Captain Nelson and brought quite a thrill to the witnessing crowd. Corporal Frisch made a beautiful parachute jump, landing almost in the center of the field. He was the hero of the day, in the eyes of the younger of the spectators. Quite a large crowd witnessed the demonstration, among the more prominent of the spectators were Brig. General John H. Russell, American High Commissioner and members of his staff, also the American Legation and the American Colony were well represented.

On October 30th and 31st a plane piloted by Captain Shearer with Lieutenant Watson, aide to the American High Commissioner, as passenger, accompanied the American High Commissioner on a tour of inspection of Cape Haitian, Republic of Haiti.

Chief Marine Gunner Frank F. Puttammer was detached to the Aircraft Squadrons, E. C. E. F., Quantico, Virginia, and Privates Harry C. Orton and John W. Vassel were transferred to the States upon report of medical survey on November 3rd, 1927, via the U. S. S. "Kittery."

Captain and Mrs. R. A. Presley spent ten days, from November 10th to November 20th, in the mountains at Furcy.

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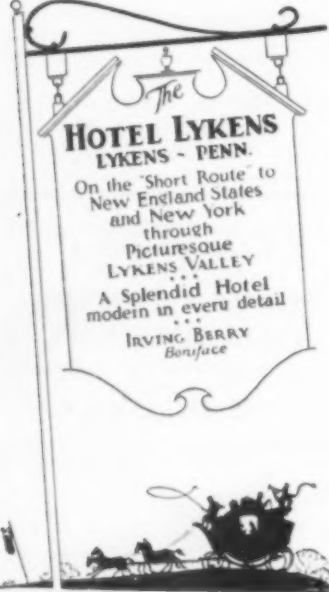
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On Wednesday, November 16, 1927, Hon. Edward P. Warner, Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics, accompanied by his aide, Lieutenant Commander William E. Harrill, U. S. Navy, made an inspection of the personnel, field, shops and material of this squadron. He expressed himself as being highly pleased with the appearance of both the personnel and the materials. After the inspection a three-plane formation consisting of Captain R. A. Presley, pilot; Hon. Edward P. Warner, passenger; Captain T. R. Shearer, pilot; Lieutenant Commander Harrill, passenger, and Gunnery Sergeant R. A. Dahlstrom, pilot, Lieutenant S. J. Trowbridge (MC., U. S. Navy), passenger, flew from Bowen Field to the Citadel.

They say that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach and we can say that our Mess Sergeant, Corporal Cortright, found that way when he put out the Thanksgiving dinner. It certainly was a "feed" and we have decided that Cortright is an excellent mess sergeant and in every way a good fellow. On Thanksgiving evening a stag smoker was given by the personnel of this squadron. It consisted of various musical numbers, songs, dances, jokes and boxing bouts. The boxing bouts were three two-minute round affairs refereed by Gy. Sgt. "Teddy" Gooding, the results are as follows: Preliminaries, Cucco vs. Rollins, both of aviation. Cucco was awarded the decision. Stoneking vs. Darcy, both from the Second Regiment. Stoneking failed to come out of his corner for the third round, so Darcy was declared the winner. Trezowsky, 2nd Regiment, vs. Charles, Aviation, draw. Semi-final: La Due, Aviation, vs. Russell, Brigade Signal; La Due was awarded the decision. Final: Couch vs. Ross, draw. It was a very good entertainment and its popularity was shown by the large assemblage of the military occupation who attended.

The afternoon bunk fatigue is going to suffer from now on, I'm afraid, as Frisch bought himself a "wioleen" (violin) the other day and declares that he is going to practice every afternoon, some of the fellows have already gone over to the sick bay and procured a supply of cotton for their ears.

On Wednesday, December 21, 1927, the fourth game of the Brigade Service Baseball League between the Second Regiment and Aviation was played. Practically every officer and man in the command turned out to see the game. The Regiment disembarked from their trucks at the far end of the field and marched, behind the band, to the bleachers. Music for the game was furnished by the Bowen Field Military Band and the Second Regiment Band, the former was composed of G. I. cans, buckets and miscellaneous old surveyed parts of a DH, crankcases, crankshafts, propeller hubs, etc. All we lacked was Gy. Sgt. "Pop" Berry and his bass drum to have had a complete band such as the one that furnished the music for the 10th Regiment-Aviation game at Quantico last year. The final score was 9-0 in favor (of course) of Aviation, placing Aviation in first place in the league. Previous to this game Aviation and the Regiment were tied for first place, neither team having lost a game. This makes the

third consecutive victory for the Aviation nine and they are still going strong.

We have four short timers in camp now, Corporals Hemness, the modern Stienmetz, "Goose" Gosney of the test stand, Masters, the typewriter king, and last, but not least, we have Houseworth, the Rittman muck rat. They will leave on the February "Kittery" and I'm sure we will miss all four of them. We expect, however, to have them all back with us as soon as they have had time to ship over.

Who said there wasn't any Santa Claus? All of us know that it isn't true, because we saw him last night, in the person of Sergeant Dugald L. Steele, at our Christmas Eve entertainment out on the tennis court. The entertainment was put on for the personnel of VO Squadron Nine, M, Motor Transport and Brigade Signal Company. The program consisted of musical numbers by the Second Regiment Orchestra, a Hawaiian Guitar solo by Corporal Coder and distribution of Christmas presents by Santa Claus. Quite a large crowd was present and a good time was had by all.

Well, I think this will be about all for this month, so I'll "hang up" for the time being. Hoping to be with you again next month.

#### NEIGHINGS OF THE FLYING STAL- LION SQUADRON IN NICARAGUA

By a Plane Observer

At last the mythical mountain fastness stronghold of the "Terror of the Hills," Sandino, the dude that will cause many a good Marine and the rest of them from being back in the States by Christmas, has been definitely located and as our lovable "Little Brown Brothers" say "poqo tempo fini Sandino y no mas-posibli" with the determined greeting of adois as he adjusted his safety belt et cetera on the morning of the 23rd of November, Major Rowell, our K. O. told Sergeant Major Dudley:

"If anyone calls for me tell them that I am at Chipote."

Now to you five readers who don't know, I will tell you that this town, possibly for the want of a better Chamber of Commerce, et cetera, that does not have a good publicity man, as I am, has been more or less a mythical place to we Marines and is the fort, stronghold, capitol, rendezvous,—or what have you! of this dude Sandino. And it is known that it is his base of operations from which his raids have been made down into the lower mesas of turbulent little department of Neuvia Segovia.

The Major, with Captain Frances Pierce as observer and Gunnery Sergeant Munsch with Gunnery Sergeant Arnold as observer, in two planes flew to the supposed location of the secluded stronghold Wednesday morning, November 23rd, and on flying down to get a close scrutiny of the place were fired upon by machine guns and rifles by the garri-soned followers of Sandino. The Major dived in and let fire with his fixed gun and bombs and Captain Pierce opened up with his flexible machine gun and Munsch and Arnold followed "suit" on the many "fox-hole" machine gun nests and other accoutrements of war that are stored at this base by Sandino.

The Major got two holes in the wing of his plane and Munsch suffered six

holes in his right wing and stabilizer and he dived in and out again shelling and bombing the stronghold. One of the bandit bullets struck the Major's tire on his right front wheel and it was due only to his skillful maneuvering of the crippled landing gear at Ocotal that kept the plane from being demolished as the treacherous air there necessitated much superior piloting to keep the plane from ground looping on the landing and possibly wrecking it. The wings were damaged a little but were repaired at Ocotal and both planes landed back at Managua late in the afternoon.

The location of this stronghold of the bandit chieftain is one of the most important pieces of aerial accomplishment done by the squadron in its work in Nicaragua. The mountain on which the fort is located is 5,000 feet high and studded with large tropical trees that shelter all of the buildings from the eyes of the observers and pilots. The greatest disadvantage is that practically all the time the clouds hang low over that section and flying is very dangerous there and the air is unusually rough. The fact that there were machine gun nests there and the work noted by the holes in the plane's wing that were checked up after planes landed proved some of the gunners of Sandino have learned something of the leading of a plane with a barrage. To get shot down in that area would mean to be chopped to bits by the bandit machetes, although the fliers were able to escape the crashing of their plane in the miasma that is offered by the terrible terrain. The find is important in that it gives the correct location of Sandino's base of operations and plans of attack can be made on the place. And this will probably have been successfully done by the time this dope gets to the Leatherneck and the Marines will have another thing in hand and this time they possibly will not want it and "so'll nobody else." Maj. Rowell deserves more credit than will be given by those not appreciating the hazardous flying conditions and his companions on the mission, share it.

Kipling has said that "There is something that you'll learn from the yellow and brown that'll help you a lot with the white"—"The more you see of the others, the less you'll settle to one"—and "A woman is only a woman and a good 'cold one' satiates the thirst." After apologizing to the great English sage if there is any misquoting, we want to observe the effect that "these" tropics, the glare of the tropical sun, the opalescence of that captivating tropical moon, or something tropical, that has to do with the eyesight of some of the men of this squadron. When the "outfit" first got here some of the alludings "To the Ladies" was in a dark, black, somber sayings, about two months later some were heard to remark of the browns, yellows, and Mullattoes, and the other evening this loud retort was made:

"I'll swear she's white."

It sure is fortunate for some of us that Doctor Hunter forgot that little box that contains all shades of those skeins of thread that are black shades of black, brown and shades of brown and those other colors that are between the color of my gyrene complexion and caucasian.

With the shipment of the new Vought U-20's that will arrive here sometime

before the first of the year we will have planes that will be ideal for both the rainy and the dry season in Nicaragua. During the rainy season we can "break out" the old D. H.s with the water-cooled Liberty motors and in the dry season the new Pratt-Whitney Wasps in the U-20's can be used. But the dry season does not get quite that dry in Nicaragua that water cannot be found to fill a radiator.

On the morning of the finding of the Sandino stronghold Captain Pierce was so well pleased with the Lewis flexible machine gun that he has asked the armory to lay it aside and issue it to him on every trip that he makes into the "hills" as an observer. One of the armorers has gone so far as to lay a file handy for the Captain so that he can file the notches on each return, "ring 'em up." Captain Pierce is the chief observer of the squadron and his many close scrutinies of the area in Nueva Segovia have given the Brigade much valuable information. Captain Pierce is a finished gunner and his fire at the battle of Ocotal and on many patrols has sent many bandits "west" if H— is in that direction here in Nicaragua as we have not got fully oriented here yet. In addition to being the chief observer, the Captain is the radio and communications officer and is taking the reins of the quartermaster while Lt. Henkle is on leave in the States.

Certainly was good to see First Lieutenant Christian F. Schilt arrive a short time ago. Lt. Schilt is recognized as one of the best pilots in the three services and it is to "Look Up and Smile," to see him putting the old D. H's through their paces as no other man does it. Mr. Schilt says that it's all a nightmare to him in the terrible terrain of the hills, but wait until he orientated and things will come just as they have to the rest of us.

Now about this new Fokker that we have. The first load that it took to the hills was 1,820 pounds of freight that included 194 packages that ranged in content from nickel bars of candy, shoe strings for the Guardia in Ocotal, clothes, newspapers, books, rifle ammunition, branding irons, mule shoes, medical supplies, and chewing tobacco. The smallest package weighed four ounces and the largest 120 pounds. The giant plane is doing herculean work that would require the D. H's weeks of flying. But in the past few days it has been used as a transport for the ground troops. A full platoon of men has been moved to Ocotal in the past three days with full packs and equipment.

The arrival of the Vega on the 9th brought Gunnery Sergeant Bill Groves, Corporal C. C. Campbell, the big weather man from Anacostia, Corporal George Hayes who says that Nicaragua is a thousand times better than Fredericksburg, Pfc. Kolbe, an ex-army "Bird" that knows his stuff along several lines and we are glad to get him, Privates "Red" Liller, "Red" Gordon, Hightower the Steinmetz of the detail, Dew a radio expert, Jackson, a field man, and Dupler, an ex-music. Every little bit helps and in this case we got some of the best men in the Marine Aviation. There is Groves, who is rated as one of the best men carpenters in any man's outfit, George Hayes, who recently graduated



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from the army parachute school and has made several jumps in the States, C. C. Campbell, the best weather "Bird" in Marine Aviation. To prove that he is the best he was selected to teach the gobs at Anacostia and when the Navy selects a Gyrene to teach a gob that Gyrene savvys his peastache. Kolbe comes from the Army with the best of recommendations and the rest of the men are at least journeymen in their lines.

On December 3rd Lt. Samson-Scribner with Captain Livingston of the "Line" as his passenger, had a forced landing 8 miles north of San Francisco, directly across Lake Managua from Managua. His motor quit after the oil pump failed and he negotiated a perfect landing in a tiny native maize field without injury to himself or the passenger. The writer happened to be along on the flight with the escort plane and speaks with the authority of an eye witness. Had not the plane struck a stump in the field there would not have been any injury to it and it could have been hauled to San Francisco and flown off the beach there. But due to several strained members it had to be brought back to Managua by boat.

#### NOTES FROM THE FIFTH REGIMENT IN NICARAGUA

By Cecil S. Allyn

There is a tendency among those that went back to the States with the Second Battalion of the Fifth, the Eleventh Regiment and the old Brigade to refer to the situation in Nicaragua as the "recent" difficulties there. We have received numerous letters making this reference from members of the Marine forces who were here during the first half of 1927. They have spread the idea in the States that the situation in Nicaragua is nothing much more than a farce, good training for Marines with a populace ready to abide to the wishes of the Marines. This is the idea gathered during the time when the population here was divided into two factions and we were merely observing their movements to see that foreign property and lives were not endangered. Each party was trying to make favorable impression with the Americans and were too concentrated in their own arguments to wish any trouble with Marines. This was followed by the disarmament, which, while disarming a great number of people, failed to bring in all the arms as evidenced by the number of Thompsons, machine guns and rifles that are confronting our forces in almost daily operations against bandit bands. Things did look rather peaceful and the only disturbing feature prior to the withdrawal of the old brigade was the battle of Ocotal on 16 July which was only a semi-climax to the trouble yet to come. In those days we were studying the country, training being the primary aim of the forces here.

After the battle of Ocotal, so ably won by a very small force of Marines assisted by an equally small Guardia detachment and a plane attack lead by Major Rowell of V. O. Squadron 7-M, banditry took a lull. It appeared that this one battle was all that was needed to kill banditry. Under this impression the Second Battalion of the Fifth, the 11th Regiment and the old brigade returned to the States with the idea "The war is won." Shortly after the return of the majority of the forces in Nicaragua

to the States, there appeared numerous bands in the northern provinces of Esteli, Jinotega and Nueva Segovia, ravaging and pillaging everything in their paths. It then became evident that the lull following the battle of Ocotal was not with the idea of giving up on the part of the bandits but merely for the purpose of concentration and planning to wage war with all its meaning. A portion of the small brigade left in Nicaragua then took the field against these bandit bands and due to the large concentration of bandits encountered, their discipline, coordination between the different bands and the excellent type of weapons found in their hands, reinforcements have been sent to our forces time and again until a very large portion of our brigade is now engaged in the struggle with banditry in the northern area. Almost daily contact is had with the enemy and we are almost willing to wager that any ten-day period of the past few months will contain more contacts with armed bands than the entire period prior to the withdrawal of the majority of Marine forces in Nicaragua in July and August, 1927. With this field duty, a great deal of which is in territory heretofore unknown to Americans, comes the deadly malaria. It keeps us all on our toes to keep off the sick list and a number of men are always in the field hospital recuperating from this foe.

So you can see that Colonel Gulick and his Second Brigade are not fighting a farce or myth for training purposes but are engaged in a struggle to the death with concentrated bands of bandits who are neither backward, undisciplined or ignorant in the art of bush warfare. The primary aim of the brigade now in Nicaragua has changed from that of training to "GET THE BANDIT BAND," training taking secondary place. With the accomplishment of the primary aim, the secondary aim (training) will take care of itself.

Gunnery Sergeant Brown has given up his job as in charge of the rifle range, and has flown to the "Field of Conquests" in the north, going from Managua to Ocotal in the big transport plane that has recently arrived for the Aircraft Squadron here. This plane not only furnishes a novel way of transporting troops to the field of action, but saves many weary days marching over muddy, rocky and rough trails, following bull-carts and pack animals.

With the dry season the roads are open again and the motor transport under Lieutenant Yost and Chief Marine Gunner Astin has taken the road again, breaking records in getting men and supplies forward into the interior. Mr. Astin says they are going to have to step on it now in order to keep all the trade from going to Aviation since they got the big transport plane.

It is a historical fact established by long precedent that the force that occupies La Loma (the fort on the mountain overlooking Managua) controls the country. That being true, the Fifth Regiment Band now controls Nicaragua, having recently been transferred to that place for quarters. We have heard of countries being deeply swayed and even controlled by music before, but we were of the opinion that it was a different type of music than that rendered by

"Deke" Knowles' band. However, laying all jokes aside, the Regimental Band shows decided improvement in both appearance and the quality of music rendered since "Deke" took over the helm, and with the new material which recently arrived from the States, high-grade music is forthcoming. Heretofore it has been customary for a number of the men to go out in town to hear the native band on Sunday evenings, but now since "Deke" started his Wednesday and Sunday concerts before the movies, it has been noticed that the men prefer his concerts to those of the National Band of Nicaragua.

There has been so many calls for details of men for outpost duty lately that it is said that when the telephone rings in First Battalion Headquarters, Sergeant Major McCallum says "Wonder how many men Remington (Personnel Sergeant Major) wants this time?" Remington himself is doing a little hair tearing in the game of getting the details together and was caught the other day searching his pockets in a desperate frenzy and when asked what the trouble was said "I had a squad of men here a while ago but I can't locate them now."

Corporal Wren comes forward with the following interesting information relative to Esteli, which town is occupied by the 16th Company. That is, Company Headquarters is there with the company scattered all over the Segovia department. Our greatest sport is playing tag with the fleas. We have an endurance service in Esteli—church under the jurisdiction of two eight-day padries who are wound up every Saturday night, church bells continually ringing like a railroad round-house. The mayor has been pretty busy placing signs on every corner reading as follows: "No fishing during the rainy season in the public streets." Our native band is not as good as Sousa's, but has many older members, one member having started playing the bass horn 72 years ago. We also have a police department who took correspondence lessons from Mack Senett. We have something in Esteli that you do not see in every city in Nicaragua—an electric light plant. By the aid of a lighted match you can see the streaks of light in each bulb. The plant guarantees, by the use of a small lantern with a clear sky better lights. Now our detachment is not a poor one. We have our own gravel pit and each man has a share in it and bull carts are speeding on with gravel to our new aviation field which is expected to be completed within the next four years under the same management. Our main duty here is guard, police work, and taking pack trains forward with rations. This section of the country has had many bandits and many of whom are mostly Sandino sympathizers. But in Esteli there are many citizens who are patriots and abide by the laws of their country and see the Bandit Sandino only as an outcast and as a criminal against Nicaragua.

After a long silence the pay office breaks into print with: Our gang is getting along fine, things are running smooth and we have been circulating the \$20.80's on the first of every month, or, as they say in regulations, "As early thereafter as may be practicable." Of course there are times when we have to

spend a week or two in locating one of our outfits that are out in the jungles playing tag with some spick bandit general with the unpronounceable names, and then it may take another week to find out if a bull-cart can get through to them, but outside of little delays like that we pay the boys right on the first. Last month we were lucky. Sent some pay rolls out to the hills and actually got them back in the same month. One of our pay clerks makes a pay trip every month by airplane to the jungle detachments. We are glad to say that he hasn't been killed—yet. Someone used the expression "flight pay" in his presence and he made a frenzied search through all the regulations from the Marine Corps Manual to Navy Courts & Boards, but it seems that the day those books were written (we've been wondering how long it took them to write those books) the subject of pay clerks and flight pay never came up together. We are rather proud of our pay office. The building is known as the "Casa Dona," owned by the Nicaraguan government and is kept in much better shape than the average "casa."

Nicaragua's Two-Leaf Shamrocks says—La Moca is not a familiar name or phrase perhaps to the world at large, but to the Second Brigade of Marines now stationed in Nicaragua it signifies a place of rest and recuperation from illness contracted in many weary days and wearier nights of campaigning in northern Nicaragua. The uniqueness of this institution and the splendid results obtained therefrom have prompted us to give the rest of the Corps a little information and history of this out of the way spot. In beginning our narrative we wish to call attention to the splendid foresight of Colonel L. M. Gulick, U. S. M. C., and Captain R. G. Heiner, Medical Corps, U. S. Navy, who are mainly responsible for the establishment of the base field hospital.

In the latter part of June, 1917, the Marines first made their appearance in Jinotepe. They came in the form of a small detachment and immediately began sending patrols into the surrounding country. During the early days of their stay in Jinotepe the Marines were quartered in a municipal building known as the "Oficina de Sanidad, Departamento Laboratorio de Higiene, Dispensario de Umicinariasis" (a branch of the far-reaching Rockefeller Foundation). From time to time convalescent patients recovering from serious illnesses were moved from Managua to Jinotepe to benefit by the healthful climate of this section. Among those early patients was Doctor Silverman then recovering from a recent operation. Beginning at this point the La Moca Rest Camp began to take actual form and in the succeeding few months was to prove itself a real benefit to the Marines recovering from sickness and injury.

Lieutenant McQuillan was the first Marine officer in command at Jinotepe and he was succeeded at an early date by Lieutenant Claude. It was under the command of Lieutenant Claude that the Marine Detachment was transferred from Jinotepe to La Moca proper and the Marine Rest Camp took permanent form. All patients were taken to the new location and a permanent force of

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able bodied marines were stationed there to take care of the general duties of the camp. This detachment continued in this capacity until October 14th when they were ordered back to Managua and the more improved of the patients took over the camp duties.

During the latter part of September Lieutenant C. E. Baylis took over the duties of Commanding Officer of La Moca. It was under the very able supervision of this officer that La Moca received all the improvements possible which would help toward the greater health and comfort of the patients. Many forms of recreational facilities were provided, the quality of food was bettered and sleeping conditions were improved. Lieutenant O'Shea is at present the Commanding Officer and has already proven himself capable of carrying on the good work.

Two more names from our Regiment have been added to the list of those who have made the supreme sacrifice for country and Corps. Private Albert W. Rue, 49th Company, died at Somoto, Nicaragua, at 7:40 p. m., 27 November, as result of gunshot wound received in ambush about four miles north of Somoto on morning of same date, and Private Bernard F. Calloway, 49th Company, was killed in action with an armed band about six miles north of Maculizo, Nicaragua, at 8:00 a. m., 18 December, 1927, while a member of a patrol from the detachment at Comoto, Nicaragua. In their passing we lose two excellent Marines and comrades and it is consoling to recall the following from a great writer: "He that wears khaki shall not die, for he is wedded to that which cannot die." Our comrades have left this world for another but they will continue to live in this world in tradition and spirit that surrounds and upholds Old Glory and Her first line of defense—THE MARINE CORPS.

STATION "AIRS" BROADCASTING  
Sgt. I. Schneider, U. S. M. C., at the Mike.

Good evening, everybody!

As the number of prospects for future aviators and incidentally aviatrixes increases, we must offer our congratulations to Lieutenant and Mrs. William R. Hughes on the occasion of the recent birth of a daughter and future aviatrix.

Lieutenant Hayne D. Boyden was the recipient of the distinguished flying cross and was cited by the President for his having "proceeded single handed to the attack" in the recent battle of Ocotal.

The distinguished flying cross was also awarded to Lieutenant Lawson H. McP. Sanderson. The citation reads "For extraordinary achievement in aerial flight as Engineer Officer, in accomplishing on April 22, 1921, the pioneer flight of airplanes to make a flight from Washington to Santo Domingo City, D. R., and return, thereby completing the longest flight, unguarded, in a land plane over land and sea, ever accomplished by naval aviators at that time."

As we are making this broadcast Major Louis M. Bourne, Jr., Lieutenant Jacob F. Plachta, and Master Technical Sergeant Benjamin F. Belcher, as relief pilot, are winging their way to Nicaragua in a tri-motored Fokker. Major E. H. Brainard, officer in charge of Marine aviation, successfully flew a plane

of the same model to Nicaragua last month.

The following officers were detached from this station and are now taking flying instructions at the Naval Air Station, Pensacola, Florida: Captain J. R. Neill, Jr., Lieutenants Fagan, McQuade, Hart, Pugh, Bliessner and Griffin.

For being the three highest men in their class at the Aviation Mechanics' School, Great Lakes, Illinois, the following men were promoted to the grades shown: Corporal Carlos J. Meade to sergeant, Privates Zadik Collier and Charles Cooper to corporal.

Twenty-seven of the enlisted personnel were transferred to the Great Lakes Training School to undergo instructions in the various aviation courses. With promotion as an added incentive we feel that all the men in this class will strive harder than ever to attain the highest grades.

The following telegram, sent collect, was received by the Commanding Officer:

"Would like ten days extension on present furlough and wire \$20.00 immediately as I am in tight place."

We understand the sender received a reply to the effect that if he would come back he would be forgiven.

"Jake" Stahl is back from his re-enlistment furlough and he should put out some mean chows now that he has had a sight-in on the latest culinary novelties they put out in Baltimore.

Into every man's life a change must come, and it has in the case of "Chick" Gunnels. Chick is stepping out in society these days and we have it on reliable authority that he has kissed his first white girl. In case you don't know, Chick has been down with the Haitians so long it is something of a novelty to be mixing with people of his own color.

The basket ball season has opened at the post and we are represented by two teams in the Quantico Post League. Our teams are known as "Aviation 'A'" and "Aviation 'B'." Both teams won their opening games, "B" team winning over the Medical Battalion in their initial game, while the "A" team defeated their old nemesis, the Signal Battalion quintet. Incidentally this is the first defeat administered to a Signal Battalion team in three seasons, that is, by an aviation team, and it should prove a good omen.

Aviation "A" defeated the Medicos to the tune of 32 to 13 while the "B" team went down to defeat against the powerful First Regiment team in their second game.

The "A" team played the "B" team on our own court in our new gymnasium and for a while it looked as though the "B" team would come out on top. The "B" team never played any harder against any foe than they did against their "A" rivals. At the end of the first half the score was 8 to 7 in favor of the "A's." In the first few minutes of play in the second half the "B" team took the lead but after the "A" team got organized they ran away with the "B" boys and won the game by the score of 25 to 13.

As we are about to sign off we wish to announce that the Aviation "A" team is staying right up with the leaders in the Post Basket Ball League with four victories and no defeats.

Good night, everybody!

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## THE FESSENDEN FIFES

(Continued from page 11)

to stow full dress in their kit bags were especial objects of feminine admiration and the envy and consternation of their less resourceful comrades.

The regiment arrived in battalion columns, long ribbons of undulating green as they marched with rhythmic cadence to their positions on the field. The battalions were posted facing each other, one on the south side of the field, the other on the north side. The group of distinguished officials standing near the reviewing stand on the west side grew rapidly as four o'clock approached. The American Troop and American Company of the SVC arrived and were accorded honor posts on both sides of the saluting base. A large limousine glided onto the field and the green ranks stiffened as though a magic wand had been passed down the lines turning them to stone. Admiral Bristol, commander-in-chief, U. S. Asiatic Fleet, and Mr. Cunningham, Consul General for the United States, had arrived.

The preliminaries of receiving the colors and marching onto the line were executed with smoothness and despatch. The regimental trumpeters were marched front and center to the reviewing stand. Spectators gathered their wraps about them and the men in ranks took an extra brace as a bleak wind swept the parade ground. The discordant notes of a Chinese band quavered eerily from the direction of Thibet Road adding an appropriate Oriental touch to the occasion.

The Consul General introduced Mr. Carl Seitz, chairman of the Presentation Committee and speaker of the day. A loud speaker carried his address to all members of the regiment. He said, in part:

"In addressing you today on behalf of the American Company and American Troop of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, as well as the American community of Shanghai, I desire before all else to convey to you the whole hearted appreciation of your fellow countrymen for all that you have done for us in the preservation of our safety in lives and property in this city.

"In the early months of the year, when this section of China was disrupted by civil war; when hordes of uncontrolled native soldiery and camp followers, incited by Bolshevik propaganda, threatened destruction and the horrors of an orgy of anti-foreign mob passion

and violence, such as Nanking experienced, you came to our rescue.

"When you landed in Shanghai conditions were at their worst; it was miserable with cold and rain and sleet, with little or no shelter, doing sentry duty during those days of turmoil and stress. You bore it all as men of the U. S. Marines, true to your motto; 'Semper Fidelis,' and from the bottom of our hearts we thank you.

"Conditions in China are still unsettled, and the future uncertain, but we hope and hold the firm belief that you will remain with us so long as dangers lurk.

"In the stirring days of trouble of which I have spoken, there was one man working unremittingly to bring order out of chaos in the rapidly changing and dangerous conditions that existed. That man is our Mayor, the Chairman of the Municipal Council of the international settlement—our friend and our counselor—Sterling Fessenden! \* \* \* In commemoration of his work for us we have sought some means to perpetuate his name and record beyond local history, and to identify it with something distinctly American and yet reminiscent of China in our homeland.

"A happy suggestion came when the fifes and drums of the Green Howards appealed to our admiration. Of all martial band effects theirs was the most inspiring. That suggestion was to equip the 4th Regiment, U. S. Marines, with a fife and drum band to be known as the Fessenden Fifes, to constitute a perpetual memorial to Sterling Fessenden and establish a record in the annals of the 4th Regiment of their sojourn in China and of our gratitude for all that they have done for us.

"The history of achievements of the Green Howards goes so far back that it is almost legendary—it dates, I believe, from 1668, and it is told that they were the first British Army contingent to have drums for their regimental band.

"The record of our American Marine forces goes back to their organization in November, 1775, in Philadelphia. Their original coat of arms depicted a coiled rattlesnake with the motto: 'Don't Tread on Me.' Your motto now is 'Semper Fidelis,' and you live up to it, but never forget that first crest.

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one of the best precepts  
for long lasting.

Francis Bacon  
1625

## THE NICARAGUAN SITUATION

Continued from page 10

200 men to the vicinity of Ocotal. In the meantime we had sent a garrison to Ocotal with the newly appointed Governor, who was a member of the Liberal party. This was in accordance with the agreement made that about one-half of the governors appointed in the disaffected provinces would be Liberals and the other half Conservatives. Captain Hatfield was in command of the garrison, and he got into communication with Sandino and requested or directed him to conform to the terms of the agreement about turning in his arms. Sandino refused in a rather sullen manner, and one night in July made an absolutely unprovoked attack on the town of Ocotal. Prior to that time there had been no hostilities at all. After a stubborn fight, in which he suffered heavy casualties, he was decisively defeated and beaten off.

Shortly after that Major Floyd took a column into Neuva Segovia. He marched through Jicaro and Quilali, where the recent engagement was fought, and met practically no resistance. One man was killed by snipers while entering Telepaneca. Major Floyd, finding no bandits when he got to Quilali, and the rainy season coming on, returned, leaving a garrison at Jicaro and one at Telepaneca. His column then went back to Matagalpa.

During the rainy season it was impossible to conduct any operations owing to lack of roads, and Sandino apparently took advantage of the lull to gather together a considerable force (we do not know its numbers), and, in all probability, traded the coffee for arms and ammunition, as previously described, and spent the time in training his men and in making a stronghold at El Chipote, where his headquarters are. Aeroplane photographs of El Chipote show a number of shacks with little farms, so they are probably growing their own food. The photographs also show many signs of trenches, machine gun nests, and rifle pits.

The first despatches about the engagement at Quilali stated that the bandits were much better armed and equipped and better trained than hitherto, and that they had probably had the benefit of some outside instruction. There was an ex-German sergeant major by the name of Mueller who was with General Moncada when he turned in his arms. He is a soldier of fortune, and after the disarming he left the country and was thought to have gone to Mexico. It is possible that he may have returned to Nicaragua and have become affiliated with Sandino. There was also a Mexican in General Moncada's army, who apparently had a good knowledge of the art of warfare. He may be with Sandino now. Certainly the bandits have obtained someone who has shown them how to use their weapons.

That part of Neuva Segovia Province in which El Chipote is located is a very wild country and right on the Honduras border, and if Sandino finds a considerable force against him he is very liable to escape into Honduras or down the Coco River which empties into the Caribbean Sea. It is practically impossible to

## THE FESSENDEN FIFES

Continued from page 51

"The 4th Regiment of the U. S. Marines, generally known as 'San Diego's Own,' has seen many years of service, ten of which were spent in bringing to the people of San Domingo such a message of peace, safety, goodwill and order as you have brought to us in Shanghai.

"Colonel Davis, officers and men of the 4th Regiment, we are proud of you and appreciate your acceptance of Shanghai's gift of the Fessenden fifes and drums. May they ever remain with you as a record of your China service."

Colonel Davis, commanding officer of the 4th Regiment, accepted the Fessenden fifes in a few well chosen words. Then he called for Bandmaster Francis of the Green Howards and presented him with a gold cigarette box on behalf of the American community as a token of appreciation of Francis' co-operation in the launching of the new drum corps.

Mrs. Cunningham made the presentation of fifes and drums and the Fessenden fifes counter-marched to their post behind the band. The band trooped the line, the trumpeters playing "The March of the French Foreign Legion," drooping their trumpets as the band counter-marched, to take up their fifes and drums and make their debut by playing the Regimental March of the Green Howards—the one piece they had mastered.

Then followed the "march past" of the troops. Passing in review in column of battalion masses, the regiment made an impressive showing. Months of field training are amply justified when men emerge able to wheel and march with the confident precision of these men. Looking down the long lines there is none of the hang-dog expression of indifference to be seen. The carriage of the heads bespeaks pride; the clear eyes gravely searching the horizon bespeak courage; the stocky, slightly swaying shoulders suggest the expression, "What the hell are you going to do about it?" Veterans, these, for all their youth!

And so, under a yellow Chinese sky, before a throng as cosmopolitan in texture as could possibly be conceived, another tradition comes to the Marine Corps. The Fessenden fifes take their places in the Marine Corps Hall of Fame to perpetuate the memory of duty faithfully performed in the land of the Mandarins.

surround him and thus cut off all means of escape because of the difficult topography of the country. Of course, leaving aside all question of Sandino being moved to patriotism to continue his resistance, which has no foundation in fact, his reasons for sticking to his course are easily discerned. To give up his arms and return to his former mode of life would mean to labor in one of the mines probably; at present he is a little king, so to speak. Naturally the thought of giving up his present position to return to his former one does not appeal to him.

## THE MAGIC SPELL OF TATAI KULI

Continued from page 1

"Don Jaime, that Tatai Kuli he say mucho malo Americano!"

"Yes?"

"Si—yes! He say companee L all go bughoose quick, all same Espaneesh!"

"Company L is to go crazy all the same Spanish, eh?" laughed Arnold. "I very seriously doubt it, Pepe. You can't throw heathen spells over American soldiers, you know."

But he did not doubt it quite so seriously a week later! He was now not so sure of the American soldier's ability to withstand heathen spells. For all the other members of the company were beginning to say and do things that sounded and seemed decidedly queer. Their eyes were restless and shifting, and their countenances were unnatural.

Two more days and matters were worse. Jim Arnold was sorely puzzled, and one of the points that concerned him most was this: Why was he, too, not touched by that strange and nervous high tension that had come upon the others in such a subtle manner?

On the next evening at retreat First Sergeant McCord deliberately began at the end instead of at the beginning, and called the roll backward! Then he faced about, saluted the company's commander, and said, instead of the customary "All present or accounted for, sir":

"What'll we do with 'em, sir, d—n 'em?" very solemnly.

"March 'em into the sea, sir, d—n 'em!" was the quick answer; and it came with a sort of insane bitterness. The captain himself had not escaped the magic spell of Tatai Kuli!

For a moment Jim Arnold felt as a man would feel if he sat on a barrel of powder that was ready to explode. Then somebody laughed a ringing, uproarious laugh—and in another moment the entire company, save Arnold, had taken it up in a wild glee.

Bad as the situation still was, the one unaffected man felt a great relief. Why, he asked himself yet again, was he spared from the visitation of that queer malady that had laid hold on the nerves and brains of his comrades?

The company's cook talked of famines and plagues, and refused to serve anything but the hardest of hardtack for supper. Whereupon that mad company broke into the kitchen and helped itself to whatever it found there, and raw bacon was easily the favorite.

Jim Arnold, sickened and helpless and half afraid, went to the little Pepe Malano and frowned upon him so heavily that the boy quite forgot to raise his small brown hand in a salute.

"Better come out of this, muchacho," he said sharply. "They may decide to eat you."

Pepe obediently followed his god down to the bay shore, and the pair sat down on the still warm sand. The sun was just sinking into the rim of the restless western sea. The night birds were beginning to call to one another across the jungles, and there came, at short intervals, the guttural "acqueo!" of a yellow iguana. A great long-winged fowl flew over from a salt marsh and

added its grating "wak!-wak!" to the sinister echoes of insane laughter that rang in the Kentuckian's ears.

Suddenly Arnold's eyes lightened. He half turned and dropped a hand on Pepe Malano's shoulder.

"You've got something to do with this, kid!" he snapped, "and don't you deny it. Now tell me, why is it that I, too, am not bughoose, loco? You are saving me, and you've got to save the others. If you don't, I'll throw you back to the tiger shark! Out with it, you brown imp!"

Pepe shrugged his Latin shrug. "How should I know, Don Jaime, mio?" he said in fair Spanish. The genuine innocence of his countenance should have disarmed Arnold of his suspicions, but it didn't. Arnold was beyond himself. He rose and jerked the boy to his feet.

"Out with it!" he clipped. Pepe concealed his hurt, shrugged again and made no reply.

This further angered the white man. Another moment and the little Visayan boy was bent across the big American's knee, and a big American hand was being plied vigorously, almost cruelly.

"Now," said Arnold, releasing the lad—"now will you tell?"

"Ah, Don Jaime," Pepe said very quietly—he scorned to show the pain of his punishment—"me no got know."

"Then go and find out something about it. Make talk-talk with these people of yours. You're not likely to find Tatai-Kuli, for I've hunted the town over half a dozen times for him. "Got on! Make talk-talk; find out something about it; get me?"

Pepe turned and disappeared in that mysterious way all Visayans have of disappearing. Arnold, a little ashamed of himself because of the spanking he had given the boy, went toward the old Tribunal.

When he reached the quarters building he saw that every sentry had left his post. The guardhouse itself was deserted!

Upstairs, the goings on of the other men would have been out of place in any asylum for the insane. Some of them sat here and there on the floor, playing as children play. A formerly sober old sergeant stood in a corner with a haversack pulled over his head. One small private had drawn on and belted his shirt in lieu of his trousers, and was swearing like a beach comber because his trousers wouldn't fit where his shirt should have been. The first sergeant was busily writing his name over and over again, like this, on the wall:

"John Henry McCord. McCord Henry John."

It all lacked a great deal of being funny to Arnold. He fled from the distressing scene and went to the balcony—and there stood the ranking corporal who was looking toward the darkening sky and jabbering in a manner that should have made a Pampangan everlastingly ashamed of himself! This latter got on the nerves of the one sane man; it angered him, too, somehow. He



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strode up to the corporal, seized him by an arm and shook him roughly.

"What are you doing, you fool?" he demanded.

The noncommissioned officer turned a pitying face toward his questioner.

"My dear Arnold," he said with the utmost precision of speech, "I think you must be crazy. Either it is that or you do not understand. I was merely conversing in the unknown tongue. Arnold, are you aware of the fact that nothing, absolutely nothing, is ever lost?" He pointed skyward. "Look up there, Arnold, and tell me what you see."

The Kentuckian snapped out an expression of disgust. A man approached from behind. Arnold wheeled; in the fast-falling twilight he saw the dull flash of a Krag's knife-like bayonet.

"Give it back to me!" thundered the armed maniac. "It's mine, mine, mine—I tell you; it's mine, mine, mine!"

"Give what back?" asked the near-by corporal.

"My sheepskin! Arnold's got it!"

A dozen other men had followed the man with the bayonet. They were muttering, over and over again, among themselves:

"Arnold's got Putney's sheepskin!"

Putney lifted his weapon and sprang for Jim Arnold. The Kentuckian sidestepped and the bayonet's point was buried in the balcony railing. With that the others joined in a clamor for the same man's life.

"Kill him! Kill him!" they shouted. "He's crazy!"

Captain Lamont appeared on the balcony. He had three neckties on. "Kill who?" he asked carelessly.

"Private Arnold, sir," answered the demented corporal. "He has Putney's sheepskin."

"Oh, well—yes, you'd as well kill him," muttered the company's commander. "He's crazy anyway."

There was but one thing to do, and that one thing was to leap over the balcony railing and to the ground, twelve feet below. Jim Arnold did it. The rest of the company followed, a yelling, screaming crowd of blood-thirsty maniacs. But Arnold eluded them in the gathering dusk. He went toward the hills, for there alone lay safety for him.

It was little sleep that the Kentuckian found that night, and he had that little in the shelter of a red seraya, high on the side of a hill. Broad daylight had come when he awoke. He sat up, put on his rumpled campaign hat, and turned his gaze toward the town below.

In that which he saw there was, at least, nothing to alarm him. A few half-naked pickaninnies frolicked around the haystack houses. A few native men rode a few mangy-looking carabaos through the crooked streets. A few brown-skinned women pounded rice near their back doors. Of the American soldiers there was no visible sign; evidently they were asleep.

Arnold's closely-seeing eyes roamed to points nearer him. Then he made out the figure of a native in dirty-white clothing, whose legs were bare from the knees down, lying prostrate and motionless at the foot of the hill. He went to his feet and descended the slope hurriedly.

The native was an old man, and he

was dead. Beside him lay a curved bolo. His torn and bloody clothing and a gash here and there in his withered body brought a look of pity to the American's eyes. Arnold caught him by an arm and turned his face uppermost. It was the face of a savage and a fanatic, and it was made hideous by many "ornamental" scars; the lips were parted, showing teeth that were filed sharp and stained to a reddish-brown by long and constant use of the betel.

"Tatai Kuli!" exclaimed Arnold. "I wonder who did it?" His voice rang loud in the morning stillness. As though in answer, there came weakly from a point a few yards to his left:

"I am here, Don Jaime," in Spanish. "Pepe! Is that you, Pepe?" called Arnold, though he well knew that it was his worshiper.

He hastened through the tropical tangle of bamboo and wild banana and liana vines and found the little Visayan lying almost hidden in the lush growth—and beside Pepe, too, lay a bolo. The boy was badly wounded, and he had bled half to death before congealing had set in and saved his life. And now there was, to Jim Arnold, no mystery whatever connected with the violent death of the fanatical and vengeful old chieftain, Tatai Kuli.

He knelt there beside the boy, put an arm tenderly under his shoulders, lifted him and took the round black Filipino head to his knees.

"Pepe, son," he choked, "I didn't tell you to attack the juramentado like that. He might have killed you!"

Pepe's eyes were full of the light of delirium. His bronze-like face was on fire with fever. He raised his right hand uncertainly in a salute to his god.

"All present—accounted for, sir," he mumbled. Then he became like a rag in the arms of the man whom he worshiped.

Jim Arnold put the boy down carefully and ran rapidly into the town. He entered the quarters building on his tip-toes and hastened silently into the room that had been given over to his squad. The men, he noted, were still sleeping soundly. He caught up his rifle and his cartridge belt, his canteen and his blanket, and stole into the room of Arbury, the hospital man. It was the work of but a moment to find a bottle of quinine and two rolls of antiseptic gauze; it was the work of but another moment to steal back down the stairs and start toward the unconscious Pepe Malano.

Arnold cleansed and bound up the boy's wounds, brought him to and gave him quinine. Then he carried Pepe to a sheltered spot high on the hillside and put him down on the blanket.

That day and another day passed, and Arnold gave Pepe the closest of attention. Pepe was much better, but he refused to talk. In spite of his love for the Kentuckian, he was still hurt because of the spanking the Kentuckian had administered.

On the morning of the next day the two, in hiding on the breast of the hill, heard the thrice welcome sound of the company's bugle—and shortly afterward the company fell out and lined up for roll call, and there was nothing in the least queer about their actions! With

the death of Tatai Kuli, all was well. Pepe Malano had saved the Americans. "Pepe," said Arnold, sinking down beside the boy, "I'm mighty sorry I spanked you. It was brutal in me. Forgive me for it, and tell me all about this thing, won't you?"

Pepe sat up. "It is like this way, Don Jaime," he smiled, his voice soft and forgiving. "When that night you beat-beat me, I go think much big think. I think of Tatai Kuli, and I think of Lungran-yaya. I go Tatai Kuli casa, and I look-see mucho. I see Tatai Kuli beat-beat lungran-yaya in rice inga-bo. You get it, Don Jaime? I see Tatai Kuli put ingran-yaya in olia de water. This lungran-yaya no got taste. You get it, Don Jaime?"

"Me, I go follow Tatai Kuli, and I look-see him put lungran-yaya water in spring water which go quarters casa," continued Pepe—"you get it, Don Jaime? It that lungran-yaya w'ich make them Espanesh go crazy, bughoos, loco! Me, I saca bolo; I fight all same Americano; I kill Tatai Kuli!"

"I see!" exclaimed Jim Arnold. "Tatai Kuli simply poisoned the spring. But why was it that I, too, did not go bug-hoos, Pepe?"

"This water, it no cold," Pepe explained, "so I fill you cantina two time, three time, four time day with little spring got cold water high up in el monte. You get it, Don Jaime?"

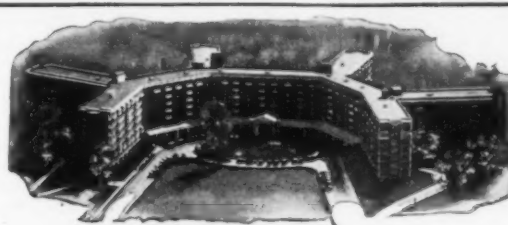
Lungran-yaya—"crazy plant"—is the Visayan name for the loco weed of the southern Philippines.

Pepe Malano now lives happily on a blue-grass farm in Kentucky, and he will tell you proudly that he is an American. Maybe he isn't, but—he ought to be.

#### WHAT GUN POINTERS ATE IN THOSE DAYS OF YORE

"The badness of the meat may be guessed from the fact that the sailors spoke of it as junk or old condemned hemp rope. It may not have been bad when cut up and put in hash, but there was an invariable rule in the Navy that the old meat should be eaten first. A ship's company had to start a cruise upon the old meat returned from various ships and rooted out from the obscure cellars of the victualling yards. Frequently it had been several years in salt before it came to the cook, by which time it needed rather a magician than a cook to make it eatable. It was of a stony hardness, fibrous, shrunken, dark, gristly, and glistening with salt crystals. It was believed to be salt horse resembling very much a piece of mahogany, and quite often as sapless. It looked as unwholesome as meat could look. Strange tales were told about it. Old pigtailed seamen would tell of horseshoes found in the meat casks; of curious barkings and neighings heard in the slaughter-house and of negroes who disappeared near the victualling yards, to be seen no more."

—Excerpt from "Sea Life in Nelson's Time," by John Masfield.



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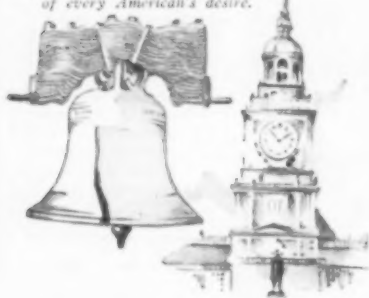
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## THE ODYSSEY OF A LITTLE DOG

Continued from page 5

the harbor bore a hand, and the girls took refuge behind the bar, squealing.

In an instant, the place was a perfect hell; pacifists there present went away; Rhon Istmeno is no friend to peaceful folk. Bottles sung through the air; chairs and tables crashed into ruin; a stool flung by a huge Marine ripped down the array of bottles behind the bar, from an enfilading direction, smashed the big mirror, and caught Billie Bean, entering from the dance-hall to investigate, square on the bows. Billie Bean, a robust person, roared like a lion, caught up a bung-starter and came into action with complete impartiality.

The astute bartender, from under the bar, sent his Jamaica boy for the police, the naval patrol, and the Special Service Squadron, if the last happened to be available. All at once there were uniforms in the street doors; a lieutenant with a black arm-band blew piercingly on a whistle. And the gunnery-sergeant of the guard, who had climbed on the bar for observation, thought fast; he made a dive at the switch behind the bar and pulled the lighting. In the breath of comparative silence that followed the sudden dark, a great voice spoke:

"All right, M'rines—get clear—hold everything—patrol's aboard—back to the ship, all hands!"

There is nothing like military discipline, even in a bar-room row. When the furious Billie Bean found his lights again, all the patrol officer netted were two or three Marines who had been engrossed in their work to such an extent that they had not heard their orders. The Marines stated that they had been attacked and were defending themselves; would the patrol officer please take care of them? The Panama police made numerous captures, and the fine new bastille of Panama city was a populous place that night.

It is just a dash from Billie Bean's place to dry and orderly Balboa, as you go down to the docks. The first sergeant shepherd his men on the Balboa road, and squad leaders checked up.

"We'll just shove on back," said the first sergeant, nursing skinned knuckles. "Any casualties? And did anybody find out what it was about?"

"Word was passed some of these here merchant marines beatin' up a gyrene, all I heard."

"Well, it was a good scrap, anyway. Who was it, gettin' beat up—an' how come?"

"Damifino. Tell you what I did. 'You Scowegian scoundrel,' I says, an' wit' that I hit him."

"Say, one guy was all set to massage your dome wit' a table leg, an' I kicked the seat of his pants right up between his shoulders, I did. Say!"

"Jam like this, chair makes the best weapon in the world. Not too heavy, an' you hit a guy wit' a chair, you're bound to land somewhere—can't guard off a chair."

"Sargunt, sleeve's tore right out of my new blouse—English khaki—survey it for me, line of duty, will you?"

"Wait till skipper see's it—skipper'll be mad as—"

"Aw, the skipper! First thing he'll say'll be, who licked—"

"Jus' the same, better get back an' tell the lieutenant about it first, an' let him tell the skipper."

"Hi! Who's that there?"

Private Jones had withdrawn early, and with a reason. He stood up now under a street-light, where he had been effecting running repairs, and he yelled: "Gang—it's ole Mike! I got ole Mike back, right here—lookit! Know who had him? That Limey son of a—"

The yell that followed brought all the motorcycle-cops in Balboa. And shortly thereafter the flag-ship guard went down the road in column of squads, closed up and keeping step under their non-commissioned officers, all present, including Sergeant Mike, and roaring out: "From the Halls of Montezuma!"

"If the Army and the Navy  
Ever win to Heaven's scenes,  
They will find the streets are guarded  
By United States Marines . . ."

S. S. "Benlothian" entered the Canal on the first run next morning. The fo'e's'le-cook was in his galley, trying to carry on with two ruined deadlights and a throat that was almost ruined for practical purposes, besides other bruises and contusions of a painful nature. He had lost his dog, and his shore-going duds were fit only for brass rags. He is still wondering just what happened, and why, and he will always cherish a sense of injury against those bloody Yankee Marines, one of whom assaulted him, all for nothink, mind you—just for nothink, the bleedin'— He didn't notice, when S. S. "Benlothian" swung across the flag-ship's bows, a little black dog among the people on her fo'e's'le, trying hard to tell his folks how glad he was to be back in his own place. . . .

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## A RECRUIT IN SANTO DOMINGO

Continued from page 9

ing chow. Lt. Lesser and "Doc" Nelson arrived from Seybo and brought loads of mail with them. Field took the honors in the handout as he got twenty-three letters. I got fifteen letters and cards. This is our first mail since we left P. I. and these two-months-old messages are appreciated, even if they are a little stale.

Feb. 6.—Hanneman and I were on the water detail today but for once we fell down on the job. It has rained so much and so hard that we did not have to go to the brook once today for agua. Field and two men started out for Seybo, mounted, but they stopped at the first river. The water has risen so high that it is impossible to cross and they came back.

Feb. 12.—Hooray, we have seen the sun a couple of times during the past week. The lieutenant drilled us today in close and extended order. Yesterday he was mighty well pleased with our showing and encouraged us by saying so. We had loads of fun at noon. While we were eating chow today a Spig came in with the news that at least 18 bandits had kidnapped two jefes (chiefs or mayors) from a section close to Pintau and we could not finish chow. We hot-footed it right after the Spig guide who showed us new territory to the southwest of Pintau and while on the march met Sgt. Schroeder and his detail. Then after meeting him, we met a cloudburst and in less time than it takes to say it we were wet to the skin. The intense downpour stuck right with us and it seemed we were surrounded by the clouds forming the burst. We couldn't even see the mountains that were so close at hand. After going here, there, and everywhere and getting all kinds of information but the right kind, we gave up hope of capturing eighteen or more bad hombres and somehow found our way back home through the mud and rain. Lieutenant Lesser went out again with a detail for a short time and when he got back in camp Capt. McCormack was with him.

Feb. 17.—We had more distinguished visitors today—the regimental commander, the governor, and their escort. They stayed over night and Paul Jones and I had to turn our tent over to the governor, Antonio Ramirez. My temporary bed was in the jefe's house.

Feb. 18.—During the morning most of the natives of Pintau and vicinity were gathered around camp to hear the talks given by the colonel and the governor. Then after noon chow, the colonel and his party left us. Us gyrenes were whitewashing the gravel walk edges while the party was present. Lt. Lesser and Sgt. Schroeder took out a mounted detail with pack mules to look into more trouble reports that came in.

Feb. 21.—Guanabanas detail that came into camp yesterday left us this morning. We were given semaphore signal drill for variety this morning. Nelson and I went out to buscow some hosses for camp and we finally corraled one at a casa where the senora swore she did not have any. She had a backyard about a mile wide and several deep and it was no easy job to lasso that horse on foot

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in that high pasture grass. After getting the horse and while on our way home we made a purchase of some of the best bananas I ever ate, and we got lots of them for a small sum. Just as soon as we got back in camp Lt. Lesser got ready to go on a hike Higuey-ward and Nelson and I were in the detail with him. We first rested at a deserted shack near the big bald cliff to the north of the Higuey trail where there were some cocoanuts palms that we soon tackled. Green cocoanuts for the best juice, brown ones for the best meat. After an hour of this stuff, we went on a little further and stopped for the night at a small casa.

Feb. 22.—This casa has only the ground for a deck but we slept good all the same. Lt. Lesser took four men with him to do a little reconnoitering work this morning and three of us were left behind. We started to eat some canned peaches before they got back (meaning to eat our share only) but when the Lt. saw it he called us about it. After noon Nelson and I went on an egg hunt and the result was enough eggs to fill our needs for the time being. We milked a goat with good intentions, but after it was done, no one used any of the milk. We like this casa so much that we are risking another night here.

Feb. 23.—We hit the deck early and each man had five eggs for chow time. Then we started for home and I lost a dollar bet, just by a four-minute margin, on the time and distance necessary to get us to the Rio Chavonne. We stopped at the river long enough to do some duck hunting. Lt. Lesser killed one, and others were probably hit. Several of us waded up to our necks in the river along the bank looking for the wounded birds, but the dead one was the only one we could get hold of. Sgt. Schroeder soon showed up at the river to find out what all the shooting meant but when he saw it was some brother Leathernecks he was pacified. After getting back to camp I went to the creek to wash clothes but the skeeters were so fierce that the job was a painful one.

Feb. 27.—Our messmen had to stand a guard last night on account of so many men being absent from camp on hikes. Nelson went out and corralled a horse for the Spig kid who rides to Seybo for our bread. I was on water detail with Ginn after flipping a coin with Gannon to see who would get the job. Schroeder and his detail came in just after noon after being out for three days. They were all through El Quey section, past it, and beyond the bald cliff toward Higuey. Lt. Lesser came back from Seybo this morning with Paul Jones, and two officers came with them. Two hours later the officers were off again. We gave one of the local Spig kids a good thrashing for stealing our punk from the messhall.

Feb. 28.—On guard from 11:40 to 2:20 a. m. this morning. I have no horse of my own, but today I was loaned one in order to get to Seybo. Some hoss, sez I. That dang animal threw me twice in five minutes and each time I missed a barbed wire fence by the breadth of a few hairs. Half the camp saw the first act, then all the camp and some of the Spigs were in sight to see Act 2. Both were corks, they told me. I didn't miss any happiness by keeping away from that barb wire to say the least. As a hoss marine,

put me down for a flat failure. Sgt. Schroeder gave me his caballa for part of the way into Seybo and nothing necessary happened. But he tired of the old nag I was on and I had to give up my good mount for the one that threw me. He didn't throw me any mo', but he did lag behind all the others all the time and delay us in getting into Seybo. After we finally got there I visited almost every Spig shop in town for writing paper, and also got a much needed haircut. We started out for home at 3 p. m. and I was boosted aboard the old nag for the return trip, but before long Schroeder swapped places with me to try and stir the beast into some speed and I mounted his horse to my keen pleasure. An hour later Lt. Lesser let me ride his horse, Petite, and he took Schroeder's. Petite was a single footer and the niftiest thing I ever rode on, but boys, I'm no hossman, and where I sit down was mighty sore that night after we reached Pintau.

Feb. 29.—After sleeping off yesterday's tough experiences I am still sore. Schroeder and some of the fellows left mounted for Seybo and took along Phil Glasser for his detail to the rifle range at La Romana. Ginn, our messman, took sick and I was put in the galley as substitute. With the exception of the pot wrestling, there is no kick to make about the job of messman in Pintau. Water is so far away from us though, that we have to be scrumpy with it when it comes to washing pots and pans. Then again, I had yesterday's dirt to get rid of. Schroeder and his mates got back from Seybo after supper.

Mar. 1.—I hit the deck at 5 a. m. to take up my duties as a messman, but after breakfast Hanneman relieved me and I had to get ready to go on a hike. All men in camp were issued new shelter halves. Lt. Lesser and four others of us hiked into El Quey section and stopped for the night at a casa on the south bank of the Chavonne river. I went egg hunting for our supper, but all I could get was two, and a bargain in a dog for thirty cents. It rained hard during the night and we all were mighty glad to be under cover.

Mar. 2.—We made bueno coffee this morning only there wasn't enough of it. If Stokes, our cook in camp, could make it just as good for us there, his reputation as a cook would get a big boost. The senora in this casa has a son about 12 years old who is mighty different from others of his age. He has the ideas of a man four times his age, and kept telling us how he made all the women folks do his work for him. Our mule tore loose from his anchorage and started off for Pintau with all of us in hot pursuit. We had a merry chase half way back to Pintau and then we never got him. We returned to our casa on the river bank and I went looking for hen's fruit again but the search was fruitless. We made a bueno meal with what he had: Spig rice, eggplant, coffee and hardtack. Some nearby natives, who apparently heard we were at this casa, came along today with a mad cat which Lt. Lesser shot and killed. It bit both of the kids who carried it.

Mar. 3.—We stayed put at this casa for last night again on account of the hard rain and our missing mule. This morning we ate all our canned goods and started for home, but we left the saddle-

Sgt. bag and other stuff behind to be brought back later. Some generous hen laid a good egg today in my bunk's cot. An immense swarm of bees flew over camp this afternoon making all kinds of racket.

Mar. 4.—Lt. Lesser and two men went mounted to Seybo then returned later in the day wet through. A flagpole was brought into camp, Pintau's first. Tonight, before midnight sometime, every gyrene of us had to hit the deck and stand by for trouble on account of a shot fired near camp. The Lt. and some men went out to investigate, but found nothing alarming, so everyone except the man on watch retreated back to his sweet dreams again.

Mar. 11.—Lt. and two men struck out from camp with three horses this morning to make a road sketch of the trail to Seybo. Those of us left behind had slippery drill on a slippery drill field. Killed time during the p. m. by whitewashing the interior of the galley.

Mar. 13.—Schroeder made up a hiking detail this a. m. and included me. We headed Higuey-ward and stopped for a rest at our jefe's son-in-law's casa. Later on we stopped for the night at a casa at the foot of the bald cliff. Paul Jones and I went out buscowing chickens and their accessories and returned with some of each. The senora of the house cooked our chicken for us and there were grunts of approval from all hands. Then, those who cared to, just stepped outside the back door and pulled off a few cocoanuts for the juice or the meat. Everything would have been jake for the night except that the cussed ants kept biting continually.

Mar. 14.—For our breaking chow we fried the eggs we laid hold of yesterday. With eating out of the way, the senor of the house acted as our guide and led us on a stiff climb up the steep sides of the big hill we call the cliff. After a half hour's hard climb we reached the top and the guide took us to a cave we had heard of but never seen. Inside the main entrance there were two big ante-chambers and we explored both. Thousands of years queer growth filled the place, which was big enough to shelter and hide and protect an army of bandits. We found it full of bats and snail shells and the bats were in an uproar over our visit. The guide said we were the first Americanos ever to enter the cave. When we had seen all there was, we "exited" and roamed along the edge of the cliff looking over miles of territory. We made the descent of the hill, ate all our camp rations and then hit the trail back home which we reached at 4 p. m.

Mar. 16.—Yours truly stood a guard this a. m., 2:20 to 5:00, and I had the responsibility of cooking beans for breakfast. Some cook. Though just a skeleton squad of us were present this morning for drill purposes, we got it nevertheless, close and extended order, and through some trick of fate or human fault, we always seemed to start out no better than raw recruits on P. I. are doing right now. After supper, several of us had to go up the trail a bit to help bring back the bull cart coming in with our supplies.

(The final instalment of this "Recruit's Diary" will appear in a later issue of The Leatherneck.)

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STARTS TO CHANGE UNIFORM AND WONDERS IDLY WHO'S THE HONORS FOR THIS TIME SAYS LAST TIME THEY WOULD A BEER FOR THE AENEIAN AMBASSADOR IF HE HAD SHOWED UP. WONDERS IF HE HAS A CLEAN PAIR OF GLOVES.



GETS RAZOR, STROP, SOAP, TOWEL, TALCUM POWDER, AND AFTER SHAVE BALM AND WANDERS DOWN TO WASHROOM. CHANGES MIND AND COMPROMISES BY WASHING NECK AND TAKING TALCUM POWDER SHAVE.



FIRST CALL SOUNDS LOUDLY ON ARCADE. SAYS KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON. I'LL BE THERE. MAKES NOTE THAT HE HAS FOUR MINUTES TO GO, AND CURSES MUSIC. SAYS THAT BOZO IS FIVE MINUTES AHEAD ON EVERY CALL EXCEPT MESS-GEAR.



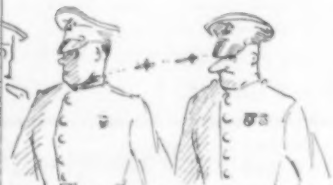
HOLLERS HAS ANYBODY GOT A SHOE BRUSH, BUT THE SQUAD ROOM IS EMPTY SO TAKES FINAL SWIPE AT FOOTGEAR WITH SOILED UNDERSHIRT, AND DASHES DOWN THREE FLIGHTS OF STAIRS AT LAST MINUTE.



GETS GROWL FROM SERGEANT, AND VENTS WRATH ON MAN ON LEFT BY EXTRA HARD DIG WITH LEFT ELBOW. MAN ON LEFT MAKES GUTTURAL REMARKS ABOUT HIS ANCESTRY, AND STEPS ON HIS LEFT SHOE, RUINING SHINE.



MAN ON RIGHT STEPS ON RIGHT SHOE, COMPLETELY WRECKING SHINE. SERGEANT IS LOOKING AND THERE IS NO FURTHER OPPORTUNITY FOR RETALIATION. FIXES BALEFUL GLANCE ON TOP BUTTON ON BLOUSE ON SECOND MAN TO THE RIGHT.



AT COMMAND INSPECTION ARMS IS HORROR STRICKEN WHEN BOLT PARTS COMPANY FROM RIFLE. LOOKS FOOLISHLY AT IT AND CURSES SILENTLY AS UNDISGUISED SOUNDS OF DERISION FLOAT FORWARD FROM REAR RANK. TAKES COMBINED EFFORTS OF CAPTAIN AND SERGEANT TO REASSEMBLE RIFLE.



CAPTAIN COMMANDS "REST." COMPOSES SELF IN EXAGGERATED POSITION OF COMFORT, AND GETS SET FOR LONG WAIT. LOOKS AROUND TO SEE HOW REST OF TROOPS ARE STANDING THE BATTLE, AND WISHES HE COULD SMOKE. TELLS MAN ON RIGHT HE'S GLAD HE DOESN'T HAVE TO CARRY BASS DRUM LIKE FAT MAN IN BAND. HALF HOUR PASSES.



ANOTHER HALF HOUR PASSES. SUN GETS HOTTER. SWEAT RUNS DOWN BACK AND MAKES BACK ITCH WHERE HE CANT REACH IT. BEGINS TO FEEL PANGS OF HUNGER. MAKES MENTAL CALCULATION, AND REMEMBERS THERE WILL BE WHEATIES AND KRAUT FOR DINNER. DOES BEGIN TO HURT. SAYS PETULANTLY AINT THAT GUY NEVER COMIN'?



SNAPS OUT OF IT SUDDENLY. PRESENTS ARMS WHILE BUGLE SOUNDS OFF AND BAND PLAYS. TRIES TO SEE WHO ARRIVED BUT CANT SEE DIGNITARY FOR CROWD OF BRASS HATS AROUND HIM. RIFLE BEGINS TO WEIGH PLENTY. EAR ITCHES, AND TRIES TO RELIEVE AGONY BY WIGGLING IT. DOESNT WORK. MUSIC STOPS FINALLY.



MARCHES BACK TO BARRACKS, DISCARDS SWEATING BLUE UNIFORM, AND GRABS CIGARETTE. SAYS WHO WAS THE BIRD THAT GOT ALL THE HONORS. NOBODY SEEMS TO KNOW. REMARKS ON WELL IF IT AINT ONE, ITS ANOTHER, AND CLOSES EYES FOR SHORT NAP BEFORE CHOW.



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